Ferdinand J. Dreer.

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Anxiety and Quantity

ERRATUM.

In the Title-page of the last Journal,

For July 20, 1750;
Read July 20, 1749.

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AN

EXTRACT

From the REVEREND

Mr. *JOHN WESLEY*'s

JOURNAL,

FROM

July 20, 1749,

TO

October 30, 1751.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.LVI.

JOURNAL

From *July* 20, 1749, to *Oct.* 30, 1751.

THURSDAY, *July* 20, 1749, About Ten at Night we embarked for *Briſtol*, in a ſmall Sloop. I ſoon fell aſleep. When I awaked in the Morning we were many Leagues from Land, in a rough, pitching Sea. Toward Evening the Wind turned more againſt us, ſo that we made but little Way. About Ten we were got between the *Biſhop and his Clerks* (the Rocks ſo called) and the *Welch* Shore, the Wind blew freſh from the South; ſo that the Captain fearing we ſhould be driven on the rocky Coaſt, ſteered back again to Sea. On *Saturday* Morning we made the *Biſhop and his Clerks* again, and beat to and fro all the Day. About Eight in the Evening it blew hard, and we had a rolling Sea: Notwithſtanding which, at Four on *Sunday* Morning, we were within Sight of *Minehead*. The greateſt Part of the Day we had a dead Calm; but in the Evening the Wind ſprung up, and carried us into *Kingroad*. On *Monday* Morning we landed at the Key in *Briſtol*.

Tueſday, 25. I rode over to *Kingſwood*, and enquired particularly into the State of our School there. I was concerned to find that ſeveral of the Rules had been habitually neglected, I judged it neceſſary therefore to leſſen

the Family; ſuffering none to remain therein, who were not clearly ſatisfied with them, and determined to obſerve them all.

Thurſday, 27. I read Mr. *Law* on the Spirit of Prayer. There are many maſterly Strokes therein, and the whole is lively and entertaining, but it is another Goſpel. For if God was never *angry* (as this Tract aſſerts) he could never be *reconciled*. And conſequently the whole Chriſtian Doctrine of *Reconciliation by* Christ falls to the Ground at once. An excellent Method of converting *Deiſts!* By giving up the very Eſſence of *Chriſtianity*.

Sunday 30. Mr. *Grinſhaw* and Mr. *B*——— aſſiſted my Brother and me at *Kingswood*. How many there are that run well for a Seaſon? But *he that endureth to the End, ſhall be ſaved.*

I received a Letter about this Time from *Ireland*, a Part of which follows.

Dear SIR, *Tyrrel's-Paſs, July* 24, 1749.

"MANY have found a Senſe of the pardoning Love of God at *Athlone* ſince you left it; and the Society in general are on the Stretch for the Kingdom of God. The Lord has kindled a Fire in *Aghrim* likewiſe. The laſt Time but one that I was there ſeveral were ſtruck with deep Convictions, which continued 'till I came again. While I was meeting the Society there, the Governeſs of Mr. *S*———'s Children was ſtruck to the Ground, and in a ſhort Time filled with Peace and Joy in the *Holy Ghoſt*. The next Morning, his Steward was cut to the Heart, and fell upon his Knees in the Midſt of the Sermon, as did Mr. *S*——— himſelf, together with his Wife, and great Part of the Congregation. The Steward went home full of Peace and Love. This has ſet the whole Society on Fire: So that now every one is crying out, what muſt *I* do to be ſaved?

"The ſame Fire is kindled at *Portarlington*. I went there the next *Sunday* after you. One then found a Senſe of God's pardoning Love: And laſt *Saturday* in the Society ſome cried out, and ſome fell to the Ground, three of whom found Peace to their Souls.

"I

" I was at *Mount-mellick* likewiſe the next *Sunday* after you, and the Power of God was preſent to heal. Two that were heavy laden, found Reſt that Night. The next Time we met, we ſcarce knew how to part. We continued ſinging and praying till five Perſons received a clear Manifeſtation of the Love of God. Another found the ſame Bleſſing while I was preaching this Morning. We ſpent ſome Time afterwards at *James Moſs*'s Houſe, in praying with ſome that were under deep Convictions; and two of them went Home rejoicing in God their Saviour. I was now informed of two more that were rejoicing in God. So that in *Mount-mellick* twelve Perſons, in all, have found the Peace that paſſeth all Underſtanding, ſince you left that Place.

" I preached at *Rahew* likewiſe, the Week after you was there. The Man of the Houſe had fetched his Mother from a conſiderable Diſtance. She had never heard a Methodiſt-Preacher before. She was ſoon cut to the Heart, and cried out aloud. One behind her bid her fall upon her Knees, which ſhe preſently did, and the whole Houſe was as in one Cry. I broke off my Diſcourſe, and began to pray, which I continued 'till I was ſo ſpent, I could hardly ſpeak. I went out to take a little Breath, and came in again. She was crying out, " I am dropping, dropping into *Hell*; it's Mouth is open, ready to ſwallow me up." I went to Prayers again, and before we had done, God ſpoke Peace to her Soul. She was fill'd with Joy unſpeakable, and could but juſt ſay, " I am in a new World, I am in a new World.

" From the whole, I cannot but obſerve two Things, 1. What a Bleſſing it is, when any who finds that Peace, declares it openly before all the People, that we may break off and praiſe God. If this was always done, it would be good for many Souls. The firſt that found it on *Sunday* Evening, ſpoke before all, and we praiſed God. The Moment ſhe ſpoke, another, and then another found Peace, and each of them ſpoke aloud; and made the Fire run through the whole Congregation. I would obſerve, 2. The Woman at *Rahew* had never before ſeen any one in the like Trouble. Therefore ſhe could not cry out, becauſe ſhe had heard others do it, but becauſe ſhe could

not help it; becaufe fhe felt *the Word of* GOD *fharper than a two-edged Sword.* And generally the fharper the Convictions are, the fooner they are over."

"*This is from your Son in the Gofpel,*

I. R."

Tuefday, Auguft 1. I fpent a folemn Hour with our Children at *Kingfwood.* After having fettled all Things there, and at *Briftol,* I returned to *London,* where I received a remarkable Account from *Corke.* On *Auguft* 19, Twenty-eight Depofitions were laid before the Grand Jury there, but they threw them all out, and at the fame Time made that memorable Prefentment, which is worthy to be preferved in the Annals of *Ireland,* to all fucceeding Generations.

"We find and prefent *Charles Wefley* to be a Perfon of ill Fame, a Vagabond, and a common Difturber of his Majefty's Peace, and we pray he may be tranfported."

"We find and prefent *James Williams,* &c.

"We find and prefent *Robert Swindle,* &c.

"We find and prefent *Jonathan Reeves,* &c.

"We find and prefent *John Larwood,* &c.

"We find and prefent *Jofeph M'Auliff,* &c.

"We find and prefent *Charles Skaron,* &c.

"We find and prefent *William Tooker,* &c.

"We find and prefent *Daniel Sullivan* to be a Perfon of ill Fame, a Vagabond, and a common Difturber of his Majefty's Peace, and we pray he may be tranfported."

Daniel Sullivan was an honeft Baker, who had lived in *Corke* many Years, I fuppofe in as good Fame as any of his Trade in the City. But he had entertained my Brother, and feveral other *Methodifts*; nay, and fuffered them to preach in his Houfe. The other Names (only moft of them miferably mangled and murdered) were defigned for the Names of eight Preachers who had been there.

Monday, Auguft 28. I left *London,* and in the Evening came to *Great Potten.* About Six I went out into the Market-Place, and called to a confufed Multitude, *Seek ye the* LORD, *while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.* Great Things were threaten'd, but Nothing

thing done. We had a quiet and comfortable Meeting, and there was Reason to hope that the Word of God sunk into the Hearts of many.

Tuesday, 29. Having appointed some from *Grimsby* to meet us this Evening at *Lincoln* (which we supposed to be within a Day's Ride) we set out an Hour before Day; and rode, with only an Hour or two's Intermission, 'till above an Hour after Sunset: But we could reach no farther than *Cold-harbour*, six Miles short of *Ancaster*. The next Morning we rode on to *Lincoln*, but could hear nothing of our Guides. So we determined, after waiting several Hours, to make the best of our Way to *Epworth*; where the next Evening I enforced those awful Words, *What is a Man profited, if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?*

I had the Satisfaction about this Time of an agreeable Letter from a Gentleman in *Ireland*: Part of which is subjoined.

Reverend SIR,

"YOUR Favour of the 15th Instant, I received the 22d. I am more satisfied than ever, that you aim at Nothing but what has an immediate Tendency to the Glory of God, and the Salvation of Mankind.

"I cannot help thinking that your Design consider'd in this Light (allowing even of some Mistakes) must be deemed very Praise-worthy: As to myself, in particular, I must own it gives me infinite Satisfaction, to find that you have spoken to so good an Effect in our Town and Neighbourhood. My Church is more frequented than ever it was; and I have the Pleasure of seeing a greater Decency, and more of Zeal and Attention than I could have dared to promise myself: Which has also this Effect upon me, that I find myself better disposed than ever, to distribute to those who attend my Ministry, such Food, as may yield them Comfort here, and Happiness hereafter. I heartily wish this may continue, and that the People may not cool. If so, we may hope to see Wickedness generally decline, and Virtue and Godliness take Place. I see this Work of your's, thro' God's Blessing, thus suc-

ceſsfully carried on, without any Ill-will or Jealouſy, and could wiſh that all the Clergy were, in that reſpect, of the ſame Mind with me.

" Your Society here keeps up well; and is, I believe, conſiderably increaſed ſince you left it. I frequently attend the Preaching; and tho' I am much reflected on for it, this does not in any-wiſe diſcourage me. While I am conſcious to myſelf that I do no Harm, I am careleſs of what Men can ſay of me.

" *Michael Poor*, lately a *Roman*, who is now of your Society, read his Recantation on *Sunday* laſt.—Pray let us know, when you or your Brother intend for this Kingdom and Town: For be ſure, none wiſh more ſincerely to ſee and converſe with you than I, who am ſincerely,

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Auguſt 29, 1749. *Your very affectionate*

Brother and Servant.

Friday, Sept. 1. I ſpoke ſeverally with the Members of the Society. *Saturday*, 2. I gathered up a few at *Belton*, who did once run well, and ſeemed now reſolved, no more to *forſake the aſſembling of themſelves together*.

Sunday, 3. At Nine I preached at *Miſterton* to a very large and attentive Congregation: Between One and Two at *Overthorp*, near *Haxey*; and at *Epworth* about Five. In the Intervals of Preaching, I ſpoke with the Members of the Society in each Place: Moſt of whom I found either already alive to God, or earneſtly panting after Him.

Monday, 4. We rode to *Syke-Houſe*; and on *Tueſday* in the Afternoon reached *Oſmotherley*.

Wedneſday, 6. I reached *Newcaſtle*; and after reſting a Day, and preaching two Evenings and two Mornings, with ſuch a Bleſſing as we have not often found, on *Friday* ſet out to viſit the Northern Societies. I began with that at *Morpeth*, where I preached at Twelve on one Side of the Market-Place. It was fear'd the Market would draw the People from the Sermon, but it was juſt

the

the contrary: They quitted their Stalls, and there was no buying or ſelling 'till the Sermon was concluded.

At *Alnwick* likewiſe, I ſtood in the Market-Place in the Evening, and exhorted a numerous Congregation, To *be* always *ready* for *Death*, for *Judgment*, for *Heaven*. I *felt* what I ſpoke, as I believe did moſt that were preſent, both then and in the Morning; while I beſought them to *preſent* themſelves, *a living, holy Sacrifice, acceptable to* God.

Saturday, 9. I rode ſlowly forward to *Berwick*. I was myſelf much out of Order. But I would not loſe the Opportunity, of calling in the Evening *all* that were *weary and heavy laden* to Him who hath ſaid, *I will give you Reſt*.

Sunday, 10. I preached at Eight, and at Four in the Afternoon; and in the Hours between, ſpoke with the Members of the Society. I met them all at Seven, and a glorious Meeting it was. I forgot all my Pain, while we were praiſing God together; but after they were gone, I yielded to my Friends, and determined to give myſelf a Day's Reſt. So I ſpent *Monday* the 11th in writing; only I could not refrain from meeting the Society in the Evening. The next Evening God enabled me to ſpeak ſearching Words to an earneſtly attentive Congregation.

Wedneſday, 13. After preaching at Five, I viſited many, both of the ſick and well: particularly, *Robert Sutty*, the firſt Inſtrument, in God's Hand, of awakening many in this Place, who 'till then ſlept in Sin. But, O! how changed! He *ſeemed* ſtript both of his Gifts and Graces, and forſaken both of God and Man.

I had a delightful Opportunity in the Evening, of deſcribing and comforting the *broken in Heart*.

Thurſday, 14. Immediately after Preaching, I took Horſe, and rode in a rough, ſtormy Day to *Alnwick*. But before Noon, it cleared up; ſo that I ſtood once more in the Market-Place, and call'd all to *come boldly to the Throne of Grace*.

Hence I rode to *Alemouth*, and labour'd to awaken a ſtupid, drowſy People, by preaching both in the Evening and the next Morning, in the moſt convincing Manner I could.

could. For the present, they seem'd to be deeply affected; God grant it may continue!

Friday, 15. I offer'd *the Redemption, which is in* Jesus, to a more lively Congregation at *Widdrington*.

Saturday, 16. I preached in *Morpeth* at Noon; in *Plessey* about Five; and then rode on to *Newcastle*.

Sunday, 17. I preached Morning and Evening in the *Castle-Garth*; and on *Wednesday* the 20th set out for the Western Societies. In the Evening at *Hineley-Hill*, our Hearts were all melted down, in considering our great High-Priest; *who*, tho' *He is gone into the Heavens*, is still sensibly *touched with the Feeling of our Infirmities*. A deep Sense of his Love constrained many to call upon Him *with strong Cries and Tears*; and many others, tho' not in Words, yet *with Groanings that could not be uttered*.

Thursday, 21. Moved by the pressing Instances of Mr. *Cownley*, and convinced the Providence of God called me thither, I left all my Company, but Mr. *Perronet*, at *Hineley-Hill*, and set out for *Whitehaven*. The next Day I preached there in the Market-Place to a Multitude of People, on, *Ye know the Grace of our* Lord Jesus Christ. I saw they were moved, and resolved to improve the Opportunity. So after preaching, I desired those who determined to serve God, to meet me apart from the great Congregation. To these I explained the Design, Nature and Use of Christian Societies. Abundance were present again at Five in the Morning, tho' we had no Room but the Market-Place. At Three in the Afternoon I preached at *Hensingham*, a large Colliery, about a Mile from the Town. The Eagerness of the People put me in Mind of the early Days at *Kingswood*. O why should we not be always what we were once? Why should any leave their first Love? At Six I preached again in *Whitehaven*, on *Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden*: And at Eight endeavoured to mould as many as desired it, into a regular Society.

Sunday, 24. I began examining them one by one. At Eight I preached at *the Gins*, another Village, full of Colliers, about half a Mile from the Town. The Congregation was very large, and deeply attentive. Between One and Two I preached again at *Hensingham*, to as many

as

as my Voice could command, on *Repent ye and believe the Gospel.* Thence I haſtened to Church; and in the Midſt of the Service I felt a ſudden Stroke. Immediately a Shivering run thro' me, and in a few Minutes I was in a Fever. I thought of taking a Vomit immediately, and going to Bed. But when I came from Church, hearing there was a vaſt Congregation in the Market-Place; I could not ſend them empty away. And while I was ſpeaking to them, God remembered me, and ſtrengthened me, both in Soul and Body.

Reflecting on the Manner of God's working here, I could not but make the following Remark. The Work in *Whitehaven* reſembles that at *Athlone*, more than does any other which I have ſeen in *England*. It runs with a ſwift and a wide Stream; but it does not go deep. A conſiderable Part of the Town ſeems moved, but extremely few are awake: And ſcarce three have found a Senſe of the pardoning Love of God, from the Time of the firſt Preaching to this Day.

Monday, 25. Mr. *Cownly* returned to *Newcaſtle*. Both at the Morning and Evening Preaching many ſeemed greatly affected; as alſo on *Tueſday* Morning: But it ſoon died away, and they did not feel *the Power of* God, *unto Salvation.*

Tueſday, 26. Having appointed, before I left *Hinely-Hill*, to preach there again on *Wedneſday* Evening; I ſet out about Two in the Afternoon, tho' extremely weak, having had a Flux for ſome Days. But God renew'd my Strength, ſo that I felt leſs Pain and Wearineſs every Hour. I had a ſolemn and delightful Ride to *Keſwick*, having my Mind ſtay'd on God.

Wedneſday, 27. I took Horſe at half an Hour paſt Three. There was no Moon, or Stars, but a thick Miſt, ſo that I could ſee neither Road, nor any Thing elſe; but I went as right as if it had been Noon-day. When I drew nigh *Penruddock-Moor*, the Miſt vaniſhed; the Stars appeared, and the Morning dawn'd; ſo I imagined all the Danger was paſt. But when I was on the Middle of the Moor, the Miſt fell again on every Side, and I quickly loſt my Way. I lifted up my Heart. Immediately it cleared up, and I ſoon recover'd the High-Road. On *Alſton-Moor* I

miſt

miſt my Way again, and what I believe no Stranger has done lately, rode through all the Bogs without any Stop, 'till I came to the Vale, and thence to *Hineley-Hill*.

A large Congregation met in the Evening. I expounded Part of the 20th Chapter of the *Revelation*. But O! what a Time was this: It was as tho' we were already ſtanding before the *great, white Throne*. God was no leſs preſent with us in Prayer: When one juſt by me cried with a loud and bitter Cry. I beſought God to give us a Token, that all Things ſhould work together for Good. He did ſo; He wrote Pardon upon her Heart: And we all rejoiced unto Him with Reverence.

Thurſday, 28. We ſet apart for Faſting and Prayer; *John Brown* and Mr. *Hopper* were with me. It was a Day that ought not to be forgotten. We had all free Acceſs to the Throne of Grace; and a firm, undoubting Confidence, That He in whom we believed, would do all Things well.

Friday, 29. I ſet out again for *Whitehaven*. The Storm was exceeding high, and drove full in my Face, ſo that it was not without Difficulty I could ſit my Horſe; particularly as I rode over the broad, bare Backs of thoſe enormous Mountains which lay in my Way. However, I kept on as I could, 'till I came to the Brow of *Hatſide*: So thick a Fog then fell, that I was quickly out of all Road, and knew not which Way to turn. But I knew where Help was to be found, in either great Difficulties, or ſmall. The Fog vaniſhed in a Moment, and I ſaw *Gambleſby* at a Diſtance (the Town to which I was going.) I ſet out early on *Saturday* the 30th, and in the Afternoon reached *Whitehaven*.

About this Time I was refreſhed with a friendly Letter from an excellent Man, whom I had not heard from for ſeveral Years: Part of it was as follows.

Ebenezer in *Georgia*, *July* 25, 1749.

Reverend and Dear SIR,

"THE ſincere Love to your worthy Perſon, and faithful Performance of your holy Office, which the

the LORD kindled in my Heart, during your Presence at *Savannah*, hath not been abated, but rather increased, since the Providence of GOD called you from us, and shewed you another Field for the Labour of your Ministry.

" You are pleased in your last Letter to Mr. *Brown*, of *Savannah*, to remember *Ebenezer* kindly, and desired to know what is the present State of our Settlement. Tho' we have felt greatly the Inconveniencies of the long War, yet there are great Alterations for the better in our Town and Plantations, since the Time you was pleased to visit us. We have two large Houses for public Worship; one in Town, the other in the Middle of our Plantations; two Schools in the same Places; two Corn-Mills; one Pounding-Mill for Rice, and one Saw-Mill. In the first Quantity of Boards we sawed, we were cheated by an Impostor, who undertook to ship them off to the *West-Indies*. But we did not lose our Courage, tho' we met with almost insuperable Difficulties, 'till our Circumstances were mended by the Hand of the Almighty. We are still in the Favour of the Honourable Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; as also of many good Christians in *Germany*, who love us, pray fervently for us, and contribute all in their Power to promote our spiritual and temporal Prosperity.

" Thro' very hard Labour, several of our People have left us, and are departed to a better Country, in *Heaven*. And the Rest are weak and feeble in Body, and not able to hold out long, unless Relief is sent them by an Embarkation of faithful Servants from *Germany*. Besides Widows and Orphans, we have several that want Assistance toward their Maintenance: And this our good GOD hath sent us heretofore from *Europe*.

" After my dear Fellow-Labourer, Mr. *Gronau* died in Peace, above three Years ago, the LORD was pleased to send me another; who likewise, exactly follows the Footsteps of his Saviour, to my great Comfort, and the great Benefit of our Congregation. The LORD hath graciously joined us in mutual Love, and Harmony in our Congregations; and hath not permitted the *Hernhuters* (falsely called *Moravians)* nor other false Teachers to creep in among us. We are hated by wicked People, which

prevents their ſettling among us; tho' we love them ſincerely; and would have as many ſettle among us, as would keep ſuch Orders as Chriſtianity and the Laws of *England* require them to do. This is all I thought it neceſſary to acquaint you with for the preſent; being with due Regard, and cordial Wiſhes for your Proſperity in Soul and Body,

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Your's, moſt affectionately,

JOHN MARTIN BOLZIUS."

What a truly Chriſtian Piety and Simplicity breathe in theſe Lines! And yet this very Man, when I was at *Savannah*, did I refuſe to admit to the LORD's Table. "Becauſe he was *not baptized:*" That is, not baptized by a Miniſter, who had been *epiſcopally ordained!*

Can any one carry *High-Church* Zeal higher than this? And how well have I been ſince beaten with mine own Staff?

The *Hernhuters*, as he terms them, now publiſhed the following in the *Daily-Poſt*.

To the Author of the DAILY-POST.

SIR,

"WHOSOEVER reckons that thoſe Perſons in *England*, who are uſually called *Moravians*, and thoſe who are called *Methodiſts*, are the ſame, he is miſtaken. That they are not the ſame People, is manifeſt enough, out of the Declaration of *Louis*, late Biſhop and Truſtee of the Brethren's Church, dated at *London, March*, 1743." Which I here ſend you, as I find it printed in a Collection of original Papers of the Brethren, printed at *Büdingen*, called the *Büdingen Samlung*. VOL. III. Page 852.

The *Methodiſts*, ſo called, heartily thank *Brother Louis* for his Declaration: As they count it no Honour to be in any Connection, either with him, or his Brethren.

But

But why is he ashamed of his Name? The Count's Name is *Ludwig*, not *Louis*; no more than mine is *Jean* or *Giovanni*.

Sunday, October 1. I preached at *the Gins* about Eight, to the usual Congregation. And surely God was in the Midst of them, breaking the Hearts of Stone. I was greatly comforted at Church, not only from the Lessons both Morning and Afternoon, and in the Lord's Supper, but even in the Psalms which were sung both at Morning and Evening Service. At Two I explained to an earnest Congregation at *Hensingham, the Redemption that is in* Jesus Christ: And at Five exhorted a large Multitude at *Whitehaven*, with strong and pressing Words, to examine, whether they had sufficient Grounds for *calling* either themselves or their Neighbours *Christians*.

Monday, 2. The Darkness and Rain were little Hindrance either to me or the Congregation, at Five in the Morning, (tho' we were all, as usual, in the open Air) while I was explaining and applying those Words, God *was in* Christ, reconciling *the World to Himself*. I preached in the Evening on *Let us come boldly to the Throne of Grace*; and then gave my parting Exhortation to the Society, now consisting of more than two hundred Members. Just before I began Preaching I received a Letter from Mr. *Whitefield*, desiring me to meet him at *Leeds* on *Wednesday* Evening, the very Time at which I before purposed to be there. So we set out early on *Tuesday* 3. One of our Brethren, who was a *Yorkshire* Man, undertaking to put us into the Way. He rode a little and a little farther, 'till we came to *Old-hutton*, above fifty Miles from *Whitehaven*. We were dropping wet, having had heavy Rain for several Hours. But we soon got into warm Beds, and all was well.

Wednesday, 4. Our Guide was resolved to go a little farther still; so we set out together, and rode on together to *Leeds*; tho' it was a long Day's Journey, finding us full Employ from Five in the Morning, 'till Nine at Night.

Thursday, 5. Mr. *Whitefield* preached at Five in the Morning: About Five in the Evening he preached at

Birſtal, and God gave him both ſtrong and perſuaſive Words; ſuch as, I truſt, ſunk deep into many Hearts.

Friday, 6. I preached at Five, and then returned to my Brother, whom I had left at *Leeds*. At Noon we ſpent an Hour with ſeveral of our Preachers, in Exhortation and Prayer. About One I preached to a crowded Audience of High and Low, Rich and Poor. But their Number was abundantly enlarged at Five, as was my Strength both of Soul and Body. I cried aloud to them all, *to look unto* Jesus, and ſcarce knew when to leave off.

I then waited upon Mr. *M.* for an Hour. O how could I delight in ſuch an Acquaintance! But the Will of God be done! Let me *acquaint* myſelf *with Him*, and it is enough.

Saturday, 7. I rode in the Afternoon to *Bromley*, and preached to a large and quiet Congregation. Great Attention appeared in every Face; but no ſhaking among the dry Bones yet.

Sunday, 8. I preached in *Leeds* at Seven; and between One and Two began preaching at *Birſtal:* But my Voice (though I think it had not been ſtronger for ſome Years) would not reach two Thirds of the Congregation. I am afraid it was the ſame Caſe at *Leeds*, when I preached at Four, though I ſpoke with all the Strengh I had. Who would have expected ſuch an Inconveniency as this, after we had been twelve Years employed in the Work? Surely None will now aſcribe the *Number* of the Hearers to the *Novelty* of Field-preaching!

Monday, 9. Having promiſed to viſit *Newcaſtle* again, I ſet out early, and came thither the next Day. I was now ſatisfied that God had ſent Mr. *Whitefield* thither in an acceptable Time: Many of thoſe, who had little thought of God before, ſtill retaining the Impreſſions they received from him.

Wedneſday, 11. I rejoiced to find that God was ſtill carrying on his Work. Both in the Morning and Evening the Hearts of many burnt within them, while they were aſſembled in his Name. And they felt his Word to be *the Power of* God *unto Salvation to every one that believeth.*

Friday,

Friday, 13. At the meeting of the S. Society, ſuch a Flame broke out as was never there before. We felt ſuch a Love to each other, as we could not expreſs; ſuch a Spirit of Supplication, and ſuch a glad Acquieſcence in all the Providences of God, and Confidence that He would with-hold from us no good Thing.

Sunday, 15. The Rain conſtrained me to preach in the Houſe both Morning and Afternoon. But I could not repine; for God was there, and ſpoke Peace to many Hearts.

Monday, 16. I preached at Four to a large Congregation, and rode to *Sandhutton* that Night. Two or three Miles ſhort of it we overtook a Man, whom a Woman riding behind him ſtayed upon his Horſe. On my ſaying, "We ought to thank God it is a fair Night," "O "Sir, (ſaid the Man) ſo we ought: And I thank Him "for every Thing: I thank Him that I am alive; and "that the Bull which toſſed me To-day only broke two "or three of my Ribs; for he might have broke my "Neck."

Tueſday, 17. In the Afternoon we came to *Leeds*. I preached on, *I am the Reſurrection and the Life:* Afterwards ſpent a ſolemn Hour with the Society, and commended them to the Grace of God.

Wedneſday, 18. I rode, at the Deſire of *John Bennet*, to *Rochdale* in *Lancaſhire*. As ſoon as ever we entered the Town, we found the Streets lined on both Sides with Multitudes of People, ſhouting, curſing, blaſpheming, and gnaſhing upon us with their Teeth. Perceiving it would not be practicable to preach abroad, I went into a large Room, open to the Street, and called aloud, *Let the Wicked forſake his Way, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts.* The Word of God prevailed over the Fierceneſs of Man. None oppoſed or interrupted: And there was a very remarkable Change in the Behaviour of the People, as we afterwards went thro' the Town.

We came to *Bolton* about Five in the Evening. We had no ſooner entered the main Street, than we perceiv'd the Lions at *Rochdale* were Lambs in compariſon of thoſe at *Bolton*. Such Rage and Bitterneſs I ſcarce ever ſaw before, in any Creatures that bore the Form of Men. They

follow'd us in full Cry to the Houſe where we went; and as ſoon as we were gone in, took Poſſeſſion of all the Avenues to it, and filled the Street from one End to the other. After ſome Time the Waves did not roar quite ſo loud. Mr. *P*—— thought he might then venture out. They immediately cloſed in, threw him down, and rolled him in the Mire; ſo that when he ſcrambled from them, and got into the Houſe again, one could ſcarce tell what or who he was. When the firſt Stone came among us thro' the Window, I expected a Shower to follow; and the rather, becauſe they had now procured a Bell to call their whole Forces together. But they did not deſign to carry on the Attack at a Diſtance: Preſently one ran up and told us, the Mob had burſt into the Houſe: He added, that they had got *J*—— *B*—— in the Midſt of them. They had; and he laid hold on the Opportunity to tell them of *the Terrors of the* LORD. Meantime *D*—— *T*—— engaged another Part of them with ſmoother and ſofter Words. Believing the Time was now come, I walked down into the thickeſt of them. They had now filled all the Rooms below. I called for a Chair. The Winds were huſh'd, and all was calm and ſtill. My Heart was filled with Love, my Eyes with Tears, and my Mouth with Arguments. They were amazed, they were aſhamed, they were melted down, they devoured every Word. What a Turn was this? O how did GOD *change the Counſel of* the old Ahithophel *into Fooliſhneſs!* and bring all the Drunkards, Swearers, Sabbath-breakers, and *mere Sinners* in the Place, to hear of his plenteous Redemption!

Thurſday, 19. Abundantly more than the Houſe could contain were preſent at Five in the Morning, to whom I was conſtrained to ſpeak a good deal longer than I am accuſtomed to do. Perceiving they ſtill wanted to hear, I promiſed to preach again at Nine, in a Meadow near the Town. Thither they flocked from every Side; and I called aloud, *All Things are ready*; *come unto the Marriage*. O how have a few Hours changed the Scene! We could now walk thro' every Street of the Town, and none moleſted, or opened his Mouth, unleſs to thank or bleſs us.

At

At One I preached at *Shackerley*, four Miles from *Bolton*, and thence rode on to *Davy-holme*. Here I received a Letter from *Richard Cawley* of *Alpraham*, with an Invitation from the Minister of *Acton*. After preaching in the Morning at *Davy-holme*, and about Ten at *Bowbbank*, in the Afternoon, *Friday* 20. I rode on, and between Four and Five came to *Alpraham*. A large Congregation was waiting for me, whom I immediately called to seek God *while He may be found*. Many came again at Five in the Morning, and seemed just ready not only to *repent*, but also *believe the Gospel*.

Saturday, 21. By conversing with several here, I found we were not now among Publicans and Sinners, but among those who a while ago supposed they *needed no Repentance*. Many of them had been long *exercising themselves unto Godliness*, in much the same Manner as we did at *Oxford*: But they were now thoroughly willing to renounce their own, and accept *the Righteousness which is of* God *by Faith*.

A Gentleman, who had several Years before heard me preach at *Bath*, sending to invite me to Dinner, I had three or four Hours serious Conversation with him. O *who maketh* me *to differ?* Every Objection he made to the Christian System has passed through my Mind also: But God did not suffer them to rest there, or to remove me from the Hope of the Gospel.

I was not surprized when Word was brought that the Vicar of *Acton* had not the Courage to stand to his Word: Neither was I troubled. I love indeed to preach in a Church: But God can work wherever it pleaseth Him.

Sunday, 22. I preached at Seven in *Richard Cawley*'s House; and about One at *Little Acton*. We then rode on to *Woor*; and the next Afternoon came, wet and weary enough, to *Wednesbury*. I hoped for a few Hours Rest here; but it was a vain Hope: For Notice had been given that I would preach at *Bilbrock* in the Evening; so I had seven or eight Miles to ride back. I preached about Six, and again in the Morning.

On *Tuesday*, 24. About Noon we came to *Dudley*.

At One I went to the Market-place, and proclaimed the Name of the Lord to an huge, unwieldy, noisy

Multitude, the greater Part of whom ſeemed in no wiſe to know wherefore they were come together. I continued ſpeaking about half an Hour, and many grew ſerious and attentive, 'till ſome of *Satan*'s Servants preſſed in, raging and blaſpheming, and throwing whatever came to Hand. I then retired to the Houſe from which I came. The Multitude poured after, and covered over with Dirt many that were near me; but I had only a few Specks. I preached in *Wedneſbury* at Four to a nobler People, and was greatly comforted among them: So I was likewiſe in the Morning, *Wedneſday* 25. How does a praying Congregation ſtrengthen the Preacher?

After preaching again at One, I rode to *Birmingham*. This had been long a dry uncomfortable Place; ſo I expected little Good here: But I was happily diſappointed. Such a Congregation I never ſaw there before; not a Scoffer, not a Trifler, not an inattentive Perſon, (ſo far as I could diſcern) among them. And ſeldom have I known ſo deep, ſolemn a Senſe of the Power, and Preſence, and Love of God. The ſame Bleſſing we had at the Meeting of the Society; and again at the Morning Preaching. Will then God at length cauſe even this barren Wilderneſs to bloſſom and bud as the Roſe?

Thurſday, 26. We came to *Knowle* between Nine and Ten, a furious, turbulent Place from the Beginning. I began preaching directly in the Yard of the Inn to a few gaping, ſtaring People, before the Mob could aſſemble. They increaſed apace, and were tolerably attentive. In the Afternoon we rode to *Eveſham*, where I preached in the Evening and Morning, and then went forward to *Stanley*. The Congregation was larger than could have been expected, upon a few Hour's Warning; and they all appeared both glad to hear, and willing to embrace, the Word of Reconciliation. In the Evening I preached at *Well-bridge*, near *Stroud*; and the next Day, *Saturday*, 28. reached *Briſtol*.

Sunday, 29. I preached both at *Kingswood* and *Briſtol* on *Ye have Need of Patience*. It was more particularly at *Briſtol* that God refreſhed my Soul, and applied what I ſpoke to my own Heart.

Monday,

Monday, 30. I retired to *Kingswood*, to write Part of the Volume of Sermons which I had promised to publish this Winter. *Wednesday*, *November* 8. I preached in *Bath* at Noon, and at *Seend* in the Evening: On *Thursday* Evening, the Ninth, at *Reading*; and on *Friday* in *London*.

Here I found an excellent Letter from a Friend abroad, Part of which I add in his own Words; being unable so to translate them, as not to lose great Part of the Spirit of the Original.

Charissime Frater,

Gratia, pax, & multifariæ Spiritûs Sancti consolationes tibi tuæque societati sint, & multiplicentur a Deo nostro per Servatorem nostrum. *Amen*.

" Tuas gratissimas *Ratcormucki* datas accepi, & ex illis summo cum gaudio grandem in variis *Angliæ* & *Hiberniæ* partibus januam vobis apertam esse intellexi, dum multi adversarii evangelicæ doctrinæ sese opponerent.

" Literas tuas ad D. *Perronet* datas (*A plain Account*, &c.) non quidem legi, sed devoravi. Omniaque adeò mihi arriserunt, ut vix me cohibere possim, quin *Londinum* devolem, *veniam & videam* societatis tuæ ordinationes. Sed catenis variis quasi vinctus, nolens volens hic adstrictus sum. Quamprimùm tamen literas illas vertam & typis mandabo, unà cum tractatulo illo, *The Character of a Methodist*.—Forte, si non multos, aliquos excitabit clericos aut laicos, ad vestigia evangelica integriùs premenda. —Admodùm mihi placet, te nec sectæ alicui, nec dogmatibus specificis sectarum adhærere, nec patronum eorum agere, sed cuique libertatem relinquere de iis credendi quid velit, modo verè in Deum Filiumque ejus dilectum credat, Deum ex toto corde amet, à peccatis abstineat, & vitam vocatione evangelicâ dignam ducat. Mi *Jane*, dilectissime, frater, rogo, precor & obtestor per viscera misericordiarum Dei & Filii sui, ut ipsissimam hanc vitam insistas, ac premere pergas, nec polemicis te immisceas. Certa solummodò bonum illud fidei puræ integræ, evangelicæ certamen, nec ullos hostes præter carnem corruptam, ejusque desideria mundana debelles. Cane pejus & angui-

augui fugias dogmata multiplicare, & de non neceſſariis diſputare, quæ bina Satanæ ſtratagemata fuêre quibus eccleſiam ab integritate & ſimplicitate evangelicâ ſenſim aberrare fecit.

" Doleo vehementer, te tot tamque gravibus & multifariis negotiis eſſe obrutum. Quàm libenter pro tenuitate meâ te, tuoſque levare, graviſſimaque illa onera ferre vellem, novit Omniſcius. Is, precor ardenter, fulciat, ſuſtentet, & animum vobis addat, ut Satanæ ejuſque aſſeclarum regnum magis magiſque indies deſtruatur, & Dei ejuſque Filii regnum erigatur, dimanet & penetret omnes animos, illorum inprimis quorum mentem mundi dominus occæcavit.

" Hiſce votis te demando Deo, verboque ejus gratiæ, qui te ſocioſque tuos ædificent & hæreditatem poſſidendam dent in omnibus ſanctis. Vale, mi *Jane*, frater amiciſſime, & me amare perge.

Tui ex animo amantiſſimus

Johannes de Koker."

Dabam *Rotterodami*, 10 *Oct.* 1749.

I was fully determined to take another Journey to *Rotterdam*, on purpoſe to ſee this worthy Man.

" But Death had ſwifter Wings than Love."

Before I could get thither he was gathered to his Fathers.

Sunday, *November* 12. Many Complaints were made to me of a general Deadneſs among the People of *London*, at the very Time that thoſe in moſt other Parts of *England* were ſo remarkably alive to God. It was chiefly owing to a few Perſons, who were continually labouring to ſpread Offences among them. But it was not long before the Plague was ſtayed: Some of theſe Incendiaries ſeparating from us; others being convinced, that they had been doing the Work of the Devil, in the Name of the Lord.

Thurſday, 16. I buried the Remains of *Martha Somerſet*, late a Mother in *Iſrael:* One who never left her firſt Love, never abated in Zeal, never was weary of well-

doing,

doing, from the Hour ſhe firſt found Redemption in CHRIST, 'till her Spirit returned to GOD.

Monday, 20. I rode to Mr. *Perronett*'s at *Shoreham*, that I might be at Leiſure to write. *Saturday*, *Dec.* 2. After preaching in the Morning I rode to *Bexley*, and preached about Eleven. At Three in the Afternoon I began at *Deptford*, and found a more than ordinary Bleſſing: But a ſtill greater at *Snowsfields*, where it ſeem'd as if all would juſt then *know the* LORD, *from the leaſt even to the greateſt*.

Sunday, 3. I preached, as uſual, at Five, at Ten, and at Five in the Evening; beſides meeting the Leaders, the Bands, the Preachers, and our own Family. But I felt no Faintneſs or Wearineſs either of Body or Mind. Bleſſed be my ſtrong Helper!

Monday, 4. I retired to *Lewiſham*. On *Saturday*, 9. I read the ſurprizing Extract of Mr. *Brainert*'s Journal. Surely then GOD hath once more *given to the* Gentiles *Repentance unto Life!* Yet amidſt ſo great Matter of Joy I could not but grieve at this, That even ſo good a Man as Mr. *Brainert* ſhould be *wiſe above that is written*; in condemning what the Scripture no-where condemns; in preſcribing to GOD the Way wherein He ſhould work; and (in Effect) applauding himſelf, and magnifying his own Work, above that which GOD wrought in *Scotland*, or among the *Engliſh* in *New-England*: Whereas in Truth the Work among the *Indians*, great as it was, was not to be compared to that at *Cambuſlang*, *Kilſith*, or *Northampton*.

Monday, 11. I retired to *Newington* once more, and on *Saturday*, 16. finiſhed my Sermons. *Monday*, 18. I rode to *Leigh* in *Eſſex*, and ſpoke in as awakening a Manner as I could. *Wedneſday*, 20. I left the little Flock in Peace and Love, and chearfully returned to *London*.

Sunday, 24. I ſaw an uncommon Inſtance both of the Juſtice and Mercy of GOD. *Abraham Jones*, a ſerious, thinking Man, about fifty Years of Age, was one of the firſt Members of the Society in *London*, and an early Witneſs of the Power of GOD to forgive Sins. He then ſtood as a Pillar for ſeveral Years, and was a Bleſſing to all that were round about him: 'Till growing wiſe in his own Eyes,

Eyes, he ſaw this and the other Perſon wrong, and was almoſt continually offended. He then grew colder and colder; 'till at length, in order to renew his Friendſhip with the World, he went (which he had refuſed to do for many Years) to a Pariſh-feaſt, and ſtayed there 'till Midnight. Returning home perfectly ſober, juſt by his own Door, he fell down and broke his Leg. When the Surgeon came, he found the Bone ſo ſhattered in Pieces, that it could not be ſet. Then it was, when he perceived he could not live, that the Terrors of the LORD again came about him. I found him in great Darkneſs of Soul, owning the juſt Hand of GOD. We prayed for him, in full Confidence that GOD would return. And He did in Part reveal Himſelf again: He had many Gleams of Hope and Love; 'till in two or three Days his Soul was required of him.

So awful a Providence was immediately known to all the Society, and contributed not a little to the awakening them that ſlept, and ſtirring up thoſe that were faint in their Mind.

Monday, 25. We had a ſolemn Meeting at Four. Indeed GOD was greatly with us during this whole Seaſon, in all our Aſſemblies, to lift up them that had fallen, and to comfort the weak-hearted.

Wedneſday, 27. I ſaw the two *Germans*, whom GOD has ſo eminently bleſſed, in their Labour of Love to his antient People. Great Numbers of *Jews* in *Poland*, *Muſcovy*, *Pruſſia*, and various Parts of *Germany*, have been brought, by their unwearied Endeavours, to ſearch the Scriptures, Whether theſe Things were ſo? And above ſix hundred of them have given Proof, that they have a ſaving Knowledge of GOD, and of JESUS CHRIST whom He hath ſent.

Sunday, 31. I buried the Remains of *Abraham Jones*, which gave me an Opportunity of ſtrongly exhorting all who had *ſet* their *Hands to the Plough*, never to *look back*.

Monday, *January* 1, 1750. A large Congregation met at Four o'Clock, and began the Year of Jubilee in a better Manner than they at *Rome* are accuſtomed to do. On ſeveral Days this Week I called upon many, who had

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left their first Love; but they none of them justified themselves: One and all pleaded *guilty before* God. Therefore there is Reason to hope, that He will return, and will abundantly pardon.

Thursday, 11. I read, to my no small Amazement, the Account given by Monsieur *Montgeron*, both of his own Conversion, and of the other Miracles wrought at the Tomb of Abbé *Paris*. I had always looked upon the whole Affair as a mere Legend, as I suppose most Protestants do: But I see no possible Way to deny these Facts, without invalidating all human Testimony. I may full as reasonably deny there is such a Person as Mr. *Montgeron*, or such a City as *Paris* in the World. Indeed in many of these Instances I see great Superstition, as well as strong Faith. But the *Times of Ignorace* God does *wink at* still; and bless the Faith, notwithstanding the Superstition.

If it be said, "But will not the admitting these Miracles establish Popery?" Just the Reverse. Abbé *Paris* lived and died in open Opposition to the grossest Errors of Popery; and in particular to that diabolical Bull *Unigenitus*, which destroys the very Foundations of Christianity.

Sunday, 14. I read Prayers and preached at *Snowsfields* to a crowded Congregation, at Seven in the Morning. I then hastened to the Chapel in *West-street*; and, after the Service there, to *Knightsbridge*, where I had promised to preach in the Afternoon, for the Benefit of the poor Children. The little Church was quite full before I came. Knowing it to be the greatest *Charity* to awaken those that sleep in Sin, I preached on *What is a Man profited, if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?*

Friday, 19. In the Evening I read Prayers at the Chapel in *West-street*, and Mr. *Whitefield* preached a plain, affectionate Discourse. *Sunday*, 21. He read Prayers, and I preached. So, by the Blessing of God, one more Stumbling-block is removed.

Monday, 22. I prayed in the Morning at the *Foundery*, and *Howell Harris* preached: A powerful Orator, both by Nature and Grace; but he owes nothing to Art or Education.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, 24. I was desired to call on one that was sick, tho' I had small Hopes of doing him any good; he had been so harmless a Man for ninety Years: Yet he was not out of God's Reach. He was quickly convinced, that his own Righteousness could not recommend him to God. I could then pray for him in Confidence of being heard. A few Days after he died in Peace.

Sunday, 28. I read Prayers, and Mr. *Whitefield* preached. How wise is God, in giving different Talents to different Preachers? Even the little Improprieties both of his Language and Manner were a Means of profiting many, who would not have been touch'd by a more correct Discourse, or a more calm and regular Manner of speaking.

Monday, 29. I rode to *Canterbury*. The Congregation in the Evening was deeply serious, and most of them present again at Five in the Morning. I hope God will again have much People in this Place, who will worship Him with more Knowledge, and as much Earnestness, as their Forefathers did the Virgin *Mary*, or even St. *Thomas à Becket*.

Tuesday, 30. I designed to preach abroad in the Evening, the House being far too small for the Congregation. But the Rain and Wind would not suffer it. *Wednesday*, 31. I examined the Society, one by one: Some, I found, could already rejoice in God, and all seemed to be hungring after it.

Friday, *February* 2. I preached in the Evening at *Shoreham*; and *Saturday*, 3. returned to *London*.

Sunday, 4. I preached at *Hayes*. What a Change is here within a Year or two? Instead of the Parishioners going out of Church, the People come now from many Miles round. The Church was filled in the Afternoon likewise, and all behaved well but the Singers; whom I therefore reproved before the Congregation; and some of them were ashamed.

Monday, 5. I rode to Mrs. *C*—— at *St. Ann's*, near *Chertsea*. It was her Design that I should preach in the Evening in her Summer-house, a large, eight-square Room, which was supported by a Frame of Wood. This was quickly filled: But as it was not intended to bear

bear ſuch a Weight, the main Beam beneath ſplit in ſunder. This I did not then know; but finding the Room too ſmall, I went out, and ſtood in the Gallery before it. The People then came out too, went down, and ſtood below, without any Hurry or Confuſion.

Thurſday, 8. It was about a Quarter after Twelve, that the Earthquake began at the Skirts of the Town. It began in the South-eaſt, went through *Southwark*, under the River, and then from one End of *London* to the other. It was obſerved at *Weſtminſter* and *Groſvenor-ſquare* a Quarter before One: (Perhaps, if we allow for the Difference of the Clocks, about a Quarter of an Hour after it began in *Southwark*.) There were three diſtinct Shakes, or Wavings to and fro, attended with an hoarſe, rumbling Noiſe, like Thunder. How gently does God deal with this Nation? O that our Repentance may prevent heavier Marks of his Diſpleaſure!

Friday, 9. We had a comfortable Watch-night at the Chapel. About Eleven o'Clock it came into my Mind, that this was the very Day and Hour in which, forty Years ago, I was taken out of the Flames. I ſtopped, and gave a ſhort Account of that wonderful Providence. The Voice of Praiſe and Thankſgiving went up on high, and great was our Rejoicing before the Lord.

On *Monday*, 12. I had deſigned to ſet out for *Briſtol*: But I could not go yet, there was ſuch a Flame kindled in *London*. However, I rode to *Bremford*, and preached as I had appointed, and then went on to *Chertſea*. Word had been induſtriouſly ſpread about the Town, that I would not come that Night. However, many came to ſee whether I would or no; to whom I offered *the Grace of our* Lord Jesus Christ.

Wedneſday, 14. The Watch-night at the *Foundery* ſeemed the ſhorteſt I had ever known: Indeed we knew not how the Hours ſtole away, while Prayer was loſt in Praiſe and Thankſgiving.

Friday, 16. We had a ſolemn Faſt-day, meeting, as before, at Five, Seven, Ten, and One. Many of the Rich were at the Chapel in the Evening. *Who hath warned* you *to flee from the Wrath to come?*

Saturday, 17. After preaching at *Snowsfields*, I went into a Friend's House. A *poor Sinner* indeed followed me, one who was broken in Pieces by the convincing Spirit, and uttered such Cries as pierced the Hearts of all that heard. We poured out our Souls before GOD in Prayer, and Light sprung up in her Heart.

Sunday, 18. To-day likewise, wherever we assembled together, GOD caused his Power to be known: But particularly at the Love-feast. The honest Simplicity with which several spoke, in declaring the Manner of GOD's Dealings with them, set the Hearts of others on Fire: And the Flame spread more and more; 'till having stayed near an Hour longer than usual, we were constrained to part.

Monday, 19. I preached at *Windsor* about One, and at *St. Ann's* in the Evening. The Congregation was large, and extremely still and attentive, a very few Persons excepted.

Tuesday, 20. Mr. *M*—— had given Notice, without my Knowledge, that I would preach at *Hayes* on *Tuesday*. I was afraid few would trouble themselves to hear: But I was deceived; for there was a large Congregation. Surely some of these will at length understand *the Things which belong unto* their *Peace*.

Wednesday, 21. I preached in the old *French* Church in *Grey-eagle-street*, *Spittlefields*. It was extremely full, and many of the Hearers were greatly moved. But who will endure to the End?

Thursday, 22. Having been sent for several Times, I went to see a young Woman in *Bedlam*. But I had not talked with her long, before one gave me to know, that "None of these Preachers were to come there." So we are forbid to go to *Newgate*, for Fear of *making them wicked*; and to *Bedlam*, for Fear of *driving them mad*.

Tuesday, 27. I at length forced myself from *London*. We dined a little beyond *Colnbrook*, spoke plain to all in the House, and left them full of Thankfulness, and of good Resolutions.

I preached at *Reading* in the Evening; and in the Morning, *Wednesday*, 28. took Horse, with the North Wind full in our Face. It was piercingly cold, so that

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I could ſcarce feel whether I had any Hands or Feet, when I came to *Bleawbury*. After ſpeaking ſeverally to the Members of the Society, I preached to a large Congregation. In the Evening I met my Brother at *Oxford*, and preached to a ſmall, ſerious Company.

Thurſday, *March* 1. In riding to *Cirenceſter* I read Dr. *Bates*'s *Elenchus motuum nuperorum in Angliâ*. His *Latin* is not much inferior to *Cæſar*'s, whom he ſeems ſtudiouſly to imitate; and his Thoughts are generally juſt; only that he has no more Mercy on the *Puritans*, than upon *Cromwell*.

I dined at an Houſe beyond *Faringdon*, where both the Man and his Wife appeared thankful for Inſtruction. I preached at *Cirenceſter* in the Evening, to a large, but not ſerious Congregation. *Friday*, 2. I left this uncomfortable Place, and in the Afternoon came to *Briſtol*.

Many miſerable Comforters were with me ſoon, complaining, one after another, of the Want of lively Preachers, the Hurt the *Germans* had done to ſome, and *R*—— *W*—— to others, and the almoſt univerſal Coldneſs, Heavineſs, and Deadneſs, among the People.

I knew but One that could help. So we called upon God, to ariſe and maintain his own Cauſe. And this Evening we had a Token for Good, for his Word was as a two-edged Sword.

Sunday, 4. I deſired *John W*—— to preach at Five. And I no longer wondered at the Deadneſs of his Hearers. I preached at *Kingswood* at Eight, and God ſpoke to many Hearts: Yea, and to a few even at *Connam*. But the greateſt Bleſſing was in the Evening at *Briſtol*, when we were all convinced, God had not *forgotten to be gracious*.

Tueſday, 6. I began writing a *ſhort French Grammar*. We obſerved *Wedneſday*, 7. as a Day of Faſting and Prayer. I preached at Five on *Repent and do the firſt Works*. The Time from Seven to Nine, from Ten to Twelve, and from Oſe to Three, we ſpent in Prayer, and at our laſt Meeting eſpecially found that God was in the Midſt of us.

Thurſday, 8. I deſired all the Preachers that were in *Briſtol*, to meet me at Four in the Afternoon; and ſo

every Day while I was in Town. In the Evening God rent the Rocks again. I wondered at the Words He gave me to ſpeak. But He doth whatſoever pleaſeth Him.

To-day God gave the People of *London* a ſecond Warning; of which my Brother wrote as follows:

"This Morning, a Quarter after Five, we had another Shock of an Earthquake, far more violent than that of *February* 8. I was juſt repeating my Text, when it ſhook the Foundery ſo violently, that we all expected it to fall upon our Heads. A great Cry followed from the Women and the Children. I immediately cried out, *Therefore will we not fear, tho' the Earth be moved, and the Hills be carried into the Midſt of the Sea: For the* Lord *of Hoſts is with us; the* God *of* Jacob *is our Refuge.* He filled my Heart with Faith, and my Mouth with Words, ſhaking their Souls as well as their Bodies."

The Earth moved Weſtward, then Eaſt, then Weſtward again, through all *London* and *Weſtminſter*. It was a ſtrong and jarring Motion, attended with a rumbling Noiſe, like that of diſtant Thunder. Many Houſes were much ſhaken, and ſome Chimneys thrown down, but without any farther Hurt.

Saturday, 10. I talked at large with the Maſters of *Kingſwood* School, concerning the Children and the Management. They all agreed, that one of the Boys ſtudiouſly laboured to corrupt the reſt. I would not ſuffer him to ſtay any longer under the Roof, but ſent him home that very Hour.

Sunday, 11. I began viſiting the Society at *Kingſwood*, ſtrangely continuing without either Increaſe or Decreaſe. On the following Days I viſited that at *Briſtol*. What Cauſe have we to be humbled over this People? Laſt Year more than an hundred Members were added: This Year near an hundred are loſt. Such a Decay has not been in this Society before, ever ſince it began to meet together.

I ſhould willingly have ſpent more Time at *Briſtol*, finding more and more Proofs that God was reviving his Work; but that the Accounts I received from *Ireland* made me think it my Duty to be there as ſoon as poſſible: So on *Monday*, 20. I ſet out with *Chriſtopher Hopper* for the *New Paſſage*. When we came there, the Wind was high, and almoſt

almoſt full againſt us: Nevertheleſs we croſſed in leſs than two Hours, and reached *Cardiff* before Night, where I preached at Seven, and found much Refreſhment.

Tueſday, 21. Expecting to preach at *Aberdare*, Sixteen *Welſh* Miles from *Cardiff*, I rode thither over the Mountains. But we found no Notice had been given: So after reſting an Hour, we ſet out for *Brecknock*. The Rain did not intermit at all, 'till we came within Sight of it. Twice my Horſe fell down, and threw me over his Head; but without any Hurt, either to Man or Beaſt.

Wedneſday, 22. We rode to *Builth*, where we found Notice had been given, that *Howell Harris* would preach at Noon. By this Means a large Congregation was aſſembled; but *Howell* did not come: So at their Requeſt I preached. Between Four and Five Mr. *Philips* ſet out with us for *Royader*. I was much out of Order in the Morning: However, I held out to *Lanidlos*, and then lay down. After an Hour's Sleep I was much better, and rode on to *Machuntleth*.

About an Hour and half before we came to *Doll-y-gelle*, the heavy Rain began. We were on the Brow of the Hill, ſo we took all that came, our Horſes being able to go but half a Foot-pace. But we had Amends made us at our Inn. *John Lewis*, and all his Houſe, gladly joined with us in Prayer: And all we ſpoke to, appeared willing to hear and to receive the Truth in Love.

Friday, 24. Before we looked out, we heard the roaring of the Wind, and the beating of the Rain. We took Horſe at Five. It rained inceſſantly all the Way we rode. And when we came on the great Mountain, four Miles from the Town, (by which Time I was wet from my Neck to my Waiſt) it was with great Difficulty I could avoid being borne over my Mare's Head, the Wind being ready to carry us all away: Nevertheleſs about Ten we came ſafe to *Dannabull*, praiſing Him who *ſaves both Man and Beaſt*.

Our Horſes being well tired, and ourſelves thoroughly wet, we reſted the Remainder of the Day; the rather, becauſe ſeveral of the Family underſtood *Engliſh*, an uncommon Thing in theſe Parts. We ſpoke cloſely to theſe,

and they appeared much affected, particularly when we all joined in Prayer.

Saturday, 25. We ſet out at Five, and at Six came to the Sands. But the Tide was in, ſo that we could not paſs: So I ſat down in a little Cottage for three or four Hours, and tranſlated *Aldrich*'s Logic. About Ten we paſſed, and before Five came to *Baldon* Ferry, and found the Boat ready for us: But the Boatmen deſired us to ſtay a while, ſaying, "The Wind was too high, and the Tide too ſtrong." The Secret was, they ſtay'd for more Paſſengers; aud it was well they did: For while we were walking to and fro, Mr. *Jenkin Morgan* came; at whoſe Houſe, near half Way between the Ferry and *Holyhead*, I had lodged three Years before. The Night ſoon came on; but our Guide, knowing all the Country, brought us ſafe to his own Door.

Sunday, 26. I preached at *Howell Thomas*'s, in *Treſollwin* Pariſh, to a ſmall, earneſt Congregation. As many did not underſtand, one of the Brethren repeated the Subſtance of the Sermon in *Welſh*. In the Afternoon I went to *William Pritchard*'s, tho' much againſt my Will, as there was none there to interpret, and I was afraid very few of my Hearers could underſtand *Engliſh*. But I was miſtaken: The Congregation was larger than I had ever ſeen in *Angleſey*. A conſiderable Number of them underſtood *Engliſh* tolerably well; and the Looks, Sighs and Geſtures of thoſe that did not, ſhewed that God was ſpeaking to their Hearts. It was a glorious Opportunity. The whole Congregation ſeemed to be melted down. So little do we know the Extent of God's Power. If He will work, what ſhall hinder Him?

The Wind being contrary, I accepted of the Invitation of an honeſt Exciſeman, (Mr. *Holiday*,) to ſtay at his Houſe 'till it ſhould change. Here I was in a little, quiet, ſolitary Spot, *(maximè animo exoptatum meo!)* where no human Voice was heard, but thoſe of the Family. On *Tueſday* I deſired Mr. *Hopper* to ride over to *Holyhead*, and enquire concerning our Paſſage. He brought Word, that we might probably paſs in a Day or two: So on *Wedneſday* we both went thither. Here we overtook *John Jane*, who had ſet out on Foot from *Briſtol*, with three Shillings in

in his Pocket. Six Nights out of the ſeven ſince he ſet out, he had been entertained by utter Strangers. He went by us we could not tell how, and reached *Holyhead* on *Sunday*, with one Penny left.

By him we ſent back our Horſes to Mr. *Morgan's*. I had a large Congregation in the Evening. It almoſt grieved me, I could give them but one Sermon, now they were at length willing to hear. About Eleven we were called to go on board, the Wind being quite fair: And ſo it continued 'till we were juſt out of the Harbour. It then turned Weſt, and blew a Storm. There was neither Moon nor Stars, but Rain and Wind enough; ſo that I was ſoon tired of ſtaying on Deck. But we met another Storm below: For who ſhould be there, but the famous Mr. *Gr*—— of *Carnarvonſhire!* A clumſy, overgrown, hard-faced Man; whoſe Countenance I could only compare to that (which I ſaw in *Drury-lane* thirty Years ago) of one of the Ruſſians in *Macbeth*. I was going to lie down, when he tumbled in, and poured out ſuch a Volley of Ribaldry, Obſcenity, and Blaſphemy, every ſecond or third Word being an Oath, as was ſcarce ever heard at *Billingſgate*. Finding there was no room for me to ſpeak, I retired into my Cabin, and left him to Mr. *Hopper*. Soon after, one or two of his own Company interpoſed, and carried him back to his Cabin.

Thurſday, 29. We wrought our Way four or five Leagues toward *Ireland*; but were driven back in the Afternoon to the very Mouth of the Harbour: Nevertheleſs the Wind ſhifting one or two Points, we ventured out again; and by Midnight we were got about half Seas over; but the Wind then turning full againſt us, and blowing hard, we were driven back again, and were glad about Nine to get into the Bay once more.

In the Evening I was ſurprized to ſee, inſtead of ſome poor, plain People, a Room full of Men, daubed with Gold and Silver. That I might not go out of their Depth I began expounding the Story of *Dives* and *Lazarus*. It was more applicable than I was aware; ſeveral of them, (as I afterwards learned) being eminently wicked Men. I delivered my own Soul; but they could in no wiſe bear it. One and another walked away, murmuring ſorely.

Four

Four ſtayed 'till I drew to a Cloſe: They then put on their Hats, and began talking to one another. I mildly reproved them; on which they roſe up and went away, railing and blaſpheming. I had then a comfortable Hour with a Company of plain, honeſt *Welſhmen*.

In the Night there was a vehement Storm. Bleſſed be God that we were ſafe on Shore, *Saturday*, 31, I determined to wait one Week longer, and, if we could not ſail then, to go and wait for a Ship at *Briſtol*. At Seven in the Evening, juſt as I was going down to preach, I heard a huge Noiſe, and took Knowledge of the Rabble of Gentlemen. They had now ſtrengthened themſelves with Drink and Numbers, and placed Capt. *G*—— (as they called him) at their Head. He ſoon burſt open both the outward and inner Door, ſtruck old *Robert Griffiths*, our Landlord, ſeveral Times, kicked his Wife, and, with twenty full-mouth'd Oaths and Curſes demanded, Where is the Parſon? *Robert Griffith* came up, and deſired me to go into another Room, where he locked me in. The Captain followed him quickly, broke open one or two Doors, and got on a Chair, to look on the Top of a Bed: But his Foot ſlipping, (as he was not a Man made for climbing) he fell down backward all his Length. He roſe leiſurely, turn'd about, and with his Troop walked away.

I then went down to a ſmall Company of the poor People, and ſpent half an Hour with them in Prayer: About Nine, as we were preparing to go to Bed, the Houſe was beſet again. The Captain burſt in firſt. *Robert Griffith*'s Daughter was ſtanding in the Paſſage, with a Pail of Water, with which (whether with Deſign, or in her Fright, I know not) ſhe covered him from Head to Foot. He cried, as well as he could, "M—urder! Murder!" and ſtood very ſtill for ſome Moments. In the mean time *Robert Griffith* ſtept by him, and locked the Door. Finding himſelf alone, he began to change his Voice, and cry, "Let me out, let me out." Upon his giving his Word and Honour, that none of the reſt ſhould come in, they opened the Door, and all went away together.

Sunday,

Sunday, April 1. We designed to set out early for Mr. *Holloway*'s; but the Rain kept us 'till Eight o'Clock. We then set out, having one of *Holyhead* for our Guide, reach'd a Church, six or seven Miles off, about Eleven, (where we stopped 'till the Service was ended) and went on to *William Pritchard*'s, near *Llanerell-ymadd.* I had appointed to preach there at Four. I found the same Spirit as before among this loving, simple People. Many of our Hearts burned within us: And I felt what I spoke, *The Kingdom of* God *is at Hand.*

Many who were come from the Town earnestly prest me to go and preach there, assuring me it was the general Desire of the Inhabitants. I felt a strong Aversion to it, but would not refuse, not knowing what God might have to do. So I went: But we were scarce set down, when the Sons of *Belial* from all Parts gathered together, and compassed the House. I could just understand their Oaths and Curses, which were broad *English*, and sounded on every Side. The rest of their Language was lost upon me, as mine was upon them. Our Friends would have had me stayed within: But I judged it best to look them in the Face, while it was open Day. So I bad them open the Door, and Mr. *Hopper* and I walked strait thro' the midst of them. Having procured a Guide, we then went on without Hindrance, to our Retreat at Mr. *Holloway*'s. Surely this Journey will be for Good; for hitherto we have had continual Storms, both by Sea and Land.

Tuesday, 3. Mr. *William Jones* of *Trefoll-win* call'd and told us, an Exhorter was preaching a little Way off. We went and found him on the Common, standing on a a little Rock, in the midst of an attentive Congregation. After he had done I preached, and then returned to my Study at *Langevnye.*

Thursday, 5. I read over great Part of *Gerard*'s *Meditationes sacræ*, a Book recommended to me in the strongest Terms. But alas! How was I disappointed? They have some masterly Strokes, but are in general trite and flat, the Thoughts being as poor as the *Latin.* 'Tis well every Class of Writers has a Class of Readers, or they would never have come to a second Impression.

About

About Noon I preached two Miles Weſt of *Llancrell-ymadd*, and in the Evening, about a Quarter of a Mile further. Not one Scoffer is found in theſe Congregations, but whoever hears, hears for his Life.

Friday, 6. I preached near *Llanerell-ymad* at Noon, and at *Trefollwin* in the Evening. Obſerving at Night, the Wind was changed, I rode to *Holyhead* early in the Morning. A Ship was juſt ready to ſail; ſo we went on board, and in the Evening landed at *Dublin*.

Sunday, 8. I preached Morning, Afternoon, and Evening, and then exhorted the Society to ſtand faſt in the good, old Bible-Way, and not move from it, to the Right-Hand or to the Left.

I found Mr. *Luncll* in ſo violent a Fever, that there was little Hope of his Life. But he revived the Moment he ſaw me, and fell into a breathing Sweat. He began to recover from that Time. Perhaps for this alſo was I ſent.

Monday, 9. I found, upon Enquiry, many Things had been repreſented to me worſe than they really were. But it is well: If they had not been ſo repreſented, I ſhould ſcarce have come over this Year.

Tueſday, 10. I learned the real Caſe of *Roger Ba'l*. He firſt deceived Mr. *L*——— and *W*—— *T*———; who quickly agreed, that ſo valuable a Man muſt be employed immediately. So he was invited to preach to our Congregation, and received as one of our Family. But it ſoon appeared what manner of Man he was, full of Guile, and of the moſt abominable Errors; one of which was, "That a Believer had a Right to all Women." I marvel he has turned only three Perſons out of the Way.

Wedneſday, 11. I found ſome of the Fruits of his Labours. One of the Leaders told me frankly, "He had left off communicating for ſome Time; for St. *Paul* ſaid, *Touch not, taſte not, handle not*." And all ſeemed to approve of dropping the Preaching on *Tueſday* and *Thurſday*, "ſeeing the *dear Lamb* is the only Teacher."

Thurſday, 12. I breakfaſted with one of the Society, and found ſhe had a Lodger I little thought of. It was the famous Mrs. *Pilkington*, who ſoon made an Excuſe for following me up Stairs. I talked with her ſeriouſly about an Hour. We then ſung "*Happy Magdalene*." She appeared

peared to be exceedingly ſtruck. How long the Impreſſion may laſt, God knows.

We dined at Mr. *P*——'s. A young married Woman was there, who was lately a zealous Papiſt, and had converted ſeveral Proteſtant Hereticks to the *Romiſh* Faith: But ſetting on ſome of the *Methodiſts*, they converted her; at leaſt, convinced her of the great Truths of the Goſpel. Immediately her Relations, her Huſband in particular, renounced her: But ſhe was moved by none of theſe Things, deſiring nothing on Earth but to experience the Faith which once ſhe perſecuted.

In the Evening I was ſent for by one, who had *reaſoned* himſelf out of all his Chriſtianity, and was now in doubt, whether the Soul would ſurvive the Body. Surely even ſpeculative Faith is the Gift of God: Nor without Him, can we hold even this faſt.

Saturday, 14. *J*——— *R*—— came from *Corke*, and brought us a farther Account of what had been tranſacted there. From the Beginning of *February* to the End of it, King *Nicholas* had reigned. How he ſtill uſed his Power, may appear from two or three Inſtances.

William Jewell, Clothier, of *Shandon Church-Lane*, depoſes,

That *Nicholas Butler*, with a riotous Mob, ſeveral Times aſſaulted this Deponent's Houſe: That particularly on *February* 23, he came thither with a large Mob: That ſeveral of the Rioters entered the Houſe, and ſwore, The firſt who reſiſted, they would blow his Brains out: That the Deponent's Wife, endeavouring to ſtop them, was aſſaulted and beaten by the ſaid *Butler*; who then ordered his Men to break the Windows, which they did, with Stones of a conſiderable Weight.

Mary Philips, of *St. Peter's Church-Lane*, depoſes,

That on *February* 26, about Seven in the Evening, *N. B.* came to her Houſe with a large Mob, and aſked where her Huſband was: That as ſoon as ſhe appeared, he firſt abuſed her in the groſſeſt Terms, and then ſtruck her on the Head, ſo that it ſtunned her; and ſhe verily believes, had not ſome within thruſt to, and faſtened the Door, ſhe ſhould have been murdered on the Spot.

Elizabeth

Elizabeth Gardelet, Wife of *Joseph Gardelet*, Corporal in Col. *Pawlet*'s Regiment, Capt. *Charlton*'s Company, depoſes,

That on *February* 28, as ſhe was going out of her Lodgings, being big with Child, ſhe was met by *Butler* and his Mob: That *Butler*, without any Manner of Provocation, immediately fell upon her, ſtriking her with both his Fiſts on the Side of her Head, which beat her Head againſt the Wall: That ſhe endeavoured to eſcape from him, but he purſued her, and ſtruck her ſeveral Times in the Face: That ſhe ran into the School-yard for Shelter; but he followed, caught hold of her, ſaying, "You Whore, you ſtand on conſecrated Ground," and threw her with ſuch Force acroſs the Lane, that ſhe was driven againſt the oppoſite Wall: That when ſhe had recovered herſelf a little, ſhe made the beſt of the Way to her Lodging; but he ſtill purſued her, and overtook her, as ſhe was going up the Stairs: That he ſtruck her with his Fiſt on the Stomach, which Stroke knocked her down backward: That, falling with the Small of her Back on the Edge of one of the Stairs, ſhe was not able to riſe again: That her Pains immediately came upon her, and about Two in the Morning ſhe miſcarried.

Theſe, with ſeveral more Depoſitions to the ſame Effect, were at the Lent Aſſizes laid before the Grand Jury: Yet they did not find any of theſe Bills! But they found one againſt *Daniel Sullivan*, (no Preacher, but an Hearer of Mr. *Weſley*) who, when *Butler* and his Mob were diſcharging a Shower of Stones upon him, put them all in bodily Fear, by diſcharging a Piſtol, without any Ball, over their Heads. If any Man wrote this Story to *England* in a quite different Manner, and fixt it on a *young Methodiſt Preacher*, let him be aſhamed.

Several of the Perſons preſented as Vagabonds in Autumn, appeared at theſe Aſſizes. But none appearing againſt them, they were acquitted, with Honour to themſelves, and Shame to their Perſecutors; who, by bringing the Matter to a judicial Determination, plainly ſhewed, "There is *Law* even for *Methodiſts*;" and gave his Majeſty's Judge a fair Occaſion to declare the utter Illegality of

of all Riots, and the Inexcusableness of tolerating (much more causing) them on any Pretence whatsoever.

Easter-Day, *April* 15. I preached Morning and Evening; but my Voice was so weak, it could scarce be heard.

Wednesday, 18. One, who upon her turning to God, had been turned out of Doors, and disowned by all her Relations, (very good Protestants!) was received into the House of God, not made with Hands. We rejoiced over her in the Evening with exceeding Joy. Happy they, who lose All, and gain Christ.

Thursday, 19. I rode with *J*—— *R*—— through a heavy Rain to *Edinderry*. The Congregation was much larger than I expected; and both in the Evening and the Morning we praised God with joyful Lips.

Friday, 20. I rode to *Portarlington*, on a very bad Horse, and was glad of a little Rest. *Sunday*, 22. I preached at Eight: At *Closeland* about Two; and between Five and Six at *Portarlington*, to almost all the Gentry in the Town, on, *Thou art not far from the Kingdom of* God. *Monday*, 23. I preached at *Closeland* again, and the next Morning spoke severally with the Members of the Society, increased both in Number and in the Grace of God.

Wednesday, 25. I dined at Mr. *K*———'s, who had lived utterly without God, for about seventy Years: But God had now made both him, and most of his Houshold, Partakers of like precious Faith. When I first came into the House, he was in an Agony of Pain, from an Hurt of about forty five Years standing. I advised to apply hot Nettles: The Pain presently ceased, and he arose and praised God.

Thursday, 26. I examined the Class of Children, many of whom are rejoicing in God. I then sought after some of the Sheep that were lost, and left all I spoke with, determined to return. About Noon I read the Letters, and in the Afternoon rode chearfully to *Mount-mellick*. I found the Society here much increased in Grace, and yet lessened in Number: A Case which I scarce remember to have met with before, in all *England* and *Ireland*.

Sunday, 29. I preached at Eight, at Two, and at Five, when some of our most vehement Opposers were

preſent, and by their Serioufneſs and Attention gave us reaſon to hope, they will oppoſe no more.

Monday, 30. I baptized a Man and Woman, (late Quakers) as I had done another the Night before. Afterwards I viſited the Sick. The firſt we went to, had been a Papiſt, but was caſt out for hearing us. While we were at Prayer, ſhe cried bitterly after GOD, refuſing to be comforted: Nor did ſhe ceaſe, 'till He revealed his Son in her Heart, which ſhe could not but declare to all that were in the Houſe.

About One I adminiſtered the LORD's Supper to a ſick Perſon, with a few of our Brethren and Siſters. Being ſtraitened for Time, I uſed no extemporary Prayer at all: Yet the Power of GOD was ſo unuſually preſent, during the whole Time, that ſeveral knew not how to contain themſelves, being quite overwhelmed with Joy and Love.

Thence we rode to *Tullamore*. It being the Fair-day, many were tolerably drunk. When I began to preach, they made a little Diſturbance for a while; but the Bulk of the Audience were deeply attentive.

Tueſday, *May* 1. I found many of the firſt were become laſt, being returned as a Dog to the Vomit. In the Evening my Hoarſeneſs (contracted in *Dublin)* was ſo increaſed, that I doubt few of the Congregation could hear. In meeting the Society, I reproved them ſharply for their Lukewarmneſs and Covetouſneſs. In that Hour the Spirit of Contrition came down, and all of them ſeemed broken in Pieces. At the ſame Time my Voice was reſtored in a Moment, ſo that I could once more *ſing Praiſe* to GOD.

Wedneſday, 2. I rode to *Tyrrel's Paſs*, and found more than double the Congregation which I had there laſt Year. The next Day, when I ſpoke to thoſe of the Society ſeverally, I had ſtill greater Cauſe to rejoice; finding a great Part of them *walking in the Light*, and *praiſing* GOD *all the Day long*.

Friday, 4. I preached about Noon at *Cooly-lough*, and about Six in the Market-houſe at *Athlone*.

Sunday, 6. I addreſſed myſelf in the Morning to the Backſliders, from, *How ſhall I give thee up*, Ephraim? At One, to the Unawakened, from, *What is a Man profited*,

fited, if he gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul? In the Evening I preached to a far larger Congregation, on the *Connaught* Side of the River. In the midst of the Sermon, a Man with a fine curvetting Horse drew off a large Part of the Audience. I paused a little, and then raising my Voice, said, "If there are any more of you, who think it is of more Concern to see a dancing Horse, than to hear the Gospel of CHRIST, pray go after them." They took the Reproof. The greater Part came back directly, and gave double Attention.

Monday, 7. When I met the Society in the Evening, one who had been always afraid of exposing herself, was struck so that she could not help crying out aloud, being in strong Agonies both of Soul and Body. Indeed her Case was quite peculiar. She felt no Fear of Hell, but an inexpressible Sense of the Sufferings of CHRIST, accompanied with sharp bodily Pain, as if she had literally suffered with Him. We continued in Prayer 'till Twelve o'Clock, and left her patiently *waiting* for Salvation.

Tuesday, 8. I dined at Mr. *T*———'s. Two other Clergymen were present, and Mr. *H*———, Member of Parliament for the County. We soon fell upon *Justification* and *Inspiration*, and after a free Conversation seemed nearly of one Mind.

Thursday, 10. I read the Letters. A famous Drunkard and Swearer, stood as long as he could, and then fell down upon his Knees before the whole Congregation. All appeared to be much moved. It was with Difficulty I broke from them about Noon, and rode to *Ahaskra:* Where I preached in the Evening to an exceeding serious Congregation, on, *Seek ye the* LORD, *while He may be found.*

Friday, 11. I talked largely with the two Miss *M*———'s. The Elder, I found, had once known the Love of GOD, but not kept it long, and seemed to be now earnestly mourning after it. The Younger had never left her first Love; and in the midst of great bodily Weakness, had no Fear of Death, but a *Desire to depart, and to be with* CHRIST.

Saturday, 12. I rode to Mr. *Simpson*'s, near *Oatfield*; and in the Evening preached at *Aghrim*, to a well-meaning

Peepy People. *Sunday*, 13. I ſtrove to ſhake ſome of them out of Sleep, by preaching as ſharply as I could. We had ſuch a Congregation at Church, as (it was ſaid) had not been ſeen there for twenty Years before. After Church, I preached to Abundance of Papiſts as well as Proteſtants: And now they ſeemed to be a little more awake.

About Five in the Afternoon I preached at *Ahaſkra*, to a Congregation gathered from all Parts. O what a Harveſt might be in *Ireland*, did not the poor Proteſtants hate Chriſtianity, worſe than either Popery or Heatheniſm?

Monday, 14. I rode to *Birr*. The Number of People that aſſembled here in the Evening, and at Five in the Morning, and their ſerious Attention, gave me ſome Hope, that there will more Good be done even in this Place.

Wedneſday, 16. At Eleven I preached in the Aſſembly-room at *Nenagh*, and in the Evening at *Limerick*.

Thurſday, 17. The Church was full at Five: And one may truly ſay, it was full of the Preſence of God. The Evening was cold and bluſtering, ſo that I was obliged to preach, tho' there was by no means Room for the Congregation. I afterward told the Society freely and plainly of their Faults. They received it as became Men fearing God.

Friday, 18. I dined at *Killmallock*, once a flouriſhing City, now a vaſt Heap of Ruins. In the Afternoon we called at *Killdorrery*. A Clergyman was there a little before us, who *would* talk with me whether I would or no. After an Hour's Converſation, we parted in Love. But our Stay here made it ſo late before we reached *Rathcormuck*, that I could not well preach that Evening. *Saturday*, 19. I preached about Eleven, and in the Afternoon rode on to *Corke*.

About Nine in the Evening I came to Alderman *Pembrock*'s. *Sunday*, 20. Underſtanding the uſual Place of Preaching would by no means contain thoſe who deſired to hear, about Eight I went to *Hammond*'s Marſh. The Congregation was large, and deeply attentive. A few of the Rabble gathered at a Diſtance; but by little and little they drew near, and mixt with the Congregation:

So

So that I have ſeldom ſeen a more quiet and orderly Aſſembly at any Church in *England* or *Ireland*.

In the Afternoon, a Report being ſpread abroad, that the Mayor deſigned to hinder my preaching on the Marſh in the Evening, I deſired Mr. *Skelton* and Mr. *Jones* to wait upon him, and enquire concerning it. Mr. *Skelton* aſked, "If my preaching there, would be diſagreeable to him?" Adding, "Sir, if it would, Mr. *Weſley* will not do it." He replied warmly, "Sir, I'll have no Mobbing." Mr. *Skelton* ſaid, "Sir, there was none this Morning." He anſwered, "There was. Are there not Churches and Meeting-houſes enough? I will have no more Mobs and Riots." Mr. *Skelton* replied, "Sir, neither Mr. *Weſley*, nor they that heard him, made either Mobs or Riots." He anſwered plain, "*I will have no more Preaching:* And if Mr. *Weſley* attempts to preach, *I am prepared* for him."

I began preaching in our own Houſe ſoon after Five. Mr. Mayor meantime was walking in the 'Change, and giving Orders to the Town-Drummers and to his Serjeants—doubtleſs to go down and *keep the Peace!* They accordingly came down to the Houſe, with an innumerable Mob attending them. They continued drumming, and I continued preaching, 'till I had finiſhed my Diſcourſe. When I came out, the Mob immediately cloſed me in. Obſerving one of the Serjeants ſtanding by, I deſired him to keep the King's Peace: But he replied, "Sir, I have *no Orders* to do that." As ſoon as I came into the Street, the Rabble threw whatever came to hand. But all went by me, or flew over my Head; nor do I remember that one Thing touched me. I walked on ſtrait through the midſt of the Rabble, looking every Man before me in the Face; and they opened on the Right and Left, 'till I came near *Dent's Bridge*. A large Party had taken Poſſeſſion of this, one of whom was bawling out, "Now, hey for the *Romans!*" When I came up, they likewiſe ſhrunk back, and I walked thro' them to Mr. *Jenkins*'s Houſe. But a Papiſt ſtood juſt within the Door, and endeavoured to hinder my going in; 'till one of the Mob (I ſuppoſe aiming at me, but miſſing) knock'd her down flat. I then went in, and

God restrained the wild Beasts, so that not one attempted to follow me.

But many of the Congregation were more roughly handled; particularly Mr. *Jones*, who was covered with Dirt, and escaped with his Life almost by Miracle. The main Body of the Mob then went to the House, brought out all the Seats and Benches, tore up the Floor, the Door, the Frames of the Windows, and whatever of Wood-work remained; Part of which they carried off for their own Use, and the rest they burnt in the open Street.

Finding there was no Probability of their dispersing, I sent to Alderman *Pembrock*, who immediately desired Mr. Alderman *Winthrop*, his Nephew, to go down to Mr. *Jenkins*: With whom I walked up the Street, none giving me an unkind or disrespectful Word.

Monday, 21. I rode on to *Bandon*. From Three in the Afternoon 'till past Seven, the Mob of *Corke* marched in grand Procession, and then burnt me in Effigy near *Dantsbridge*.

While they were so busily employed, Mr. *Haughton* took the Opportunity of going down to *Hammond's-Marsh*. He called at a Friend's House there; where the good Woman in great Care locked him in. But observing many People were met, he threw up the Sash, and preached to them out of the Window. Many seemed deeply affected, even of those who had been Persecutors before. And they all quietly retired to their several Homes, before the Mob was at Leisure to attend them.

Tuesday, 22. The Mob and Drummers were moving again, between Three and Four in the Morning. The same Evening they came down to the Marsh, but stood at a Distance from Mr. *Stockdale's* House, 'till the Drums beat, and the Mayor's Serjeant beckoned to them, on which they drew up, and began the Attack. The Mayor being sent for, came with a Party of Soldiers, and said to the Mob, "Lads, once, twice, thrice, I bid you go Home. Now I have done." He then went back, taking the Soldiers with him. On which the Mob, pursuant to their Instructions, went on and broke all the Glass, and most of the Window-frames in Pieces.

Wednesday,

Wednesday, 23. The Mob was still patrolling the Streets, abusing all that were called *Methodists*, and threatening to murder them, and pull down their Houses, if they did not leave *this Way*.

Thursday, 24. They again assaulted Mr. *Stockdale*'s House, broke down the Boards he had nailed up against the Windows, destroyed what little remained of the Window-frames and Shutters, and damaged a considerable Part of his Goods.

Friday, 25. One *Roger O Ferrall* fixed up an Advertisement at the public Exchange, That he was ready to head any Mob, in order to pull down any House that should dare to harbour a *Swadler*: (A Name given to Mr. *Cennick* first, by a Popish Priest, who heard him speak of *a Child wrapt in* swadling *Clothes*; and probably did not know the Expression was in *the Bible*, a Book he was not much acquainted with.)

All this Time God gave us great Peace at *Bandon*, notwithstanding the unwearied Labours, both public and private, of good Dr. *B*——, to stir up the People. But

Saturday, 26. Many were under great Apprehensions of what was to be done in the Evening. I began preaching in the main Street at the usual Hour, but to more than twice the usual Congregation. After I had spoke about a Quarter of an Hour, a Clergyman, who had planted himself near me, with a very large Stick in his Hand, according to Agreement, opened the Scene. (Indeed his Friends assured me, "he was *in Drink*, or he would not have done it.") But before he had uttered many Words, two or three resolute Women, by main Strength, pulled him into a House, and, after expostulating a little, sent him away thro' the Garden. But here he fell violently on her that conducted him, not in Anger, but Love, (such as it was) so that she was constrained to repel Force by Force, and cuff him soundly, before he would let her go.

The next Champion that appeared was one Mr. *M*——, a young Gentleman of the Town. He was attended by two others, with Pistols in their Hands. But his Triumph too was but short: For some of the People quickly

quickly bore him away, tho' with much Gentleneſs and Civility.

The third came on with far greater Fury: But he was encountered by a Butcher of the Town, (not one of the *Methodiſts*) who uſed him as he would an Ox, beſtowing one or two hearty Blows upon his Head. This cooled his Courage, eſpecially as None took his Part. So I quietly finiſhed my Diſcourſe.

Sunday, 27. I wrote to the Mayor of *Corke*, as follows:

Mr. Mayor,

An Hour ago I received "A Letter to Mr. *Butler*," juſt reprinted at *Corke*. The Publiſhers aſſert, "It was brought down from *Dublin*, to be diſtributed among the Society: But Mr. *Weſley* called in as many as he could," Both theſe Aſſertions are abſolutely falſe. I read ſome Lines of that Letter when I was in *Dublin*; but never read it over before this Morning. Who the Author of it is I know not: But this I know, I never *called in* one, neither concerned myſelf about it; much leſs brought any down to diſtribute among the Society.

Yet I cannot but return my hearty Thanks to the Gentlemen who have diſtributed them thro' the Town. I believe it will do more Good than they are ſenſible of. For tho' I diſlike its condemning the Magiſtrates and Clergy in general, (ſeveral of whom were not concerned in the late Proceedings) yet I think the Reaſoning is ſtrong and clear: And that the Facts referred to therein are not at all miſrepreſented, will ſufficiently appear in due Time.

I fear God, and honour the King. I earneſtly deſire to be at Peace with all Men. I have not willingly given any Offence, either to the Magiſtrates, the Clergy, or any of the Inhabitants of the City of *Corke*: Neither do I deſire any-thing of them, but to be treated (I will not ſay as a Clergyman, a Gentleman, or a Chriſtian, but) with ſuch Juſtice and Humanity as are due to a *Jew*, a *Turk*, or a *Pagan*.

I am, SIR,
Your obedient Servant,
JOHN WESLEY.

At Eight we had ſuch a glorious Shower as uſually follows a Calm. After Church I began preaching again, on, *The Scripture hath concluded all under Sin.* In the Evening a large Multitude flocked together; I believe ſuch a Congregation was never before ſeen in *Bandon:* And the Fear of God was in the midſt. A ſolemn Awe ſeemed to run thro' the whole Multitude, while I enlarged on, God *forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs of our* Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday, 28. I rode to *Kinſale*, one of the pleaſanteſt Towns which I have ſeen in *Ireland.* At Seven I preached at the Exchange, to a few Gentry, many poor People, and Abundance of Soldiers. All behaved like Men that feared God. After Sermon came one from *Corke*, and informed us, "Mr. *W*—— had preached both Morning and Afternoon under the Wall of the *Barracks:* That the Town-Drummers came; but the Soldiers aſſured them, if they went to beat there, they would be all cut in Pieces: That then the Mayor came himſelf, at the Head of his Mob; but could make no conſiderable Diſturbance: That he went and talked to the commanding Officer; but with ſo little Succeſs, that the Colonel came out, and declared to the Mob, they muſt make no Riot there." Here is a Turn of Affairs worthy of God! Doth He not rule in Heaven and Earth?

Tueſday, 29. I enquired concerning *Richard Hutchinſon*, of whom I had heard many ſpeak. His Mother informed me, "It was about *Auguſt* laſt, being then above four Years old, that he began to talk much of God, and to aſk Abundance of Queſtions concerning Him. From that Time he never played nor laughed, but was as ſerious as one of Threeſcore. He conſtantly reproved any that curſed or ſwore, or ſpoke indecently in his Hearing; and frequently mourned over his Brother, who was two or three Years older, ſaying, "I fear my Brother will go to Hell; for he does not love God." About *Chriſtmas* I cut off his Hair; on which he ſaid, "You cut off my Hair, becauſe you are afraid I ſhall have the Small-pox: But I am not afraid; I am not afraid to die; for I love God." About three Weeks ago he ſent for all of the Society whom he knew, ſaying, he muſt take his Leave

of

of them, which he did, ſpeaking to them one by one, in the moſt tender and affectionate Manner. Four Days after he fell ill of the Small-pox, and was light-headed almoſt as ſoon as he was taken: But all his incoherent Sentences were either Exhortation, or Pieces of Hymns, or Prayer. The worſe he was, the more earneſt he was to die, ſaying, "I muſt go Home, I will go Home." One ſaid, You are at Home: He earneſtly replied, "No, this is not my Home; I will go to Heaven." On the tenth Day of his Illneſs he raiſed himſelf up, and ſaid, "Let me go; let me go to my Father. I *will* go Home. Now, now I will go to my Father." After which he lay down and died.

Wedneſday, 30. I rode to *Corke*. By talking with Capt. ———, I found there was no depending on the good Offices of the Colonel. He had told the Captain with great Openneſs, "If Mr. *Weſley* preached in the Barracks, and the Mob were to come and *break the Windows*, I might have a long Bill from the Barrack-maſter." Break the Windows? Nay, 'tis well if they had not *broken the Bones* of all the Soldiers!

A little before Five I walked towards the *Barracks*. The Boys quickly gathered, and were more and more turbulent. But in a Moment all was quiet. This, I afterwards found, was owing to Mr. *W*——, who ſnatched a Stick out of a Man's Hand, and brandiſhed it over his Head, on which the whole Troop valiantly ran away.

When we came over the South Bridge, a large Mob gathered; but before they were well formed we reached the *Barrack-Gate*; at a ſmall Diſtance from which I ſtood and cried, *Let the Wicked forſake his Way*. The Congregation of ſerious People was large; the Mob ſtood about a hundred Yards off. I was a little ſurprized to obſerve, that almoſt all the Soldiers kept together in a Body near the Gate, and knew not but the Report might be true, that on a Signal given they were all to retire into the *Barracks*. But they never ſtirred 'till I had done. As we walked away, one or two of them followed us. Their Numbers increaſed, 'till we had ſeven or eight before, and a whole Troop of them behind: Between

tween whom I walked, thro' an immenſe Mob, to Alderman *Pembrock*'s Door.

Thurſday, 31. I rode to *Rathcormuck*. There being a great Burying in the Afternoon, to which People came from all Parts, Mr. *Loyd* read Part of the Burial-ſervice in the Church; after which I preached on, *The End of all Things is at Hand*. I was exceedingly ſhocked at (what I had only heard of before) *the Iriſh Howl* which followed. It was not a Song, as I ſuppoſed, but a diſmal inarticulate Yell, ſet up at the Grave by four ſhrill-voiced Women, who (we underſtood) were hired for that Purpoſe. But I ſaw not one that ſhed a Tear; for that, it ſeems, was not in their Bargain.

Friday, *June* 1. I rode over the Mountains to *Shronill*, and found an Handful of ſerious, loving People. I preached in the Evening and Morning, *Saturday* 2. and then went on to *Limerick*.

Sunday, 3. Being *Whitſunday*, our Morning Service began, as uſual, at Four o'Clock. In the Evening I preached at *Mardyke*, to four or five Times as many as our Church would have contained. And my Voice would now command them all: It was weak 'till I went to *Corke*: But in the midſt of the Drumming it was reſtored, and has never failed me ſince.

Monday, 4. I rode to *Newmarket*, a Village near the *Shannon*, eight Miles, as they call it, from *Limerick*. I found the Spirit of the People while I was preaching, but much more in examining the Society. Four or five Times I was ſtopped ſhort, and could not go on, being not able to ſpeak: Particularly when I was talking with a Child, about nine Years old, whoſe Words aſtoniſhed all that heard. The ſame Spirit we found in Prayer; ſo that my Voice was well nigh loſt among the various Cries of the People.

Tueſday, 5. I returned to *Limerick*. In examining the Society here, I could not but take particular Notice of about ſixty of the Highland Regiment of Soldiers, Men fit to appear before Princes. Their Zeal according to Knowledge has ſtirred up many: And they ſtill ſpeak for God, and are not aſhamed.

Wedneſday,

Wednesday, 13. I rode to *Shronill* again; and in the Morning, *Thursday*, 14. to *Clenmell*. After an Hour's Rest we set forward, but were obliged to stop in the Afternoon, sooner than we designed, by my Horse's having a Shoe loose. The poor Man, at whose House we called, was not only patient of Exhortation, but exceeding thankful for it. We afterwards missed our Way; so that it was near Eight o'Clock before we got over the Ferry, a Mile short of *Waterford*.

At the Ferry was a Lad who asked my Name? When he heard it, he cried out, "O Sir, you have no Business here; you have nothing to do at *Waterford*. *Butler* has been gathering Mobs there all this Week: And they set upon us so, that we cannot walk the Streets. But if you will stay at that little House, I will go and bring B. *M'Culloch* to you."

We stayed some Time, and then thought it best to go a little on our Way toward *Portarlington*. But the Ferryman would not come over: So that, after waiting 'till we were weary, we made our Way thro' some Grounds, and over the Mountain, into the *Carrick* Road, and went on, about five Miles, to a Village where we found a quiet House. Sufficient for this Day was the Labour thereof: We were on Horseback, with but an Hour or two's Intermission, from Five in the Morning, 'till within a Quarter of Eleven at Night.

Friday, 15. About Two in the Morning I heard People making a great Noise, and calling me by my Name. They were some of our Friends from *Waterford*, who informed us, that, upon the Lad's coming in, sixteen or eighteen of them came out, to conduct me into the Town. Not finding me, they returned; but the Mob met them by the Way, and pelted them with Dirt and Stones to their own Doors.

We set out at Four, and reached *Kilkenny*, about twenty-five old *Irish* Miles, about Noon. This is by far the most pleasant, as well as most fruitful Country, which I have seen in all *Ireland*. Our Way after Dinner lay by *Dunmore*, the Seat of the late Duke of *Ormond*. We rode thro' the Park for about two Miles, by the Side of which the River runs. I never saw either in *England*, *Holland*,

Holland, or *Germany*, ſo delightful a Place. The Walks, each conſiſting of four Rows of Aſhes, the Tufts of Trees ſprinkled up and down, interſperſed with the ſmootheſt and greeneſt Lawns, are beautiful beyond Deſcription. And *what hath the Owner thereof*, the Earl of *Arran?* Not even *the beholding it with his Eyes.*

My Horſe tired in the Afternoon; ſo I left him behind, and borrowed that of my Companion. I came to *Ayno* about Eleven, and would very willingly have paſt the reſt of the Night there: But the good Woman of the Inn was not minded that I ſhould. For ſome Time ſhe would not anſwer: At laſt ſhe opened the Door juſt wide enough to let out four Dogs upon me. So I rode on to *Ballibritts*, expecting a rough Salute here too, from a large Dog which uſed to be in the Yard. But he never ſtirred, 'till the Hoſtler waked and came out. About Twelve I laid me down. I think this was the longeſt Day's Journey I ever rode; being fifty old *Iriſh*, that is, about ninety *Engliſh* Miles.

Saturday, 16. I reſted, and tranſcribed the *Letter to Mr.* Baily.

Sunday, 17. I preached about Nine, in the Market-place at *Portarlington*; again at One; and immediately after the Evening Service. The Earl of *D*———, and ſeveral other Perſons of Diſtinction, liſtened a while; but it was not to their Taſte.

Thurſday, 19. I rode over to *Dublin*, and found all Things there in a more proſperous State than ever before.

Thurſday, 21. I returned to *Cloſeland*, and preached in the Evening to a little earneſt Company. O who ſhould drag me into a great City, if I did not know there is another World? How gladly could I ſpend the Remainder of a buſy Life in Solitude and Retirement?

Friday, 22. We had a Watch-night at *Portarlington*. I began before the uſual Time: But it was not eaſy to leave off; ſo great was our Rejoicing in the Lord.

Saturday, 23. I heard, Face to Face, two that were deeply prejudiced againſt each other, Mrs. *E*—— and Mrs. *M*——. But the longer they talked, the warmer they grew; 'till, in about three Hours, they were almoſt diſtracted. One who came in as a Witneſs, was as hot

as either. I perceived there was no Remedy but Prayer. So a few of us wreſtled with God for above two Hours. When we roſe, Mrs. *M*—— ran and fell on the other's Neck. Anger and Revenge were vaniſhed away, and melted down into Love. One only, *M*——*t B*—— continued ſtill in bitter Agony of Soul. We beſought God in her Behalf; and did not let Him go, 'till ſhe alſo was ſet at Liberty.

Sunday, 24. There being no *Engliſh* Service, I went to the *French* Church. I have ſometimes thought, Mr. *Whitefield*'s Action was violent: But he is a mere Poſt to Mr. *Calliard*.

In the Evening I preached at *Mountmellick*, where were two from *Roſcrea*, to ſhew me the Way thither. One of them gave us ſo ſtrange a Relation, that I thought it worth while to ſet it down, as nearly as might be, in his own Words. The ſtrangeſt Part of it reſts not on his Teſtimony alone, but on that of many of his Neighbours, none of whom could have any manner of Temptation to affirm either more or leſs than they ſaw with their Eyes.

" My Son *John Dudley* was born at *Roſcrea*, in the Year 1726. He was ſerious from a Child, tender of Conſcience, and greatly fearing God. When he was at School, he did not play, like other Children; but ſpent his whole Time in Learning. About Eighteen I took him Home, and employed him in Huſbandry; and he grew more and more ſerious. On *February* 4, 1747, juſt as I was laid down in Bed, he cried out, " My dear Father, I am ready to be choaked." I ran, and took him in my Arms: And in about a Minute he recovered.

" The next Morning he cried out juſt as before; and continued ill about two Minutes. From this Time he gave himſelf wholly to Prayer; laying aſide all worldly Buſineſs.

" *Saturday*, *February* 7. He did not appear to have any bodily Diſtemper, but deſired to make his Will. I ſaid, " My dear Child, I do not ſee any Signs of Death upon you." He ſeemed concerned, and ſaid, " You don't believe me; but you will ſoon ſee what I ſay is true."

" About

" About Noon ſome Neighbours condoling with me, on the Loſs of my Wife, who died a few Days before; when he ſaw me weep, he laid his Hand upon my Knee, and ſaid, " My dear Father, do not offend God. Your late Wife is a bright Saint in Heaven."

" Before Ten we went to Bed. About Twelve he came to my Chamber-Door, and ſaid, " My dear honoured Father, I hope you are not diſpleaſed with me for diſturbing you at this Time of Night. But I could not go into my Bed 'till I brought you theſe glad Tidings. I was this Morning before the Throne of Grace; and I pleaded Innocence: But my Heavenly Father anſwered, that would not do: On which I applied to our bleſſed Redeemer; and now He hath, by his precious Blood and his Interceſſion, procured my Pardon: And my Heavenly Father hath ſealed it. Everlaſting Praiſe is to his holy Name.

" I preſumed to aſk, " How it was with my deceaſed Mothers and Siſters? On which they all ſix appeared, exceedingly glorious: But my laſt deceaſed Mother was brighteſt of them all; fifty Times brighter than the Sun. I intreat I may be buried by her.

" *Sunday*, 8. I went early in the Morning to his Chamber, and found him at Prayer, which was his conſtant Employment. He aſked, If he ſhould go with me to Church? I ſaid, I thought he had better read and meditate at Home. As ſoon as I was gone, he began exhorting the Servants, and his younger Brother. He then went into his Chamber, where he continued upon his Knees 'till I came Home, crying to God with many Tears, and ſweating much, through the Agony of his Spirit.

" When we were ſet down to Dinner, I deſired him to eat. He ſaid, I have no Appetite; but to pleaſe you I will. He then eat two little Bits: And, as ſoon as Thanks were given, went to his Chamber. He continued there in Prayer about an Hour, and then came out, and ſaid with a chearful Voice and Countenance, " I never knew the Holy Ghoſt until now. Now I am illuminated with Him. Bleſſed be my great Creator." He returned to Prayer, and continued therein 'till he came to Family

Duty. In this he joined with an audible Voice; and, commending us to God, retired to his Room. Yet he did not ſleep, but continued in Prayer all Night, and all the next Day.

"*Tueſday, February* 10. About Three in the Morning he put off all his Cloaths, even his Shirt, and laid them in order on the Bed, and his Prayer-book in the Window. Then having opened two Doors, he came to the outward Door. I called, "Where are you going?" He ſaid, "I am going out of Doors." I ſaid, "You need not go at this Time of Night." He replied, "I muſt go." I ſaid, "Then make Haſte in again." To which he gave no Anſwer: But unlocking the Door, and pulling it leiſurely after him, ſaid, "My dear Father, farewel for ever."

"As ſoon as the Day dawned, finding he was not returned, I went with ſeveral of my Neighbours to ſeek him. We found his Track at a Stile near the Houſe, and followed it as cloſe as we could: But it was not poſſible to follow him Step by Step; for he had gone to and fro above three Miles, thro' Shrubs, and thick, quickſet Hedges, and over deep Ditches full of Water. One Mile of the three was all a Bog, full of Sloughs, and Drains, and Trenches, and deep Holes, with hardly one Foot of firm Ground between them. Eighteen or twenty of us being together, about Nine o'Clock found him by the Side of a Lake. He was lying on the Graſs, ſtretched out at length, with his Face upward. His Right Hand was lifted up toward Heaven: His Left ſtretched upon his Body. His Eyes were cloſed, and he had a ſweet, pleaſant, ſmiling Countenance. What ſurprized us moſt was, That he had no Hurt or Scratch, from the Crown of his Head, to the Sole of his Foot; nor one Speck of Dirt on any Part of his Body; no more than if it had been juſt waſhed. On *Thurſday* he was buried, as he deſired, juſt by my Wife, whom he ſurvived fourteen Days."

Tueſday, 26. I had gone thro' *Montrath* (in the Way to *Roſcrea)* when ſome met me on the Bridge, and earneſtly preſt me to preach. So I went into an empty Houſe, (the Rain and the Wind preventing my going

to

to the Market-place) and immediately began to declare *The Grace of our* LORD JESUS CHRIST. The Houſe was preſently filled: The reſt of the Audience ſtood at the Doors and Windows. I ſaw not one Perſon, Man, Woman, or Child, who behaved either rudely or careleſsly.

I preached in the Market-place at *Reſerea*, between Six and Seven in the Evening. Several Gentlemen and ſeveral Clergymen were preſent; and all behaved well.

Thurſday, 28. I preached in the Street at *Birr*, a little beyond the Bridge: By this means the Congregation was four Times larger than uſual; in which were Abundance of *Romans*.

Friday, 29. As I went thro' *Frankfort*, many People gathered together, chiefly *Romans*, and deſired me to preach. I did ſo, in the middle of the Town. They gave a calm, ſtupid Attention: But I did not perceive that any of them were affected, otherwiſe than with Amazement.

I came to *Tullamore*, as it fell out, on a ſecond Fair-day; and had, of courſe Abundance of new Hearers. I found far more Earneſtneſs in the People now, than when I was here before. Why ſhould we ever be diſcouraged by the Want of preſent Succeſs? Who knows what a Day may bring forth?

In the Evening I preached at *Athlone*, to many Officers and an uncommon Number of Soldiers, who were gathered together from every Part, waiting for a Review. Mrs. *T*—— deſired me to lodge at her Houſe. About Twelve I heard a huge Noiſe. Preſently the Street-door was broke open; next the Door of Mrs. *T*——'s Chamber; then that of the Room in which I lay. I went to the Door; on which Mr. *T*—— ſhrunk back, walk'd down Stairs, and wreak'd his Vengeance on his Mother's Windows. Some honeſt Gentlemen of the Town had ſet him on, and fill'd him with Wine for the Purpoſe.

Monday, *July* 2. I preached in the Evening on *Rev.* xx. I had none to aſſiſt me, nor any Reſpite: And I needed none. It was ſuch a Night as I have ſeldom known: The Stout-hearted trembled on every Side; particularly the

Troopers, late at *Philipſtown*, who did once run well. One of them ſunk down to the Ground as a Stone; others could hardly ſtand: And the ſame Spirit of ſolemn, deep Humiliation ſeemed to run through the whole Aſſembly.

Tueſday, 3. In ſpite of the Indolence of ſome, and the Cowardice of others, I preached in the Evening on the *Connaught* Side of the River. I then met the Society: But when I would have diſmiſſed them, none ſeemed willing to go. We were ſtanding and looking at each other, when a Trooper ſtept out into the Middle of the Room, and ſaid, "I muſt ſpeak. I was *Saul:* I perſecuted the Children of God. I joined with you in *Philipſtown*; but I fell back, and hated God and all his Ways: I hated *you* in particular, and a Day or two ago ſaid all manner of Evil of you. I was going to a Woman laſt Night, when one of my Comrades met and aſked me, if I would go to the Watch-night? Out of Curioſity I came; but for half the Sermon, I minded Nothing that was ſaid. Then God ſtruck me to the Heart, ſo that I could not ſtand, but dropt down to the Ground. I ſlept none laſt Night, and came to you in the Morning; but I could not ſpeak. I went from you to a few of our Brethren, and they prayed with me 'till my Burden dropt off. And now, by the Grace of God, we will part no more. I am ready to go with you all over the World."

The Words were as Fire: They kindled a Flame, which ſpread through the Congregation. We praiſed God with one Heart and one Voice. I then a ſecond Time pronounced the Bleſſing: But the People ſtood without Motion as before, 'till a Dragoon ſtept from his Fellows, and ſaid, "I was a Phariſee from my Youth, having a ſtrict Form of Godlineſs, and yet I always wanted ſomething: But I knew not what, 'till ſomething within me puſhed me on, I could not tell why, to hear *you*. I have done ſo, ſince you came hither. I immediately ſaw what I wanted, was Faith, and the Love of God. And He ſupplied my Wants here laſt Night: Now I can rejoice in God *my* Saviour."

Wedneſday, 4. I preached at *Agbrim*. *Thurſday*, 5. I rode to *Caſtlegar*, and found Miſs *B*—— unwillingly recovering from her Fever; having a Deſire rather to quit the

the Houſe of Earth, and go to Him whom her Soul loved. Her Siſter now breathed the ſame Spirit, Doubt and Fear being fled away.

I preached at *Abaſkra* in the Evening. Great Part of the Congregation were Papiſts: Some of whom in the Morning, *Friday*, 6. were under ſtrong Convictions. I returned to *Athlone* in the Afternoon, and *Saturday*, 7. ſet out for *Longford*.

Calling at *Kenagh* in the Way, I unexpectedly found a large Congregation waiting for me; to whom I declared JESUS CHRIST, *our Wiſdom, Righteouſneſs, Sanctification, and Redemption.*

About Seven, I preached at *Longford*, in the Middle of the Town. It rained all the Time; but none regarded it. I was a little interrupted by a poor, drunken Papiſt, who ſpoke a few drolling Words. I intreated the People to let him alone; but I could not prevail: One pulled him by the Ears, another by the Hair, 'till he was dragg'd away, and all was quiet.

A large Congregation came at Five, *Sunday*, 8; nor did the Rain drive any of them away. The Word now ſunk deep. Some dropt down, and one or two were carried away.

At Nine, I preached to a much larger Congregation, and the Word was ſharper than ever. Four or five could not bear it, but went away: Some would have gone away, but could not; *for the Hand of the* LORD *preſt them to the Earth.* O fair Beginning! But what will the End be?

I preached again at *Kenagh* in my Return, to a ſimple, loving People. Mr. *M*——, a Gentleman late of *Moat*, bore me Company to and from *Longford*. Two Years ago he was ſtrongly prejudiced; and when Mr. *W*—— preached at *Moat*, his Son was in the Mob which drumm'd him out of the Town. Yet he could not but enquire of one and another, 'till one deſired him to read *The almoſt Chriſtian.* In the midſt of it, he cried out, "I am the Man;" and from that Time was convinced more and more. He had met me at *Birr*, and again at *Abaſkra*, whence he rode with me to *Athlone* and to *Longford*. During the ſecond Sermon at *Kenagh*, he felt a great Change;

Change; yet durſt not ſay, his Sins were forgiven. But in riding thence to *Athlone*, the Cloud vaniſhed away, and he could boldly ſay, *My* LORD and *my* GOD.

Monday, 9. I preached in the Evening at *Tyrrel's Paſs*, and at Five in the Morning, *Tueſday*, 10. Thence we rode to *Drumcree*, ſixteen *Iriſh* Miles to the North of *Tyrrel's Paſs*. In our Way, we ſtopt an Hour at *Molingar*. The Sovereign of the Town came to the Inn, and expreſſed much Deſire that I ſhould preach. But I had little Hopes of doing Good by preaching in a Place where I could preach but once, and where none but me could be ſuffered to preach at all. We came to Mr. *N*———'s about Two. Many fine People came from various Parts in the Evening, and were perfectly civil and unconcerned: So what was ſaid to them was written on the Sand.

Wedneſday, 11. It was not ſo with the Morning Congregation. There were few dry Eyes among them. Some would have ſunk to the Ground, had not others ſupported them. And none ſeemed more affected than Mrs. *N*—— herſelf. There was the ſame Spirit in the Evening: Many cried out aloud; and all received the Word with the deepeſt Attention.

Thurſday, 12. The Congregation at Five was larger than that on *Tueſday* Evening: And ſurely GOD gave to many both the hearing Ear, and the underſtanding Heart.

Friday, 13. I preached once more at *Portarlington*, and afterwards reproved this Society likewiſe, for the miſerable Covetouſneſs of ſome, and Lukewarmneſs of others. It may be, they *will be zealous, and repent, and do the firſt Works*.

Saturday, 14. I returned to *Dublin*; and on *Sunday*, 15. preached on *Oxmantown-Green*, to ſuch a Congregation as I never ſaw in *Dublin*, nor often in *Ireland* before: Abundance of Soldiers were of the Number. Such another Congregation I had there between Two and Three in the Afternoon, notwithſtanding the violent Heat of the Sun: And all were attentive. In the Evening I preached in the Garden at *Dolphin's Barn*: And neither here did I obſerve, in the numerous Congregation, any that appeared careleſs or inattentive.

Tueſday,

Tuſday, 17. I read the Letters in our Garden, to near twice as many People as were there on *Sunday* Evening.

Thurſday, 19. I met the Claſs of Soldiers: Nineteen are reſolved to *fight the good Fight of Faith*; eleven or twelve of whom already rejoice in God through Christ, by whom they have received the Atonement.

When the Society met, ſome Sinners, whom I knew not, were convicted in their own Conſciences, ſo that they could not refrain from confeſſing their Faults in the Face of all their Brethren. One of theſe I had but juſt received in: Another I had declared to be excluded: But he pleaded ſo earneſtly to be tried a little longer, that there was no refuſing: And we wreſtled with God on his Behalf, that Sin might no more have Dominion over him.

Friday, 20. The Delay of the Captain with whom I was to ſail, gave us an Opportunity of ſpending a joyful Night together; and likewiſe of preaching once more, on *Sunday*, 22. upon *Oxmantown-Green*. We went on board immediately after, and ſet Sail about Ten, with a ſmall, fair Wind. In the Afternoon it failed, and the Tide being againſt us, we were obliged to come to an Anchor.

Monday, 23. The Wind ſhifting to the South, and blowing hard, in the Afternoon the Captain ſeemed under ſome Concern. There was all reaſon to expect a ſtormy Night; and he deſpaired of getting into the *Briſtol* Channel, and knew the Danger of beating about, when it was pitch-dark, among theſe Rocks and Sands. It was much on my Mind, *They cried unto the* Lord *in their Trouble, and He delivered them out of their Diſtreſs*. I knew not why we ſhould not cry to Him as well as they. Immediately the Wind came fair, and blew ſo freſh, that in leſs than two Hours we came into the *Briſtol* Channel.

But the Danger was not over. About Eleven I was waked by a huge, confuſed Noiſe, and found we were in a vehement Squall of Wind, Thunder, and Rain, which brought the Sailors to their Wit's End: They could not ſee acroſs the Ship, only juſt while the Lightning was glaring in their Eyes. This made them fear running foul, either of the *Welſh* Sands on the one Hand, or the rocky Shore of *Lundy* on the other. So they took in the Sails,

Sails, and let us drive. The Motion then was wonderful. It blew a Storm, and the Wind being contrary to the Tide, the Sea ran Mountain-high. The Ship had no Goods, and little Ballaſt on board; ſo that it roll'd as if it would overſet every Moment. It was intenſely dark, and neither the Captain nor any Man elſe knew where we were; only that we were toſſing in a bad, narrow Channel, full of Shoals, and Rocks, and Sands. But does not God hear the Prayer? Mr. *Hopper* and I believed it our Duty to make the Trial again; and in a very few Moments the Wind was ſmall, the Sea fell, and the Clouds diſperſed: So we put up a little Sail, and went on quietly and ſlowly 'till the Morning dawn'd. About Nine in the Evening we reached *the Pill*, where I took Horſe, and rode on to *Briſtol*.

Wedneſday, 25. I found the Comfort of being among thoſe whoſe Hearts are ſtabliſhed in Grace.

Thurſday, 26. I walked over to *Kingswood*, and found our Family there leſſened conſiderably. I wonder how I am with-held from dropping the whole Deſign; ſo many Difficulties have continually attended it: Yet if this Counſel is of God, it ſhall ſtand; and all Hindrances ſhall turn into Bleſſings.

Sunday, 29. At Seven I preached at *Points-Pool*, an open Place, a little without *Lawford's Gate*, juſt in the midſt of the Butchers, and all the Rebel-rout, that neither fear God, nor reverence Man. But I believe ſome of them found it good to be there. How does God ſurround this City on all Sides? Yet ſtill not many wiſe, not many rich, not many noble are called.

Monday, 30. I ſet out for *Shaftſbury*. The Rain began when we ſet out, which a ſtrong Wind drove full in our Faces. It did not ſtop for five Hours, ſo that I was well drenched to the very Soles of my Feet: So I was very willing to ſtop at *Shepton-mallet*. The next Morning we came to *Shaftſbury*.

The Rain made it impracticable to preach abroad in the Evening; otherwiſe the Threatnings of Great and Small would not have hindered. I ſuppoſe the Houſe contained four or five Hundred People; it was ſoon filled from End to End: The chief Oppoſers of *John Haime* were

theſe; but none ſtirred, none ſpoke, none ſmiled: Many were in Tears; and many others were filled with Joy unſpeakable.

Wednesday, Auguſt 1. At Five in the Morning the Room was nearly full. I was conſtrained to continue my Diſcourſe conſiderably longer than uſual. Several of thoſe who had been the bitereſt Perſecutors were there. Perhaps they will be *Doers* as well as *Hearers of the Word.*

Hence we rode to *Beer-crocombe*, and the next Day, *Thurſday*, 2. to *Collumpton.* I preached in a little Meadow near the Town, ſoon after Six in the Evening: About the Middle of my Diſcourſe, hard Rain began; but few of the Congregation ſtirred. I then ſpent an Hour with the Society; and not without a Bleſſing.

Friday, 3. Being informed, many at *Tiverton* deſired to hear me, I rode over about Noon. But I could find none there who had any Concern about the Matter, except one poor Man, who received me gladly. I went ſtrait to the Market-place, where Abundance of People quickly gathered together; and not one interrupted, or ſpoke, or ſmiled. Surely Good will be done in this Place.

The Congregation at *Collumpton* in the Evening was far larger than before. At Four in the Morning we took Horſe; at Ten the Rain began, and ceaſed no more 'till we came to *Plymouth-dock* at Seven in the Evening.

Sunday, 5. I preached at Eight; but tho' the Warning was ſo ſhort, the Room could not contain the Congregation. At Five in the Evening I preached in a much larger Room, the Tabernacle in *Plymouth*; but neither could this contain the Numbers who flock'd from all Parts. And I was ſurprized at the Decency of their Behaviour. They were as ſtill as one of our *London* Congregations.

Monday, 6. I rode to *St. Mewan*'s, and found a large Congregation (notwithſtanding the Rain) waiting for me. As I came out, a huge Man ran full againſt me: I thought it was by Accident, 'till he did it a ſecond Time, and began to curſe and ſwear; on which I turned a little out of the Path. He preſt vehemently after me thro' the Croud, and planted himſelf cloſe by my Side. Toward the Cloſe of the Sermon, his Countenance changed, and in a while he

he ſlipped off his Hat. When I had concluded, he ſqueezed me earneſtly by the Hand, and went away as quiet as a Lamb.

Tueſday, 7. I went to *St. Ewe*. There was much Struggling here at firſt: But the two Gentlemen who occaſioned it are now removed, one to *London*, the other into Eternity.

Wedneſday, 8. We rode to *Penryn*. Many of the Gentry were preſent in the Evening: And ſome of them I permitted to ſtay when I met the Society. They ſeemed much moved. It *may* laſt more than a Night; for *with* GOD *all Things are poſſible*.

Thurſday, 9. I preached at *Gwenap*, and on *Friday*. On *Saturday* Noon at *Bezore*, near *Truro*: In the Evening, and on *Sunday* Morning, in *Redruth*. Mr. *Colins* preached an exceeding uſeful Sermon at Church, upon the General Judgment. At One I preached in the Street, to thrice as many as the Room would have contained. I afterwards viſited a poor, old Woman, a Mile or two from the Town: Her Trials had been uncommon; inexpreſſible Agonies of Mind, joined with all Sorts of bodily Pain, not (it ſeem'd) from any natural Cauſe, but the direct Operation of *Satan*: Her Joys were now as uncommon; ſhe had little Time to ſleep, having for ſeveral Months laſt paſt ſeen as it were the unclouded Face of GOD, and praiſed Him Day and Night.

Monday, 13. At Noon I preached at *Stithians*, and in the Evening at *Sithney*. *Tueſday*, 14. about Noon in *Wendron*; at *Bray* about Six in the Evening.

Wedneſday, 15. By reflecting on an odd Book which I had read in this Journey, "The General Deluſion of Chriſtians with regard to Prophecy," I was fully convinced of what I had long ſuſpected, 1. That the *Montaniſts* in the ſecond and third Centuries, were real, ſcriptural Chriſtians; and, 2. That the grand Reaſon why the miraculous Gifts were ſo ſoon withdrawn, was not only that Faith and Holineſs were well-nigh loſt, but that dry, formal, orthodox Men began even then to ridicule whatever Gifts they had not themſelves, and to decry them all, as either Madneſs or Impoſture.

About

About Noon I preached at *Breag*; in the Evening in in *Crowan*. On this and the following Days I read over with all the Impartiality I could, the "Free and Candid Disquisitions." It is doubtless an exceedingly well-wrote Book; yet something in it I cannot commend. The Author (for the representing himself as *many*, and so speaking all along in the *plural* Number, I take to be only a pious Fraud, used to make himself appear more considerable) is far too great a Flatterer for me, dealing in Panegyric beyond all Measure. But, in Truth, he is not much guilty of this, with regard to the *Common Prayer*. About one Objection in ten appears to have Weight, and one in five has Plausibility. But surely the Bulk of his Satire, tho' keen, is by no means just: And even allowing all the Blemishes to be real, which he has so carefully and skilfully collected and recited, what Ground have we to hope that if we gave up this, we should profit by the Exchange? Who would supply us with a Liturgy less exceptionable than that which we had before.

Friday, 17. I preached at *Ligeon* at Noon, and at *Newlin* in the Evening. Through all *Cornwall* I find the Societies have suffered great Loss from Want of Discipline. Wisely said the Antients, "The Soul and Body make a Man; the Spirit and Discipline make a Christian."

Saturday, 18. I rode to *St. Just*, where there is still the largest Society in *Cornwall:* And so great a Proportion of Believers I have not found in all the Nation beside. Five and forty Persons I have observed, as they came in Turn, and every one walking in the Light of God's Countenance.

Sunday, 19. I preached at Eight to a great Multitude: Such another we had in *Morva* at One; and again at *Zunnor* after the Evening Service; whence we rode to *St. Ives*, and concluded the Day with Thanksgiving.

Wednesday, 22. We had a Quarterly Meeting, at which were present the Stewards of all the *Cornish* Societies. We had now the first Watch-night which had been in *Cornwall:* And *great was the Holy One of* Israel *in the midst of us.*

Thursday, 23. Having first sent to the Mayor, to enquire, if it would be offensive to him, I preached in the

Evening, not far from the Market-place. There was a vast Concourse of People, very few of the adult Inhabitants of the Town being wanting. I had gone thro' two Thirds of my Discourse, to which the whole Audience was deeply attentive, when Mr. *S*——— sent his Man to ride his Horse to and fro thro' the midst of the Congregation. Some of the chief Men in the Town bad me go on, and said, no Man should hinder me: But I judged it better to retire to the Room; High and Low, Rich and Poor followed me, and soon filled not only the Room itself, but all the Space near the Doors and Windows. God gave me as it were *a sharp threshing Instrument, having Teeth*; so that the Stout-hearted trembled before Him. O the Wisdom of God, in permitting *Satan* to drive all these People together, into a Place where nothing diverted their Attention, but his Word had its full Force upon their Hearts!

Friday, 24. I preached in *Cambourn* at Noon, to the largest Congregation I had ever seen there; and at St. *Agnes* in the Evening, to a Multitude not of curious Hearers, but of Men that had *tasted of the good Word.*

Saturday, 25. *John Haime*, *John Trembath* and I called at Mrs. *Morgan*'s at *Mitchell*, who readily told me, and that over and over again, That she "never saw or knew any Harm by me." Yet I am not sure, that she has not said just the contrary to others. If so, she, not I, must give account for it to God.

In the Evening I preached at *Port-Isaac* in the Street, the House not being able to contain the People.

Sunday, 26. I preached at *St. Ginnis* Morning and Afternoon, but I fear with little Effect. Thence we hastened to *Camelford*, where I preached in the main Street, the Rain pouring down all the Time: But that neither drove the Congregation away, nor hindered the Blessing of God. Many were in Tears, and some could not help crying aloud, both during the Preaching and the meeting of the Society.

Monday, 27. I preached at *Trewalder* about Noon, on, *I am the Resurrection and the Life*. Many were dissolved into gracious Tears, and many filled with strong Consolation.

In

In the Evening Mr. *Bennet* (now full of Days, and by ſwift Steps removing into Eternity) read Prayers in *Treſmere* Church, and I preached on our *Great High-Prieſt* JESUS, the Son of GOD.

Tueſday, 28. He deſired me to preach in his Church at *Tamerton*: But when we came, we found no Notice had been given; and the Key of the Church was a Mile off: So I preached in a large Room adjoining to it. In the Evening I preached in *Laneaſt* Church, to a large and attentive Congregation. What can deſtroy the Work of GOD in theſe Parts, but Zeal for, and contending about Opinions?

About Eight I preached at *St. Stephen's*, near *Launceſton*, and then rode to the *Dock*; where I preached to ſuch a Congregation as I had not ſeen there for ſeveral Years. The Night overtook us ſoon after we had begun; but the Moon gave us all the Light we wanted. One poor Man at firſt bauled out for *the Church*; but he ſoon went away aſhamed. All the reſt ſeemed to be ſuch as really deſired to *worſhip* GOD *in Spirit and in Truth*.

Thurſday, 30. The Houſe would not contain them at Five; much leſs at Noon, when the Number was more than doubled. I preached in the Evening at *Plymouth*. Multitudes were preſent; but no Scoffer, no inattentive Perſon. The Time for this is paſt, 'till GOD ſhall ſee good to let *Satan* looſe again.

Friday, 31. Setting out early, we reached *Collumpton* in the Evening: But as I was not expected, the Congregation was ſmall.

Sunday, *September* 2. I rode to *Tiverton*. At Eight I preached to twice as many People as were preſent when I was here before. But even this Congregation was doubled at One and at Five. The Meadow was then full from Side to Side, and many ſtood in the Gardens and Orchards round. It rained in the Day ſeveral Times; but not a Drop fell while I was preaching. Here is an open Door indeed! May no Man be able to ſhut it!

Monday, 3. About Noon I preached at *Hillfarrance*, three Miles from *Taunton*. Three or four Boors would have been rude if they durſt; but the Odds againſt them

was too great. At Five I preached in *Bridgwater* to a well-behaved Company, and then rode on to *Middlesey*.

We rode from hence to *Shaftsbury*, where I preached between Six and Seven to a serious and quiet Congregation. We had another happy Opportunity at Five in the Morning, when Abundance of People were present. I preached at Noon in the most riotous Part of the Town, just where four Ways met: But none made any Noise, or spoke one Word, while I called *the Wicked to forsake his Way*. As we walked back, one or two foul-mouthed Women spoke unseemly: But none regarded, or answered them a Word.

Soon after I was sat down, a Constable came, and said, "Sir, the Mayor discharges you from preaching in this Borough any more." I replied, "While King *GEORGE* gives me Leave to preach, I shall not ask Leave of the Mayor of *Shaftsbury*."

Thursday, 6. I rode to *Salisbury*, and preached about Noon, (a strange Turn of Providence!) in the Chapel which formerly was Mr. *Hall*'s. One poor Woman laboured much to interrupt; but (how it was I know not) with all her Endeavours she could not get out one Word. At length she set a dismal, inarticulate Yell, and went away in all Haste.

I preached at *Winterburn* in the Evening; the next at *Reading*; and, on *Saturday* 8, came to *London*.

Here I had the following Account from one of our Preachers:

"*John Jane* was never well, after walking from *Epworth* to *Hainton*, on an exceeding hot Day, which threw him into a Fever. But he was in great Peace and Love, even to those who greatly wanted Love to him. He was some Time at *Alice Shadforth*'s House, with whom he daily talked of the Things of God. He was never without the Love of God; spent much Time in private Prayer; and joined likewise with her in Prayer several Times in a Day. On *Friday*, *August* 24, growing as she thought stronger in Body, he sat in the Evening by the Fire-side: About Six he fetched a deep Sigh, and never spoke more. He was alive 'till the same Hour on *Saturday*, at which, without any Struggle, or any Sign of Pain,

Pain, with a Smile on his Face, he paſſed away. His laſt Words were, "I find the Love of God in Christ Jesus."

"All his Cloaths, Linnen, and Woollen, Stockings, Hat, and Wig, are not thought ſufficient to anſwer his Funeral Expences, which amount to 1*l.* 17*s.* 3*d.* All the Money he had was 1*s.* 4*d.*" Enough for any unmarried Preacher of the Goſpel to leave to his Executors.

Sunday, 9. I called on poor Mrs. *H*——, whoſe Huſband had juſt engaged in a new Branch of Buſineſs, when God took him away from the Evil to come. I am perſuaded, had he continued in his Simplicity he would have been alive to this Day. How different from this was the Caſe of *John Hague?* One who never left his firſt Love, never was weary or faint, but daily grew in Grace, and was ſtill on the full Stretch for God. When ſuch an Inſtrument is ſnatched away in the Strength of his Years, what can all the Wiſdom of Man ſay, but, *How unſearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways paſt finding out?*

Saturday, 15. I read over a ſhort Narrative of Count *Z*——'s Life, written by himſelf. Was there ever ſuch a *Proteus* under the Sun, as this Lord *Freydeck, Domine de Thurſtain, &c. &c.?* For he has almoſt as many Names as he has Faces or Shapes. O when will he learn (with all his Learning) *Simplicity and godly Sincerity?* When will he be an upright Follower of the Lamb, ſo that *no Guile* may be *found in his Mouth?*

Monday, 17. My Brother ſet out for the North, but returned the next Day, much out of Order. How little do we know the Counſels of God! But we know they are all-wiſe and gracious.

Wedneſday, 19. When I came Home in the Evening, I found my Brother abundantly worſe. He had had no Sleep for ſeveral Nights, and expected none unleſs from Opiates. I went down to our Brethren below, and we made our Requeſt known to God. When I went up again he was in a ſound Sleep, which continued 'till the Morning.

Friday, 21. We had a Watch-night at *Spittlefields*. I often wonder at the peculiar Providence of God on theſe

Occasions. I do not know that in so many Years one Person has ever been hurt, either in *London*, *Bristol*, or *Dublin*, in going so late in the Night to and from all Parts of the Town.

Sunday, 23. My Brother being not yet able to assist, I had more Employment To-day than I expected. In the Morning I read Prayers, preached, and administered the Sacrament to a large Congregation in *Spittlefields*. The Service at *West-street* continued from Nine 'till One. At Five I called the Sinners in *Moorfields* to Repentance. And, when I had finished my Work, found more Liveliness and Strength than I did at Six in the Morning.

Monday, 24. I left *London*; and the next Morning called at what is stiled the *Half-way House*. Quickly after, as a young Man was riding by the Door, both Horse and Man tumbled over each other. As soon as he got up, he began cursing his Horse. I spoke a few Words, and he was calm. He told me, "He did fear God once; but for some Time past he had cared for nothing." He went away, full of good Resolutions. God bring them to good Effect!

I reached *Kingswood* in the Evening; and the next Day selected Passages of *Milton* for the eldest Children to transcribe and repeat weekly. *Thursday*, 27. I went into the School, and heard half the Children their Lessons, and then selected Passages of the moral and sacred Poems. *Friday*, 28. I heard the other Half of the Children. *Saturday*, 29. I was with them from Four to Five in the Morning. I spent most of the Day in revising *Kennet's Antiquities*, and marking what was worth reading in the School.

Wednesday, *Oct.* 3. I revised, for the Use of the Children, Archbishop *P*——'s *Grecian Antiquities*, a dry, dull, heavy Book. *Thursday*, 4. I revised Mr. *Lewis*'s *Hebrew Antiquities*; something more entertaining than the other, and abundantly more instructive.

Saturday, 6. I nearly finished the Abridgment of Dr. *Cave*'s *Primitive Christianity*, a Book wrote with as much Learning, and as little Judgment, as any I remember to have read in my whole Life; serving the antient Christi-

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ans just as *Xenophon* did *Socrates*; relating every weak Thing they ever said or did.

Wednesday, 10. I dined at *P*—— *S*——'s, who, with his Wife and Daughter, are wonderful Monuments of God's Mercy. They were convinced of the Truth when I first preached at *Bristol*, and Mrs. *Sk*— was a living Witness of it. Yet *Satan* was afterwards suffered to sift her as Wheat; it seems, to take Possession of her Body. He tormented her many Years in an unheard of Manner. But God has now set her at full Liberty.

Thursday, 11. I prepared a short History of *England* for the Use of the Children: And on *Friday* and *Saturday* a short *Roman* History, as an Introduction to the *Latin* Historians. *Monday*, 15. I read over Mr. *Holmes*'s *Latin* Grammar, and extracted from it what was needful to perfect our own.

Saturday, 20. I found it absolutely necessary, openly and explicitly to warn all that feared God to beware of the *German* Wolves, (falsely called *Moravians*) and keep close to the great Shepherd of their Souls.

Tuesday, 23. Riding thro' *Holt*, I called on the Minister, Mr. *L*——, one of the most zealous Adversaries we have in *England*. I found a calm, sensible, venerable, old Man, and spent above an Hour in friendly Altercation. Thence I rode to *Milkstream*, where the Number of People obliged me to preach abroad, notwithstanding the keen North Wind. And the steady Attention of the Hearers made Amends for the Rigour of the Season.

Wednesd y, 24. I set out for *London*. In the Morning, *Friday* 26, Mrs. *C*—— called upon me. I think it my bounden Duty to declare the Heads of our Conversation.

" My Son (she said) declared in my Hearing, and before the whole Congregation at *Tetherton*, that when he went to *Germany* he still judged it would be best for him, to live a single Life: That the Brethren there said to him one Day, " Brother *C*——, it is the Will of the Lamb you should marry." He replied, " I don't believe it is." They said, " Yes it is; and that you should marry such a Person," (naming the Sister of *J*—— *H*——'s Wife.) He then said, " I like her very well." On which they said, " No, it is not his Will you should marry her; but

but *Jane Briant*." He anſwered, " I can't believe it is." So he left them, and walked out into the Fields. There he thought, " I muſt be ſimple. It may be the Will of the Lamb." So the next Day he married her.

She added, " I had four Children; but three of them are loſt. They take no more Notice of me than if I was dead. *John* never came to ſee *me*, all the Time I was in *London:* And when I went to *him*, two Men came, and ſtood by us all the Time, to hear every Word we ſaid.

" I thought to have ſpent all my Life in his Houſe at *Tetherton*. And ſo I ſent all my Goods thither to furniſh the Houſe, to the Value of thirty or forty Pounds. But as ſoon as *John* was gone to *Germany*, Mr. *H*——, one of their Preachers, came and told me, " He had taken the Houſe, (which was a Lie) and I muſt go out of that Room." It was the laſt Week in *January*. I aſked, " Where I muſt go?" He ſaid, " I might go where I would; but I ſhould not ſtay there." So I went out; and, between Crying and the Cold, (for there was no Fire-place where I now was) in three Days I was ſtone-blind.

" Some Time after I told *P*—— *S*—— I wanted my Goods. He ſaid, I ſhould not have them. I ſaid, Then I would fetch a Warrant. But at laſt *John* gave me Ten Pounds: And that, I find, is all I am to have."

Friday, November 2. I began taking an Account of all in the Society that were in Want: But I was ſoon diſcouraged; their Number ſo increaſing upon me, particularly about *Moorfields*, that I ſaw no Poſſibility of relieving them all, unleſs the LORD ſhould, as it were, make Windows in Heaven.

Saturday, 17. I made an End of that very odd Tract, " A Creed founded on common Senſe." The main of it I admire as very ingenious: But ſtill I cannot believe, either, 1. " That the ten Commandments were not deſigned for a complete Rule of Life and Manners;" or, 2. " That the old Teſtament was never underſtood 'till 1700 Years after CHRIST."

Monday, 19. I met with an uncommon Inſtance of Diſtreſs. A poor Woman, whoſe Huſband was at Sea,

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as ſhe was ſtepping out of her own Door, ſaw a Man whipt along the Street. Being ſeven Months gone with Child, ſhe went up Stairs, and fell in Labour immediately. Having none to help her, there ſhe remained, 'till ſhe was conſtrained to riſe, and go down for ſome Food. This immediately threw her into an high Fever. A young Woman calling there, by mere Accident, as it is termed, found her and the Child juſt alive, gave her all the Money ſhe had, (which was between eight and nine Shillings) and from that Time duly attended her every Day.

Thurſday, 22. I read the curious Journal of Mr. *S*— Preſident of the Council in *Georgia:* Full as trifling and dull, and about as true, as that of Mr. *Adams*, Preſident of the Prophets.

Wedneſday, 27. I finiſhed the following Letter to an old Friend, whoſe Spirit and Life once adorned the Goſpel:

Cookham, Nov. 27, 1750.

Dear SIR,

Several Times I have deſigned to ſpeak to you at large, concerning ſome Things which have given me Uneaſineſs. And more than once I have begun to ſpeak, but your Good-humour quite diſarmed me: So that I could not prevail upon myſelf to give you Pain, even to remove a greater Evil. But I can't delay any longer: And therefore take this Way, (as leſs liable to Diſappointment) of laying before you, with all Freedom and Unreſerve, the naked Sentiments of my Heart.

You ſeem to admire the *Moravians* much: I love them, but cannot admire them; (altho' I did once, perhaps more than you do now) and that for the following Reaſons.

Firſt, I do not admire *the Names* they aſſume to themſelves. They commonly ſtile themſelves *The Brethren*, or *The Moravian Church*. Now the former of theſe, *The Brethren*, either implies, that they are the only Chriſtians in the World, (as they were who were ſo ſtiled in the Days of the Apoſtles) or at leaſt, that they are the beſt Chriſtians in the World, and therefore deſerve to be emphatically ſo called. But is not even this a very high Encomium upon themſelves? I ſhould therefore more admire a more modeſt Appellation.

"But

"But why ſhould they not call themſelves *The Moravian Church?*" Becauſe they are not *The Moravian Church*; no more (at the utmoſt) than a Part is the Whole; than the *Romiſh Church* is *the Church of* CHRIST. A Congregation aſſembled in St. *Paul's* might, with greater Propriety, ſtile themſelves *The Church of England.* Yea, with far greater; 1. Becauſe theſe are all *Engliſhmen* born; 2. Becauſe they have been baptized as Members of the Church of *England*; and 3. Becauſe, as far as they know, they adhere both to her Doctrine and Diſcipline. Whereas, 1. Not a tenth Part of Count *Zinzendorf*'s Brethren are ſo much as *Moravian* born; not two thouſand out of twenty thouſand: Quære, If two hundred Adults? If fifty Men? 2. Not one tenth of them were baptized as Members of the *Moravian* Church, (perhaps not One, 'till they left *Moravia)* but as Members of the *Romiſh* Church: 3. They do not adhere either to the Doctrines or Diſcipline of the *Moravian* Church. They have many Doctrines which that Church never held, and an entirely new Scheme of Diſcipline. 4. The true *Moravian* Church, of which this is a very ſmall Part, if it be any Part at all, is ſtill ſubſiſting; not in *England* or *Germany*, but in *Poliſh Pruſſia.* Therefore I cannot admire their aſſuming this Name to themſelves: I cannot reconcile it, either with Modeſty or Sincerity.

If you ſay, "But the Parliament has allowed it:" I anſwer, I am ſorry for it. The putting ſo palpable a Cheat upon ſo auguſt an Aſſembly, with regard to a notorious Matter of Fact, I conceive does not redound to their own, any more than to the Honour of our Nation.

If you add, "But you yourſelf once ſtiled them thus:" I grant I did; but I did it in Ignorance. I took it on *their* Word; and I now freely and openly teſtify my Miſtake.

Secondly, I do not admire their *Doctrine* in the Particulars that follow:

1. That we are to *do nothing*, in order to Salvation, but barely *to believe.*

2. That there is but *one Duty* now, but *one Command*, To believe in CHRIST.

3. That

3. That CHRIST has taken away *all* other *Commands* and *Duties*, having wholly *abolished the Law*.

(The Sermon Count *Zinzendorf* preached at *Fetterlane*, on *John* viii. 11. places this in a strong Light. He roundly began, "CHRIST says, I came not to destroy the Law: But He did destroy the Law. The Law condemned this Woma to Death: But He did not condemn her. And GOD Himself does not keep the Law. The Law forbids Lying: But GOD said, Forty Days and *Nineveh* shall be destroyed. Yet *Nineveh* was not destroyed.")

4. That there is no such Thing as *Degrees in Faith*, or *weak Faith*; since he has no Faith, who has any Doubt or Fear.

(How to reconcile this, with what I heard the Count assert at large, "That a Man may have justifying Faith, and not know it," I cannot tell.)

5. That we are *sanctified wholly*, the Moment we are justified, and are neither more nor less holy, to the Day of our Death.

6. That a Believer has no Holiness *in himself* at all; all his Holiness being *imputed*, not *inherent*.

7. That a Man may feel a Peace that passeth all Understanding, may rejoice with Joy full of Glory, and have the Love of GOD, and of all Mankind, with Dominion over all Sin; and yet all this may be only *Nature, animal Spirits*, or the Force of *Imagination*.

8. That if a Man regards Prayer, or searching the Scriptures, or Communicating, as Matter of *Duty*; if he judges himself *obliged* to do these Things, or is troubled when he neglects them; he is in Bondage, he is under the Law, he has no Faith; but is still seeking Salvation by Works.

9. That therefore, 'till we believe, we ought to *be still*; that is, not to pray, search the Scriptures, or communicate.

10. That their Church cannot err, and of consequence ought to be *implicitly* believed and obeyed.

Thirdly. I approve many Things in their *Practice*; yet even this I cannot admire in the following Instances:

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1. I do not admire their conforming to the World, by uſeleſs, trifling Converſation: By ſuffering Sin upon their Brother, without reproving even that which is groſs and open: By Levity in the general Tenor of their Behaviour; not walking as under the Eye of the great GOD: And laſtly, By joining in the moſt trifling Diverſions, *in order to do Good.*

2. I do not admire their cloſe, dark, reſerved Behaviour, particularly toward Strangers. The Spirit of Secrecy is the Spirit of their Community, often leading even into Guile and Diſſimulation. One may obſerve in them much Cunning, much Art, much Evaſion, and Diſguiſe. They often *appear* to be what they are not; and not to be what they are. They ſo ſtudy to become all Things to all Men, as to take the Colour and Shape of any that are near them: Directly contrary to that Openneſs, Franknes, and Plainneſs of Speech, ſo manifeſt in the Apoſtles, and primitive Chriſtians.

3. I do not admire their confining their Beneficence to the narrow Bounds of their own Society. This ſeems the more liable to Exception, as they boaſt of poſſeſſing ſo immenſe Riches. In his late Book the Count particularly mentions, how many hundred thouſand Florins a ſingle Member of their Church has lately expended; and how many hundred thouſand Crowns of yearly Rent, the Nobility and Gentry only of his Society, enjoy in one ſingle Country. Mean time do they all put together expend one hundred thouſand, yea one thouſand, or one hundred, in feeding the Hungry, or cloathing the Naked, of any Society but their own?

4. I do not admire the Manner wherein they treat their Opponents. I cannot reconcile it either to Love, Humility, or Sincerity. Is utter Contempt, or ſettled Diſdain, conſiſtent with Love or Humility? And can it conſiſt with Sincerity, to deny any Charge which they know in their Conſcience is true? To ſay, Thoſe Quotations are unjuſt, which are literally copied from their own Books? To affirm, Their Doctrines are miſrepreſented, when their own Senſe is given in their own Words? To cry, "Poor Man! He is quite dark! He is utterly blind! He knows nothing of our Doctrines!" Tho' they cannot point out

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one Mistake this blind Man has made, or confute one Assertion he has advanced.

Fourthly. I least of all admire the Effects their Doctrine has had on some who have lately begun to hear them.

For 1. It has utterly destroyed their Faith, their inward Evidence of Things not seen; the deep Conviction they once had, That the Lamb of God had taken away their Sins. Those who before had the Witness in themselves of Redemption in the Blood of Christ, who had the Spirit of God clearly witnessing with their Spirit, that they were the Children of God: After hearing these but a few Times, began to doubt; then reasoned themselves into utter Darkness; and in a while affirmed, first, That they had no Faith now, (which was true) and soon after, That they never had any. And this was not the accidental, but natural Effect of that Doctrine, That there are *no Degrees* in Faith; and that none has any Faith, who is liable at any Time to any Degree of Doubt or Fear: As well as of that dark, unintelligible, unscriptural Manner, wherein they *affect* to speak of it.

I expect you will answer, "Nay, they are the most plain, simple Preachers of any in the whole World. Simplicity is their peculiar Excellence." I grant, one Sort of Simplicity is: A single Specimen whereof may suffice. One of their eminent Preachers, describing at *Fetterlane* "the Childhood of the Lamb," observed, That "his Mother might send Him out one Morning, for an Halfpenny-worth of Milk; that making Haste back, He might fall and break the Porringer; and that He might work a Miracle to make it whole again, and gather up the Milk into it." Now, can you really admire this Kind of Simplicity? Or think it does Honour to God manifest in the Flesh?

2. This Preaching has destroyed the Love of God in many Souls, which was the natural Effect of destroying their Faith: As well as of teaching them to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, by ascribing his Gift to *Imagination* and *animal Spirits*: And of perplexing them with senseless, unscriptural Cautions, against the *selfish Love of*

God: In which it is not easy to say, whether Nonsense or Blasphemy be the chief Ingredient.

3. This Preaching has greatly impaired, if not destroyed, the Love of their Neighbour in many Souls. They no longer burn with Love to *all Mankind*, with Desire to do Good to all. They are *straitened in* their *own Bowels*; their Love is confined to narrower and narrower Bounds; 'till at length they have no Desire or Thought of doing good to any but those of their own Community. If a Man was before a zealous Member of *our Church*, groaning for the Prosperity of our *Zion*, it is past; all that Zeal is at an End; he regards the Church of *England* no more than the Church of *Rome:* His Tears no longer fall, his Prayers no longer ascend, that God may shine upon her Desolations. *The Friends* that were once as his own Soul, are now no more to him than other Men. All the Bands of that formerly endeared Affection are as Threads of Tow that have touched the Fire. Even the Ties of filial Tenderness are dissolved. The Child regards not his *own Parent:* He no longer regards the Womb that bare, or the Paps that gave him Suck. Recent Instances of this also are not wanting. I will particularize, if required. Yea, the Son leaves his aged Father, the Daughter her Mother, in Want of the Necessaries of Life. I know the Persons. I have myself relieved them more than once. For that was *Corban whereby they should have been profited.*

4. These humble Preachers utterly destroy the *Humility* of their Hearers; who are quickly wiser than all their former Teachers: Not because they *keep thy Commandments*, (as the poor Man *under the Law* said) but because they allow no Commandments at all. In a few Days they are *wiser in their own Eyes, than seven Men that can render a Reason.* "Render a Reason! Ay, there it is. Your carnal Reason destroys you. You are for Reason: I am for Faith." I am for both: For Faith to perfect my Reason: That by the Spirit of God not putting out the Eyes of my Understanding, but enlighteng them more and more, I may *be ready to give a clear*, scriptural *Answer to every Man that asketh me a Reason of the Hope that is in me.*

5. This

5. This Preaching deſtroys true, genuine *Simplicity*. Let a plain, open-hearted Man, who hates Controverſy, and loves the Religion of the Heart, go but a few Times to *Fetterlane*, and he begins to diſpute with every Man he meets; he draws the Sword, and throws away the Scabbard. And if he happens to be hard preſt by Scripture or Reaſon, he has as many Turns and Fetches as a Jeſuit: So that it is out of the Power of a common Man even to underſtand, much more to confute him.

6. Laſtly, I have known a ſhort Attendance on this Preaching deſtroy both *Gratitude*, *Juſtice*, *Mercy*, and *Truth*. Take one only, but a terrible Proof of this. One, whom you know, was remarkably exact in keeping his Word. He is now (after hearing them but a few Months) as remarkable for breaking it: Being infinitely more afraid of a *legal*, than of a *lying Spirit!* More jealous of the *Works of the Law*, than of the *Works of the Devil*. He *was* cutting off every poſſible Expence, in order to do Juſtice to all Men. He *is* now expending large Sums in mere Superfluities. He was merciful after his Power if not beyond his Power:

"Liſt'ning attentive to the Wretches Cry,
The Groan low-murmur'd, and the whiſper'd Sigh."

But the Bowels of his Compaſſion are now ſhut up. He has been *in Works* too long already. So now, to prove his *Faith*, he lets the poor Brother ſtarve, for whom CHRIST died! If he loved any one under the Sun more than his own Soul, it was the Inſtrument by whom GOD had raiſed him from the Dead. He aſſiſted him to the utmoſt of his Power: He would defend him even before Princes. But he is now unconcerned whether he ſinks or ſwims: He troubles not himſelf about it. Indeed he gives him —— Good Words; that is, before his Face: But behind his Back he can himſelf rail at him by the Hour; and vehemently maintain, Not that he is miſtaken in a few ſmaller Points, but that he "preaches another GOD, not JESUS CHRIST."

Art Thou the Man? If you are not, go and hear the *Germans* again next *Sunday*.

Friday, 30. I rode thro' a violent Storm to *Windsor*, and preached to a little serious Congregation. About One I preached at *Brentford*, and gathered up the poor Remains of the shattered Society. How firm did these stand in the midst of Storms? But the Sun shone, and they melted away.

Monday, December 3. I rode to *Canterbury*, and preached on *Rev.* xx. A few turbulent People made a little Noise, as I found it was their Custom to do. Perceiving more of them were gathered the next Night, I turned and spoke to them at large. They appeared to be not a little confounded, and went away as quiet as Lambs.

Wednesday, 5. I walked over the Cathedral, and surveyed the Monuments of the antient Men of Renown. One would think such a Sight should strike an utter Damp upon human Vanity. What are the Great, the Fair, the Valiant, now? The matchless Warrior? The puissant Monarch?

"An Heap of Dust is all remains of thee!
'Tis all thou art, and all the Proud shall be!"

Monday, 10. I rode to *Leigh* in *Essex*, where I found a little Company seeking God, and endeavoured to encourage them in provoking one another to Love and good Works.

Monday, 17. I set upon cleansing *Augeas*'s Stable; upon purging that huge Work, Mr. *Fox*'s *Acts and Monuments*, from all the Trash which that honest, injudicious Writer has heaped together, and mingled with those venerable Records, which are worthy to be had in everlasting Remembrance.

Sunday, 23. I buried the Body of *Elizabeth Bamfield*, a young Woman of two and twenty, who, the *Tuesday* before, rose up from Breakfast, dropt down, and spoke no more. But she was ready for the Bridegroom. Blessed are they whom, when He cometh, He shall find watching!

Tuesday, January 1, 1751. About this Time I received a remarkable Letter; Part of which ran as follows:

"When

" When *George Whitefield* firſt preached on *Kennington Common,* Curioſity drew me to hear him frequently. I admired his Zeal in calling Sinners to Repentance; but did not ſee myſelf to be one of that Number, having had a religious Education, even in ſpiritual Religion, ſuch as was not to be found in other Societies.

" As ſoon as the *Foundery* was taken, I went thither conſtantly, Morning as well as Evening. But I had no Deſire of being acquainted with any of the Society, much leſs of joining therein, being ſtrongly reſolved, never to turn my Back on the Profeſſion I was educated in.

" The next Year I furniſhed myſelf with the Books which *John* and *Charles Weſley* had printed. I compared them with *Robert Barclay's Apology,* and with the Bible; and of many Things I was convinced: But what they ſaid of Juſtification I could not comprehend; and I did not much concern myſelf about it, being but ſlightly convinced of Sin.

" It was my Cuſtom to riſe ſome Hours before the Family, and ſpend that Time in Reading. One *Sunday* Morning I was juſt going to open my Bible, when a Voice (whether inward or outward I cannot tell) ſeemed to ſay very loud, " GOD, for CHRIST's Sake, hath forgiven thee." I ſtarted up, took the Candle, and ſearched all about, to ſee if any one was near; but there was none. I then ſat down, with ſuch Peace and Joy in my Soul as cannot be deſcribed. While I was muſing, what it could mean; I heard it again, ſaying, " Go in Peace, thy Sins are forgiven thee." I trembled exceedingly, not with Fear, but ſuch an Emotion as I can't expreſs. Yet I got up the ſecond Time, and opened the Door, to ſee if it was any human Voice. Soon after it was repeated the third Time, ſtill louder, which drove me on my Knees to Prayer, being overwhelmed with the Love of GOD, and for the Time utterly incapable of Doubt or Fear.

" I now ſaw the New Teſtament in a different Light than I had ever done before. All the Day I was comforted with Promiſes from it, either read or brought to my Mind: Yet the Thought, " May not all this be a Deluſion?" frequently darted into me. But it as often

drove me to Prayer: Upon which all Doubt presently vanished away.

" I was immediately changed in my Dress, Conversation, and whole Deportment, which brought on me the Ridicule of all my Acquaintance: But nothing moved me. I wondered what the Cross meant; for whatever appeared to be the Will of God, I ran chearfully to do, without a Moment's Hesitation. I felt no Temptation to Anger, Pride, or any other Evil: Tho' often provoked, I was not ruffled in the least. God seemed to reign in my Heart alone; He was all my Desire, all my Hope: And this Light lasted about three Months, without any Cloud at all.

" But after this, it pleased God to remove all at once the Veil which 'till then covered my Heart; tho' I do not remember, that any Disobedience preceded: For I feared Sin more than Death or Hell. Yet in a Moment such a Scene was opened to me, that if I had not felt the Hand of God underneath me, I should certainly have gone distracted. The infernal Regions were represented to my View Day and Night: At the same Time I saw what I was by Nature, and what I had deserved from God for all my Sins. O how did *Satan* then strive to tear away my Shield? And what a Burden of Sin did I feel? 'Tis impossible to describe it. If I looked from God a Moment, I was full of Horror. I often feared I should lose my Senses; but had no Thought of Death, nor Fear concerning it: Yet Hell appeared to me without a Covering, and I seemed surrounded with Devils sleeping and waking. But I still held this fast, " Thou hast forgiven me, O my God, and I will not let Thee go."

" All this Time I constantly attended the Preaching; and having a strong Desire to know whether Friend *Wesleys* lived the Gospel as well as preached it, I got acquainted with one who lived at the *Foundery*. I frequently sat and worked with her, and made all possible Enquiries into the most minute Circumstances of their Behaviour. This afterwards proved a great Blessing to me: For when I heard any idle Report, (and I heard not a few) I could answer peremptorily, " I know the contrary."

" Their

" Their Preaching now took deeper Hold of me than ever, and ſearched every Corner of my Heart. I ſaw, I had nothing to bring to GOD, and was indeed vile in my own Eyes. When my Friends ſometimes told me, how good I had been, their Words were as ſharp Swords. I found I had nothing to truſt in, but the atoning Blood. But this Truſt kept my Soul in conſtant Peace.

" Thus I went on a conſiderable Time, before I admitted any ſerious Reflections concerning the Ordinances; which indeed I did not care to think of at all, 'till one Day reading in the third Chapter of St. *John*'s Goſpel, *Except a Man be born of Water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of* GOD: The Words ſtruck me to the Heart: I began to read over again, with all Attention, what was written on both Sides of the Queſtion. But this gave me no Satisfaction; ſo I tried another Way, giving myſelf up to earneſt Prayer, " That GOD would guide me by his Word and Spirit, into all that He required of me."

" However theſe Thoughts died away, and I was quite eaſy about it, 'till one *Sunday*, at *Devonſhire-ſquare* Meeting, it was brought to my Mind in ſuch a Manner, that I believe the Seat ſhook under me. I then plainly ſaw it was my Duty, and determined to delay no longer: For that Purpoſe, I went to *Cowley*, two or three Days after. But all the Night before it was to be done, I was in deep Diſtreſs. I ſpent all the Hours in Weeping and Prayer, and yet as the Morning drew on, my Trouble increaſed, with ſtrong Terror, as if I was juſt going to Execution. But I remained fixt in my Purpoſe: And as ſoon as I was baptized, all the Clouds diſperſed, and I rejoiced more than ever in GOD my Saviour."

Wedneſday, 16. I received another Letter from a Friend, on a Subject of general Concern:

" *Very Dear SIR,*

" When I have deeply muſed on Ages paſt, and on the Revival of primitive Chriſtianity in the preſent Age, I have often queried, whether ever before our Time there

aroſe

arose in any one Place, and in the same Instant, a *visible Christian Society*, and a *visible Antichristian One*. No doubt God had wise Ends in permitting the *Unitas Fratrum* to appear, just as the People of God began to unite together. But we cannot fathom his Designs. Yet we know all shall work together for his People's Good.

" Perhaps it required more Grace to withstand this Contagion, than would have enabled us to die for Christ; and very probably we should have been now a very different People from what we are, had we only had our own Countrymen to cope with: We should then have only set the plain *Gospel of* Christ against what was palpably *another Gospel*, and the Mind and Life of Christ in Opposition to that of those who are vulgarly term'd *Christians*. And I verily believe, we should have been far higher in Christianity than most of us are at this Day.

" But this subtle Poison has more or less infected almost all, from the Highest to the Lowest, among us. We would put Gospel Heads on Bodies ready to indulge every unholy Temper. Altho' (Glory be to God) as *a Society*, we stand at least as clear of joining with the Beast as any other; yet we have not purged out all his Leaven; the *Antinomian* Spirit is not yet cast out.

" All our Preaching at first was pointed at the Heart, and almost all our private Conversation. Do you feel the Love of God in your Heart? Does his Spirit reign there? Do you walk in the Spirit? Is that Mind in you which was in Christ? were frequent Questions among us. But while these Preachers to the Heart were going on gloriously in the Work of Christ, the *false Apostles* stept in, laughed at all Heart-work, and laughed many of us out of our spiritual Senses: For, according to them, we were neither to see, hear, feel, nor taste the Powers of the World to come; but to rest contented with what was done for us seventeen hundred Years ago. " The dear Lamb, said they, has done *all* for us: We have nothing to do, but to *believe*." Here was a Stroke at the whole Work of God in the Heart! And ever since this *German* Spirit hath wrought among us, and caused many to rest in a barren, notional Faith, void of that *inward Power* of God unto Salvation."

Sunday,

Sunday, 27. I preached a Charity Sermon at *Spitalfields*, for the Use of our poor Children. The Church was extremely crouded; but not many rich, not many εὐγενεῖς, *well-born*, were there. It was enough that there were many of the People of God, and their Lord in the midst of them.

Wednesday, 30. Having received a pressing Letter from Dr. *Isham*, then the Rector of our College, to give my Vote at the Election for Member of Parliament, which was to be the next Day, I set out early, in a severe Frost, with the North-West Wind full in my Face. The Roads were so slippery, that it was scarce possible for our Horses to keep their Feet. Indeed one of them could not, but fell upon his Head, and cut it terribly. Nevertheless about Seven in the Evening, God brought us safe to *Oxford*. A Congregation was waiting for me at Mr. *Evans*'s, whom I immediately addrest in those awful Words, *What is a Man profited, if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?*

Thursday, 31. I went to the Schools, where the Convocation was met: But I did not find the Decency and Order which I expected. The Gentleman for whom I came to vote, was not elected: Yet I did not repent of my Coming; I owe much more than this to that generous, friendly Man, who now rests from his Labours.

I was much surprized wherever I went, at the Civility of the People, Gentlemen as well as others. There was no pointing, no calling of Names, as once; no, nor even Laughter. What can this mean? Am I become a Servant of Men? Or is the Scandal of the Cross ceased?

Friday, *February* 1. We set out for *London* in another bitter Morning, having such a Wind (now got to the East, and so in our Face again) as I hardly ever remember. But by Five in the Evening we were under Shelter at the *Foundery*. It being the Night before appointed for a Watch-night, we continued praying and praising God as usual, 'till about Twelve o'Clock; and I found no Inconvenience, but a little Faintness, which a few Hours Sleep removed.

Saturday, 2. Having received a full Answer from Mr. *P*———, I was clearly convinced that I ought to marry.

For

For many Years I remained ſingle, becauſe I believed I could be more uſeful in a ſingle, than in a married State. And I praiſe God, who enabled me ſo to do. I now as fully believed, that in my preſent Circumſtances, I might be more uſeful in a married State; into which, upon this clear Conviction, and by the Advice of my Friends I entered a few Days after.

Wedneſday, 6. I met the ſingle Men, and ſhewed them, on how many Accounts it was good for thoſe who had received that Gift from God, to remain *ſingle for the Kingdom of Heaven's Sake*; unleſs where a particular Caſe might be an Exception to the general Rule.

Sunday, 10. After preaching at Five, I was haſtening to take my Leave of the Congregation at *Snowsfields*, purpoſing to ſet out in the Morning for the North; when on the middle of *London-bridge*, both my Feet ſlipt on the Ice, and I fell with great Force, the Bone of my Ankle lighting on the Top of a Stone. However I got on, with ſome Help, to the Chapel, being reſolved not to diſappoint the People. After preaching, I had my Leg bound up by a Surgeon, and made a Shift to walk to the *Seven-Dials*. It was with much Difficulty that I got up into the Pulpit; but God then comforted many of our Hearts.

I went back in a Coach to Mr. *B*———'s, and from thence in a Chair to the *Foundery:* But I was not able to preach, my Sprain growing worſe. I removed to *Threadneedle-ſtreet*; where I ſpent the Remainder of the Week, partly in Prayer, Reading and Converſation, partly in writing an *Hebrew Grammar*, and *Leſſons for Children*.

Sunday, 17. I was carried to the *Foundery*, and preached kneeling (as I could not ſtand) on Part of the twenty-third Pſalm; my Heart being enlarged, and my Mouth opened to declare the Wonders of God's Love.

Monday, 18. was the ſecond Day I had appointed for my Journey. But I was diſappointed again, not being yet able to ſet my Foot to the Ground. However I preached (kneeling) on *Tueſday* Evening and *Wedneſday* Morning.

Sunday, 24. I preached Morning and Evening at *Spitlefields*, where many who had been wandering from God

for

for ſeveral Years, ſeemed at length to have freſh Deſires of returning to Him. How is it, that we are ſo ready to *deſpair* of one another? For Want of the *Love* that *hopeth all Things.*

Monday, March 4. Being tolerably able to ride, tho' not to walk, I ſet out for *Briſtol.* I came thither on *Wedneſday*, thoroughly tired, tho' in other Reſpects better than when I ſet out.

Thurſday, 7. I learned, that poor Mr. *Hall* is now a ſettled *Deiſt.* Now let thoſe triumph who ſeparated chief Friends. Surely his Blood is on their Head.

Saturday, 9. Many of our Preachers came from various Parts. My Spirit was much bowed down among them, fearing ſome of them were perverted from the Simplicity of the Goſpel. But I was revived at the Sight of *John H*——, *John N*——, and thoſe who came with them in the Evening; knowing they held the Truth as it is in Jesus, and did not hold it in Unrighteouſneſs.

Monday, 11. Our Conference began; and the more we converſed, the more Brotherly-love increaſed. The ſame Spirit we found on *Tueſday* and *Wednſday.* I expected to have heard many Objections to our firſt Doctrines. But none appeared to have any: We ſeemed to be all of one Mind, as well as one Heart.

Friday, 15. I mentioned whatever I thought was amiſs or wanting in any of our Brethren. It was received in a right Spirit, with much Love, and ſerious, earneſt Attention. And I truſt not one went from the Conference diſcontented, but rather bleſſing God for the Conſolation.

Tueſday, 19. Having finiſhed the Buſineſs for which I came to *Briſtol*, I ſet out again for *London*, being deſired by many, to ſpend a few Days there, before I entered upon my Northern Journey. I came to *London* on *Thurſday*, and having ſettled all Affairs, left it again on *Wedneſday*, 27. I cannot underſtand, how a *Methodiſt* Preacher can anſwer it to God, to preach one Sermon, or travel one Day leſs, in a married, than in a ſingle State. In this Reſpect ſurely *it remaineth, that they who have Wives, be as tho they had none.*

On

On *Wednesday* I rode with *John Haime* to *Tetsworth*. On *Thursday* went on to *Evesham*. One from thence met us on *Broadway-hill*.

I was soon informed that Mr. *Keech* was buried the Night before. His Widow and Daughter were sorrowing; but not as without Hope. Neither did they refrain from the Preaching one Day. So let my surviving Friends sorrow for me!

I was to have preached in the Town-hall: But a Company of Players had taken Possession of it first. Our own Room could not contain the Congregation: But to as many as could crowd into it, I applied, *What is a Man profited, if he gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?*

Friday, 29. I rested at *Evesham*. *Saturday*, 30. I rode to *Birmingham*, and found God in the midst of the Congregation. *Sunday*, 31. I earnestly warned the Society against idle Disputes and vain Janglings; and afterwards preached on, *If ye be led by the Spirit, ye are not under the Law.* The Hearts of many were melted within them; so that neither they nor I could refrain from Tears. But they were chiefly Tears of Joy, from a lively Sense of the Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

At One I was obliged to preach abroad, the Room not being able to contain half the Congregation. O how is the Scene changed here! The last Time I preached at *Birmingham*, the Stones flew on every Side. If any Disturbance were made now, the Disturber would be in more Danger than the Preacher.

At Five in the Evening I preached at *Wednesbury*, to a still larger Congregation. But no Mocker or Trifler appeared among them. How many of the last shall be first?

Monday, *April* 1. I rode to *Dudley*. The dismal Screaming wherewith we were welcomed into the Town, gave us Reason to expect the same kind of Reception as I had when I was there before. I began preaching immediately in a Yard not far from the main Street. Some at first seemed inclined to interrupt, but when they had

heard

heard a little, they grew more attentive, and ſtayed very quietly to the End, tho' it rained great Part of the Time.

I had deſired *John Haime* to preach at *Wedneſbury*. But when I came, he had but juſt begun the Hymn. So I had an Opportunity which I did not expect, of ſpeaking again to that willing People. What a Work would have been in all theſe Parts, if it had not been for doubtful Diſputations! If the *Predeſtinarians* had not thrown back thoſe who began to run well, partly into the World, partly to the *Baptiſts*, and partly into endleſs Diſputes concerning the ſecret Counſels of God! While we carried our Lives in our Hands, none of theſe came near; the Waves ran too high for *them*. But when all was calm, they poured in on every Side, and bereaved us of our Children. Out of theſe, they formed one Society here, one at *Dudley*, and another at *Birmingham*. Many indeed, tho' torn from us, would not ſtay with *them*; but broke out into the wildeſt Enthuſiaſm. But ſtill they were all called *Methodiſts*; and ſo all their Drunkenneſs and Blaſphemies (not *imputed* to a Believer!) were imputed to us!

Tueſday, 2. I preached at *Darlaſton*, late a Den of Lions: But moſt of the fierceſt of them, God has called away by a Train of amazing Strokes; and thoſe that remain are now as Lambs. I preached in the Evening at *Wedneſbury*, where, notwithſtanding the Rain, every Man, Woman and Child ſtay'd to the End. I gave them all an earneſt Caution, not to lean on broken Reeds, on Opinions of any kind: And even the *Predeſtinarians* received it in Love, and told me, it was highly ſeaſonable.

Wedneſday, 3. I made an End of viſiting the Claſſes, miſerably ſhattered by the Sowers of ſtrange Doctrines. At One I preached at *Tipton-Green*, where the *Baptiſts* alſo have been making Havock of the Flock; which conſtrained me, in ſpeaking on thoſe Words, *Ariſe and be baptized, and waſh away thy Sins*, to ſpend near ten Minutes in Controverſy, which is more than I had done in public for many Months (perhaps Years) before.

Thurſday, 4. We took Horſe about Four. The Snow fell without Intermiſſion, which the North Wind drove full in our Faces. After reſting a while at *Bilbrook*, *Newport*,

port, and *Whitchurch*, and riding ſome Miles out of our Way, we overtook ſome People going to the Preaching at *Alpraham*, who guided us ſtrait to the Houſe. *William Hitchens* had not begun: So I took his Place, and felt no Weakneſs or Wearineſs, while I declared, JESUS CHRIST, *the ſame Yeſterday, and To-day, and for ever.*

April 5. being *Good-Friday*, I preached at Eight, and then walked to *Bunbury* Church. I preached again at One, and in the Evening at *Poole*, near *Nantwich*, to another deeply ſerious Congregation. The next Evening we reached *Mancheſter*.

Eaſter-day, *April* 7. After preaching, I went to the New Church, and found an uncommon Bleſſing, at a Time when I leaſt of all expected it, namely, while the Organiſt was playing a Voluntary! We had a happy Hour in the Evening, many Hearts being melted down in one Flame of holy Love.

Wedneſday, 10. I rode to *Shackerley*. Being now in the very midſt of Mr. *Taylor*'s Diſciples, I enlarged much more than I am accuſtomed to do, on the Doctrine of Original Sin; and determined, if GOD ſhould give me a few Years Life, publickly to anſwer his *New Goſpel*.

By the huge Noiſe which was in the Street, as we entered *Bolton*, I conjectured *Satan* would try his Strength once more. But GOD ſuffered him not. The Mob ſoon was vaniſhed away, and I had both a numerous and a quiet Congregation.

Thurſday, 11. The Barber who ſhaved me ſaid, "Sir, I praiſe GOD on your Behalf. When you was at *Bolton* laſt, I was one of the moſt eminent Drunkards in all the Town: But I came to liſten at the Window, and GOD ſtruck me to the Heart. I then earneſtly prayed for Power againſt Drinking, and GOD gave me more than I aſked; He took away the very Deſire of it: Yet I felt myſelf worſe and worſe, 'till on the fifth of *April* laſt I could hold out no longer. I knew I muſt drop into Hell that Moment, unleſs GOD appeared to ſave me: And He did appear: I knew He loved me, and felt ſweet Peace: Yet I did not dare to ſay I had Faith, 'till Yeſterday was Twelvemonth GOD gave me Faith, and his Love has ever ſince filled my Heart."

Hence

Hence I rode with Mr. *Milner* to *Ribchester*, where some Clergymen had appointed to meet him, with whom we spent one or two Hours in serious and useful Conversation.

Between Five and Six we reached the *Vicaridge* at *Chipping*, where a few serious People soon assembled. The next Day we rode to *Ambleside*, and on *Saturday*, 13. over more than *Welsh* Mountains, to *Whitehaven*.

Sunday, 14. I heard two useful Sermons at Church, on, *Fear not them that can kill the Body*. I preached at Eight, on, *Is there no Balm in* Gilead? And between One and Two at the Market-place, on, *Thou art not far from the Kingdom of* God. A few Stones were thrown at first; but the Bulk of the Congregation was deeply serious; as well as in the Evening, when I preached on, *Who shall lay any-thing to the Charge of* God's *Elect?*

In meeting the Classes the two next Days, I observed one remarkable Circumstance: Without an absolute Necessity, none of this Society ever miss their Class. Among near two hundred and forty Persons, I met one single Exception, and no more.

Wednesday, 17. I rode to *Clifton*, six Miles from *Whitehaven*. It was supposed few would come in the middle of the Afternoon: But on the contrary, there were abundantly more than any House could contain; so that notwithstanding the keen North-East Wind, I was obliged to preach in the Street. Several of the poor People came after me to *Cockermouth*, where I stood at the End of the Market-house, ten or twelve Steps above the Bulk of the Congregation, and proclaimed *the Grace of our* Lord Jesus Christ. A large and serious Congregation attended again at Five on *Thursday* Morning. We then rode to *Gamblesby*, where I preached in the School-house to as many serious People as it could contain; and on *Friday*, 19. crept on through miserable Roads, 'till we came to *Hinely-Hill*.

Early in the Morning we scaled the snowy Mountains, and rode by the once-delightful Seat of the late Lord *Derwent-water*, now neglected, desolate and swiftly running to Ruin. In the Afternoon we brought Mr. *Milner* safe to the Orphan-house at *Newcastle*.

Sunday, 21. The Rain obliged me to preach in the Houſe, both Morning and Afternoon. The Spirit of the People refreſhed me much, as it almoſt always does. I wiſh all our Societies were like-minded; as loving, ſimple and zealous of Good Works.

Monday, 22. The Rain ſtopt, while I was preaching at the Market-place in *Morpeth*. We rode from thence to *Alnwick*, where (it being too wet to preach at the Croſs) ſome of our Friends procured the Town-hall. This being very large, contained the People well; only the Number of them made it extremely hot.

Tueſday, 23. We rode on to *Berwick upon Tweed*. At Six in the Evening a young Man was buried, cut off in the Strength of his Years, who was to have inherited a conſiderable Fortune. Almoſt the whole Town attended the Funeral. I went directly from the Church-yard to the Grave, and had full as many Attendants as the Corpſe, among whom were Abundance of fine, gay Things, and many Soldiers.

Wedneſday, 24. Mr. *Hopper* and I took Horſe between Three and Four, and about Seven came to *Old Camus*. Whether the Country was good or bad we could not ſee, having a thick Miſt all the Way. The *Scotch* Towns are like none which I ever ſaw, either in *England*, *Wales* or *Ireland*: There is ſuch an Air of Antiquity in them all, and ſuch a peculiar Oddneſs in their manner of building. But we were moſt ſurprized at the Entertainment we met with in every Place, ſo far different from common Report. We had all Things good, cheap, in great Abundance, and remarkably well-dreſt. In the Afternoon we rode by *Preſton-field*, and ſaw the Place of Battle, and Colonel *Gardiner*'s Houſe. The *Scotch* here affirm, that he fought on Foot after he was diſmounted, and refuſed to take Quarter. Be it as it may, he is now *where the Wicked ceaſe from troubling, and where the Weary are at Reſt*.

We reached *Muſſelborough* between Four and Five. I had no Intention to preach in *Scotland*; nor did I imagine there were any that deſired I ſhould. But I was miſtaken. Curioſity (if nothing elſe) brought Abundance of People together in the Evening And whereas in the Kirk (Mrs. G—— informed me) there uſed to be laughing and talking,

talking, and all the Marks of the groſſeſt Inattention: But it was far otherwiſe here: They remained as Statues from the Beginning of the Sermon to the End.

Thurſday, 25. We rode to *Edinburgh*, one of the dirtieſt Cities I had ever ſeen, not excepting *Colen* in *Germany*.

We returned to *Muſſelborough* to Dinner, whither we were followed in the Afternoon by a little Party of Gentlemen from *Edinburgh*. I know not why any ſhould complain of the Shyneſs of the *Scots* toward Strangers. All I ſpoke with were as free and open with me, as the People of *Newcaſtle* or *Briſtol*; nor did any Perſon move any Diſpute of any kind, or aſk me any Queſtion concerning my Opinion.

I preached again at Six, on, *Seek ye the* LORD, *while He may be found.* I uſed great Plainneſs of Speech toward them; and they all received it in Love: So that the Prejudice which the Devil had been ſeveral Years planting, was torn up by the Roots in one Hour. After preaching, one of the Bailies of the Town, with one of the Elders of the Kirk, came to me, and begged, "I would ſtay with them a while, if it were but two or three Days, and they would fit up a far larger Place than the School, and prepare Seats for the Congregation." Had not my Time been fixt, I ſhould gladly have complied. All I could now do was to give them a Promiſe that Mr. *Hopper* would come back the next Week, and ſpend a few Days with them.

Friday, 26. I rode back to *Berwick*. The Congregation was large, tho' the Air was piercingly cold: As it was the next Evening, while I preached at *Alnwick* Croſs; where on *Sunday*, 28. I preached at Eight and at One. Afterwards I rode to *Alemouth*, where I found the largeſt Congregation I had ſeen in all *Northumberland*. I preached at *Widdrington* in the Evening; at *Pleſſy*, *Monday*, 29. about Noon, and at *Newcaſtle* in the Evening.

Saturday, *May* 4. I rode to *Sheep-hill*, in a rough, tempeſtuous Day, and after preaching and ſettling the Society, to *Sunderland*. I found many here much alive to GOD, and was greatly comforted among them.

Sunday, 5. I met the Society at Five, preached at Eight, and then rode to *Painſher*. Juſt as the Congrega-

tion came out of the Church I began. We had ſome heavy Showers: But none went away. I reached *Newcaſtle* before Five; but the Storm would not ſuffer me to preach abroad: As many as poſſibly could, crouded in; but many were obliged to ſtand without, while I enforced, God *forbid that I ſhould glory, ſave in the Croſs of our* Lord Jesus Christ.

Monday, 6. I met a few People at *Durham*, in my Way, and then rode on to *Stockton*. Some angry People ſet up a diſmal Scream, as we entered the Town: But they could go no farther. By means of a plain, rough Exhorter, who lived in the Town, the Society was more than doubled, ſince I was here before; and moſt of them were rejoicing greatly: Only poor *R*—— *M*——— ſtill went on heavily, being unequally yoked with one who was a bitter Enemy to all ſpiritual Religion. I preached in the main Street, near the Market-place. When I had done, *R*—— *M*———'s Wife followed me into the Houſe. I deſired we might go to Prayer. God broke her Heart in Pieces, and ſhe determined to go on Hand in Hand with her Huſband.

Tueſday, 7. I preached at *Acomb*, near *York*. The next Day I rode on to *Epworth*; and on *Thurſday* preached at *Hainton* about Noon, and at *Coningsby* in the Evening. The Wind was as the piercing of a Sword: But the Congregation regarded it not.

Friday, 10. We rode to *Lorborough*. The Miniſter's Son, and two more, made a little Diſturbance for a while: However I permitted them to be preſent when I met the Society: They ſeemed utterly aſtoniſhed, and I believe will not lightly ſpeak Evil of us again.

It rained inceſſantly as we rode to *Grimſby*, where I preached to a mixt Congregation, ſome of whom (the greater Part) were exceeding ſerious, and ſome exceeding drunk. The Society I found was much alive to God.

Saturday, 11. We returned to *Epworth*, to a poor, dead, ſenſeleſs People: At which I did not wonder, when I was informed, 1. That ſome of our Preachers there had diligently gleaned up and retailed all the Evil they could hear of me: 2. That ſome of them had quite laid aſide our Hymns, as well as the Doctrine they formerly preached;

preached: 3. That one of them had frequently ſpoke againſt our Rules, and the others quite neglected them." Nothing therefore, but the mighty Power of God, could have kept the People ſo well as they were.

Sunday, 12. After preaching at Five, I rode to *Miſterton*. The Congregation was the largeſt I have ſeen in theſe Parts. Thence I returned to *Overthorp*, where I did not obſerve one trifling or careleſs Hearer. I came to *Epworth*, juſt in Time for the Afternoon Service; and after Church walked down ſtrait to the Croſs. The North-eaſt Wind was ſtrong and keen: Yet the Bulk of the Congregation did not regard it.

Monday, 13. I learned the Particulars of Mr. *R*——'s Caſe, of which I had heard but a confuſed Account before. "In *November* laſt he was deſired to baptize a Child of *John Varley*'s. It was obſerved, his Voice which had been loſt ſeveral Years, was intirely reſtored. He read the Office with great Emotion, and many Tears, ſo as to aſtoniſh the whole Congregation. But going Home from Church, he behaved in ſo ſtrange a Manner, that it was thought neceſſary to confine him. During the firſt Week of his Confinement, he was for conſtraining every one that came near him to kneel down and pray; and frequently cried out, "You will be loſt, you will be damned, unleſs you know *your* Sins are forgiven." Upon this Mr. ——— roundly averr'd, That the *Methodiſts* had turned his Head. After ſeven or eight Days he grew much worſe, though ſtill with Intervals of Reaſon. And in about a Fortnight, by a Judgment mix'd with Mercy, God took him to Himſelf."

Tueſday, 14. The Waters were greatly out in the Road, ſo that the *York* Coach was overturned juſt before us: The Bridge it ſhould have gone over being under Water: Yet no Paſſenger was hurt, only dropping wet, being all thrown into the River. We were to paſs the ſame River a few Miles off, and which Way to do it we knew not. But juſt as we came to the Place, we overtook two Gentlemen, who had hired a Guide. So we followed them as cloſe as we could, and croſſed it without Difficulty.

I preached about Five at *Leeds*, in the Walls of the new Houſe. *Wedneſday*, 15. We had a little Conference with about

about thirty Preachers. I particularly enquired concerning their Grace, and Gifts, and Fruit; and found Reason to doubt of one only.

Thursday, 16. I rode to *Wakefield*. But we had no Place except the Street which could contain the Congregation: And the Noise and Tumult there were so great, that I knew not whether I could preach at all. But I spake a few Words, and the Waves were still. Many appeared deeply attentive. I believe God has taken hold of some of their Hearts, and that they will not easily break loose from Him.

Friday, 17. I preached in the new House at *Birstal*, already too small for even a Week-day's Congregation. After a few Days more spent among the neighbouring Societies, I returned by easy Journies to *London*.

Friday, June 1. I wrote as follows to the Rector and Fellows of our College.

Ego *Johannes Wesley*, Collegii *Lincolniensis* in Academiâ *Oxoniensi* Socius, quicquid mihi juris est in prædictâ Societate, ejusdem Rectori & Sociis sponte ac liberè resigno: Illis universis & singulis perpetuam pacem ac omnimodam in Christo felicitatem exoptans.

A few Days after, I went down to *Bristol*, where I procured a particular Account of one that went to Rest some Months before. Part of it was as follows:

"*Elizabeth Walcam* was born in *March* 1733. From her Infancy she was mild and affable. When she was about six Years old, she was much in private Prayer, and often called her Brother and Sister to join with her. If she was in any trifling and laughing Company, she seldom went farther than a little Smile. In the whole Course of her Life she was remarkably dutiful to her Parents, and loving to all; mostly in an even Frame of Spirit; slow to Anger, and soon pacified; tender-hearted to all that were distrest, and a Lover of all that was good.

"From the Time she joined the Society, she was a true Lover of her Ministers and her Brethren; not suffering any to speak evil of them, particularly of her Ministers: And if her innocent Answers did not stop them, she left their Company.

"In

"In the Beginning of *December* laſt ſhe was indiſpoſed; and on *Saturday*, 8. took her Room. In the Afternoon ſhe broke out, "When ſhall I ſee my JESUS? I want to know that He has taken away my Sins." After a while ſhe cried, "He *does* love me. I know JESUS loves me. My Father! He is *my* Father, and *my* GOD!"

"Yet on the *Wedneſday* following ſhe was in deep Diſtreſs. "I found her, (ſays one who then viſited her) crying out, O that I was waſhed in the Blood of the Lamb! Pray for me, that I may know my Sins are forgiven." I prayed with her ſeveral Times, and ſtayed all Night. She did not ſleep at all; her Pain of Body, as well as Mind, being exceeding great. She was almoſt continually in Prayer, crying for Mercy, 'till I went away, about Eight in the Morning.

"About Nine in the Evening I came again. She was ſtill in violent Pain; but did not ſeem to regard this, in compariſon of her Soul. Her continual Cry was, "I do not know CHRIST: I want an Intereſt in CHRIST. O that I might know Him! O that He would forgive my Sins! that He would waſh me whiter than Snow. She had never any Eaſe but while we were at Prayer, with which ſhe was never ſatisfied; but held me, and would not let me riſe from my Knees, ſometimes for an Hour together. I was praying with her about Twelve o'Clock, when ſhe call'd out "Help me to praiſe the LORD. I feel my Sins *are* forgiven. I am waſhed, and made whiter than Snow." She ſpent the Remainder of the Night in Praiſe and Prayer. About Eight in the Morning I went Home.

"On *Sunday* Evening I found her much weaker in Body; but her Soul was full of Life and Vigour. When I came in, ſhe ſaid, "I am exceeding glad you are come. Now let us rejoice together. We ſhall meet together in Heaven: I am waſhed in the Blood of the Lamb: I know GOD is my Father: I know my Name is written in Heaven: There we ſhall all rejoice together." She was never ſatisfied with giving Thanks; not ſuffering me to riſe from my Knees, but holding me by my Hands when I went to riſe.

"Abou

" About Eight Mrs. *W*—— came in, and told us Mr. *C*—— *W*—— was come to Town. She then broke out into Prayer for him, for Mr. *J*—— *W*——, and for the Society. Afterward ſhe prayed for the Q——rs, that God would deliver them from all Darkneſs of Mind, Covetouſneſs, Pride, and the Love of the World. She continued praying 'till near Twelve o'Clock, ſpeaking with a clear, ſtrong Voice; although, whenever ſhe ceaſed ſpeaking, ſhe ſeemed juſt dying away. About Twelve ſhe cried out " Lord, forgive me. What ſhall I do to be ſaved?" I was aſtoniſhed to hear her Voice ſo changed; and aſked, " My Dear, what is it diſtreſſes you?" She anſwered, " I feel Anger toward *Peggy*." (That was the Maid's Name.) " Lord, forgive me! Lord, lay not this Sin to my Charge!" We went to Prayer together; and, after a Time, ſhe ſaid, " Help me to bleſs and thank the Lord. I find ſweet Refreſhments from Him. He is reconciled again." And from that Hour ſhe found no more Darkneſs.

" She then began praying for her Parents, her Siſters, and Brother; adding, " Do pray, that God would reſtrain him from the Evils of this World. I have been reſtrained from a Child. I never could play, as other Children did." Towards Morning ſhe doſed a little; but all the Intervals ſhe ſpent in Praiſe and Thankſgiving, ſtill ſpeaking with as clear and ſtrong a Voice, as if ſhe had been in Health.

" One Day, as ſhe was praiſing God, one deſired her Brother to take Pattern by her. She immediately anſwered, " Not by me; take Pattern by Jesus, take Pattern by Jesus."

" About Twelve at Night, as I came into the Room ſhe ſaid, " My Heart is bleſſed of the Lord, and the Strength of the Living God I ſpeak: Come, let us go to Prayer; let us praiſe the Living God once more in this World; the Lord ever ——" Here her Breath failed. But ſoon after, ſhe ſung with us, " Come, let us join our chearful Songs;" adding, " I am more afraid to live than to die; but whether I live or die, I will praiſe the Lord."

" On

" On *Sunday* Morning ſhe ſaid, " JESUS loves me; He has been always with me; He is a merciful GOD; He is indeed. I ſhall go to Glory, to Glory. Come, O LORD JESUS, and make my Paſſage eaſy to eternal Glory. I long to be with JESUS. I could graſp Him! (ſtretching out her Arms) O give me an eaſy Paſſage——We ſhall ſoon meet again, to ſing Praiſes unto the LORD for ever."

" At another Time ſhe ſaid, " Let others do what they will, we will praiſe the LORD. I am happy, I am eaſy; if he raiſes me or not, I ſhall praiſe the LORD."

" She ſaid to her Father, " I aſked to drink of the bitter Cup; but I knew not what I aſked. But yet, if it is an hundred Times more, I deſire to drink it all."

" As ſhe grew weaker, ſhe was ſeized with ſtrong Convulſions, which followed cloſe one upon another. But the Moment the Fit ceaſed, ſhe always began to ſpeak, praying and praiſing GOD; nor was her Underſtanding or even her Memory, either diſordered or weakened thereby: Nay, her Underſtanding remained even during the Fit, ſo that ſhe heard and knew all that was ſpoken near her, and when ſhe recovered her Speech, repeated as there was Occaſion, and remarked upon it.

" When Mr. *C*—— *W*—— and two others came to pray with her, ſhe was exceeding low. After they were gone, ſhe ſaid, " My Spirit joins with them: They are the People of GOD; I know they are: How ſweet they look? Don't they look different from other People? Come, Mother, let us praiſe GOD; I am always better after Prayer. O for a thouſand Tongues to ſing my dear Redeemer's Praiſe! O how great is my Rejoicing? I ſhall be whiter than the driven Snow."

" Soon after ſhe ſaid, " I am refreſhed; indeed I am. We ſhall ſee Him on his great, white Throne. There we ſhall ſee Him Face to Face. My dear JESUS! Praiſe JESUS: Why don't you praiſe JESUS? Praiſe my GOD: He is making Interceſſion for me; He *is*: The LORD loves me; I *know* He does."

" To her Mother ſhe ſaid, " What a bleſſed Thing is it, that you have brought up a Child for the LORD?"

" She continued praying and praiſing GOD 'till the 25th, when her Breath was ſo ſhort, that ſhe could ſay nothing

nothing but JESUS. This ſhe uttered continually as ſhe could, 'till about Six in the Evening ſhe reſigned her Spirit, without any Sigh or Groan, or Alteration in her Countenance, which had the ſame Sweetneſs as when ſhe was living. She lived on Earth ſixteen Years, nine Months, and eighteen Days."

Friday, 22. I drew up a ſhort Account of the Caſe of *Kingswood* School.

1. The School began on *Midſummer-day*, 1748. The firſt Schoolmaſters were *J*—— *J*——, *T*—— *R*——, *W*—— *S*——, *R*—— *M*——, *W*—— *S*——, and *A*—— *G*——. The Rules were printed, and notwithſtanding the Strictneſs of them, in two or three Months we had twenty-eight Scholars: So that the Family, including *M*— *D*——, the Houſe-keeper, *R*—— *T*——, our Man, and four Maid-ſervants, conſiſted of forty Perſons.

2. From the very Beginning I met with all Sorts of Diſcouragements. Cavillers and Prophets of Evil were on every Side. An hundred Objections were made both to the whole Deſign, and every particular Branch of it: Eſpecially by thoſe from whom I had Reaſon to expect better Things: Notwithſtanding which, thro' GOD's Help, I went on; wrote an *Engliſh*, a *Latin*, a *Greek*, a *Hebrew* and a *French Grammar*, and printed *Prælectiones Pueriles*, with many other Books for the Uſe of the School; and GOD gave a manifeſt Bleſſing. Some of the wildeſt Children were ſtruck with deep Conviction: All appeared to have good Deſires; and two or three began to taſte the Love of GOD.

3. Yet I ſoon obſerved ſeveral Things which I did not like. The Maids divided into two Parties. *R*—— *T*—— ſtudiouſly blew up the Coals, by conſtant Whiſpering and Tale-bearing. *M*—— *D*—— did not ſupply the Defects of other Servants, being chiefly taken up with Thoughts of another Kind. And hence the Children were not properly attended, nor were Things done with due Care and Exactneſs.

4. The Maſters ſhould have corrected theſe Irregularities: But they added to them. *T*—— *R*—— was ſo rough and diſobliging, that the Children were little profited

profited by him. *A*—— *G*—— was honeſt and diligent, but his Perſon and Manner made him contemptible to the Children. *R*—— *M*—— was grave and weighty in his Behaviour, and did much Good, 'till *W*—— *S*—— ſet the Children againſt him, and inſtead of reſtraining them from Play, play'd with them himſelf. *J*—— *J*—— and *W*—— *S*—— were weighed down by the reſt, who neither obſerved the Rules in the School, nor out of it.

5. The continual Breach of that Rule, "Never to let the Children work, but in the Preſence of a Maſter," occaſioned their growing wilder and wilder, 'till all their religious Impreſſions were worn off. And the ſooner, as four or five of the larger Boys, were very uncommonly wicked.

6. When I came down in *September*, 1750, and found the Scholars reduced to eighteen, I determined to purge the Houſe thoroughly. Two more of the Children (one of them exquiſitely wicked) I ſent Home without Delay. *M*—— *D*——, *T*—— *R*——, *R*—— *M*——, and three of the Maids were gone away already: *R*— *T*——, *W*—— *S*——, and *A*—— *G*——, went after: So that only two Maſters, Mr. *J*—— and *S*—— remained, with Mrs. *Hardwick*, one Maid, and ſixteen Scholars.

7. I now hoped the Time was come for God to revive his Work: But we were not low enough yet. So firſt *J*—— *J*——, and then *W*—— *S*—— grew weary: The Rules were neglected again; and in the following Winter Mr. *Page* died, and five more Scholars went away. What weakened the Hands of the Maſters ſtill more, was the bitter Evil-ſpeaking of ſome, who continually endeavoured, either to drive away the Children that remained, or to prevent others from coming.

8. There are now two Maſters, the Houſe-keeper, a Maid, and eleven Children. I believe all in the Houſe are at length of one Mind, and truſt God will bleſs us in the latter End, more than in the Beginning.

Monday, July 8. I wrote an Account of that wonderful Self-deceiver and Hypocrite, *James Wh*——. O what a Scandal has his obſtinate Wickedneſs brought on the Goſpel! And what a Curſe on his own Head!

1. In the Beginning of *June*, *Richard Pearce* of *Bradford*, wrote to my Brother at *Briſtol*, deſiring, "That he would narrowly enquire into the Behaviour of Mr. *James Wh*——." And not long after, Mrs. *Silby* of *Bradford* related ſome ſtrange Particulars: In order to be thoroughly informed of which, my Brother rode over to *Bradford*; and on *Wedneſday*, *June* 12. talked himſelf with *Mary B*——, *Jane W*——, *Elizabeth L*——, *Mary S*——, *Mary F*——, *Ann W*——, and *Mary D*——. The ſame Accounts which they had before given to Mrs. *Silby*, they now gave to my Brother and her together; and afterwards to *Sarah Perin* and *Mary Naylor*, without varying in any one Circumſtance.

2. My Brother wrote down what they ſaid, and at his Return to *Briſtol* read it to *James Wh*——, who conſented to come Face to Face with them; and on *Tueſday*, 25, my Brother and I rode with him to *Bearfield*. *Mary B*—— and *Mary D*—— were there, and repeated before him, what they had ſaid to my Brother. He cavilled at one or two trifling Circumſtances, but allowed the Subſtance of what they ſaid to be true.

3. After deeply weighing the Matter, I read the following Paper, before I gave it into his Hands:

June 25, 1751.

"Becauſe you have wrought Folly in *Iſrael*, grieved the Holy Spirit of God, betrayed your own Soul into Temptation and Sin, and the Souls of many others, whom you ought, even at the Peril of your own Life, to have guarded againſt all Sin; becauſe you have given Occaſion to the Enemies of God, whenever they ſhall know theſe Things, to blaſpheme the Ways and Truth of God:

"We can in no wiſe receive you as a Fellow-labourer, 'till we ſee clear Proofs of your real and deep Repentance. Of this you have given us no Proof yet. You have not ſo much as named one ſingle Perſon, in all *England* or *Ireland*, with whom you have behaved ill, except thoſe we knew before.

"The leaſt and loweſt Proof of ſuch Repentance which we can receive, is this, That 'till our next Conference, (which

(which we hope will be in *October*) you abſtain both from Preaching, and from practiſing Phyſic. If you do not, we are clear; we cannot anſwer for the Conſequences.

JOHN WESLEY,
CHARLES WESLEY.

4. *Wedneſday*, 26. I deſired him to meet me at *Farley-wick*, with the other Women at Eight in the Morning. All the five Women came, and gave my Wife the ſame Account which they had before given to my Brother: But Mr. *Wh*—— did not come, 'till after they were all gone.

5. On *Thurſday* and *Friday* my Brother and I ſpared no Pains to perſuade him to retire for a Seaſon: But it was Labour loſt. He profeſſed himſelf indeed, and we would fain have thought him penitent. But I could not find any good Proof that he was ſo: Nay, I ſaw ſtrong Proof that he was not: 1. Becauſe he never *owned* one Tittle, but what he knew we could prove: 2. Becauſe he always *extenuated* what he could not deny: 3. Becauſe he as conſtantly *accuſed* others as excuſed himſelf, ſaying, "Many had been guilty of *little Imprudences* as well as he:" 4. Becauſe in doing this, he told ſeveral palpable *Untruths*, which he well knew ſo to be.

6. Yet ſtill we ſpared him, hoping God would give him Repentance. But finding after ſome Weeks, that he continued going from Houſe to Houſe, juſtifying himſelf, and condemning my Brother and me for miſrepreſenting him; on *Monday, July* 22. I rode to *Bearfield* again, and put myſelf to the Pain of writing down from the Mouths of theſe ſeven Women, as near as I could, in their own Words, the Accounts which I judged to be moſt material. I read over to each what I had written, and aſked, "If I had miſtaken any-thing?" Every one anſwered, "No; it was the very Truth, as ſhe was to anſwer it before God."

I would now refer it to any impartial Judge, whether we have ſhewn too much Severity? Whether we have not rather leaned to the other Extreme, and ſhewn too much Lenity to ſo ſtubborn an Offender?

Even when I returned to *London* ſoon after, I declined as much as poſſible, mentioning any of theſe Things: Having ſtill a diſtant Hope, that Almighty Love might at length bring him to true Repentance.

Some who came up from *Lincolnſhire* in the Beginning of *Auguſt*, occaſioned my writing the following Letter:

Rev. SIR, *London, Auguſt* 15, 1751.

1. I take the Liberty to inform you, that a poor Man, late of your Pariſh, was with me ſome Time ſince, as were two others a few Days ago, who live in or near *Wrangle*. If what they affirmed was true, you was very nearly concerned in ſome late Tranſactions there. The ſhort was this: That a riotous Mob, at ſeveral Times, particularly on the 7th of *July*, and the 4th of this Month, violently aſſaulted a Company of quiet People, ſtruck many of them, beat down others, and dragged ſome away, whom, after abuſing them in various Ways, they threw into Drains, or other deep Waters, to the endangering of their Lives: That not content with this, they broke open a Houſe, dragged a poor Man out of Bed, and drove him out of the Houſe naked; and alſo greatly damaged the Goods; at the ſame Time threatning to give them all the ſame or worſe Uſage, if they did not deſiſt from that Worſhip of God which they believed to be right and good.

2. The poor Sufferers I am informed, applied for Redreſs, to a neighbouring Juſtice of the Peace. But they could have none. So far from it, that the Juſtice himſelf told them, "The Treatment was good enough for them; and that if they went on (in worſhipping God according to their own Conſcience) the Mob ſhould uſe them ſo again."

3. I allow, ſome of thoſe People might behave with Paſſion or Ill-manners. But if they did, was there any Proportion at all between the Fault and the Puniſhment? Or, whatever Puniſhment was due, does the Law direct, that a riotous Mob ſhould be the Inflicters of it?

4. I

4. I allow alſo, that this Gentleman ſuppoſed the Doctrines of the *Methodiſts* (ſo called) to be extremely bad. But is he aſſured of this? Has he read their Writings? If not, why does he paſs Sentence before he hears the Evidence? If he has, and thinks them wrong, yet is this a Method of Confuting to be uſed in a Chriſtian, a Proteſtant Country? Particularly in *England*, where every Man *may* think for himſelf, as he *muſt* give an Account for himſelf to God?

5. The Sum of our Doctrine, with regard to inward Religion (ſo far as I underſtand it) is comprized in two Points, The loving God with all our Hearts, and the loving our Neighbour as ourſelves: And with regard to outward Religion, in two more, The doing all to the Glory of God, and the doing to all what we would deſire in like Circumſtances ſhould be done to us. I believe no one will eaſily confute this, by Scripture and ſound Reaſon; or prove that we preach or hold any other Doctrine, as neceſſary to Salvation.

6. I thought it my Duty, Sir, tho' a Stranger to you, to ſay thus much, and to requeſt two Things of you: 1. That the Damage theſe poor People have ſuſtained may be repaired; and next, That they may, for the Time to come, be allowed to enjoy the Privilege of *Engliſhmen*, to ſerve God according to the Dictates of their own Conſcience. On theſe Conditions they are heartily willing to forget all that is paſt.

Wiſhing you all Happineſs, ſpiritual and temporal, I remain,

Reverend SIR,

Your affectionate Brother and Servant.

Mr. *B*——— was not ſo wiſe as to take my Advice. So the Sufferers applied to the Court of *Kings-bench:* And after it had coſt him a large Sum, he was glad to let them worſhip God in their own Way.

Saturday, 17. Calling on a Gentleman in the City, whom I had not ſeen for ſome Time, I was ſurprized to

find him thin and pale, and with all the Marks of an approaching Consumption. I asked, Whether he did not think a Journey would do him more Good than a Heap of Medicines? And whether he would set out with my Wife and me for *Cornwall* on *Monday?* To which he willingly assented.

On *Monday* Evening I preached at *Reading*. Mr. *B*—— overtook us on *Tuesday* Morning, with whom we had an agreeable Ride to *Newbury*, and thence to *Andover*. Leaving him there, I rode on, through heavy Rain, to *Salisbury*, and preached in the Evening to an attentive Congregation.

Wednesday. 21. We joined Companies again, 'till Mr. *B*—— went to *Shaftsbury*. I overtook him there the next Morning, and we rode on together to *Yeovil*. Here I struck off, to visit the Societies in *Devonshire*, and Mr. *B*—— went strait forward to the *Land's End*, whence he returned in perfect Health.

I now found more and more Proofs, that the poor Wretch whom we had lately disowned, was continually labouring to poison our other Preachers. And with some of them he did not lose his Labour; the deep Prejudices they then received, having utterly drank up their Blood and Spirits, so that we were obliged, sooner or later, to part with them also.

We reached *Beercrocombe* in the Evening, and *Collumpton* the next Day, *Friday*, 23. I preached in the little Meadow at the End of *New-street*, and observed one Circumstance which I had not seen elsewhere. The People did not come close to me, but stood in an Half-moon, some Yards off, leaving a considerable Space in the Midst. The very Children behaved with remarkable Seriousness. I saw but one, a Girl of three or four Years old, who ran about as in Play, 'till another, not much bigger, reproved her, and constrained her to stand still.

Here I rested the next Day. On *Sunday*, 25. I heard at Church, by Way of Sermon, Part of *Papists and Methodists compared*. But it did not lessen the Congregation at One: On whom I inforced (what they were somewhat more concerned in) *What shall it profit a Man to gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?*

I then

I then rode over to *Tiverton*, and preached in the Market-houſe, filled with attentive Hearers. So it was on *Monday* likewiſe.

Tueſday, 27. We rode to *Uffcumbe*, about eight Miles from *Tiverton*, and preached in the Market-place to a larger Congregation than one would think the Town could have afforded. *Wedneſday*, 28. It being the Time of their yearly Meeting at the School, Abundance of Gentlemen came to Town. Yet I preached in the Market-houſe undiſturbed; and afterwards met the Society in Peace.

Thurſday, 29. There was a Sermon preached at the *Old Church* before the Truſtees of the School. At Half an Hour paſt Twelve the Morning Service began: But ſuch inſufferable Noiſe and Confuſion I never ſaw before in a Place of Worſhip: No, not even in a *Jewiſh* Synagogue. The Clergy ſet the Example; laughing and talking during great Part both of the Prayers and Sermon.

A young Gentlewoman, who was with us where we dined, haſtened away to prepare for the Ball. But before ſhe was half dreſt, ſhe was ſtruck, and came down in a Flood of Tears. Nevertheleſs ſhe broke through, and in a few Hours *danced away* all her Convictions.

Toward the Cloſe of the Sermon in the Evening, a Rabble of Gentlemen's Servants gathered together, and endeavoured to make a Diſturbance: But it was mere loſt Labour.

Friday, 30. I enquired into the Particulars of the laſt Fire here. It began on *June* 4. about Six in the Evening. Four Engines were brought immediately, and Water in Abundance ran thro' the Middle of the Street: Notwithſtanding it ſeized four Houſes inſtantly, ſpread acroſs the Street, and ran on both Sides, right againſt the Wind, 'till it had burnt all the Engines, and made all Help impoſſible. When moſt of the People had given up all Hopes, it ſtopped all on a ſudden: On one Side of the Street, by blowing up the Market-houſe; on the other, none could tell how. Having firſt left about three hundred Families, without a Place where to lay their Heads.

I preached at Six, on thoſe Words in the Morning Leſſon, *We deſire to hear of thee what thou thinkeſt: For as concerning*

concerning this Sect, we know it is every-where ſpoken againſt. A drunken Man made a little Noiſe; but a Clergyman preſent deſired the Town-clerk to ſtop him, which he did immediately. Then the Mob of Footmen began; having procured an Horn, and greatly increaſed their Numbers. But a Party of the Townſmen undertook them, and ſcoured the Streets of them in a few Minutes. To revenge themſelves they laid hold on a poor Chimney-ſweeper they met, tho' no *Maccabee*, (as the common People call us here) carried him away in Triumph, and (we heard) half murdered him, before he got out of their Hands.

Saturday, 31. We rode to *Launceſton*. The Mob gathered immediately, and attended us to the Room. They made much Noiſe while I was preaching, and threw all Kind of Things at the People as they came out; but no one was hurt.

Sunday, September 1. At the Deſire of many I went at Eight into the main Street. A large Congregation of ſerious People quickly gathered together. Soon after a Mob of Boys and Gentlemen gathered on the other Side of the Street: They grew more and more noiſy; 'till finding I could not be heard there, I went to the Room and quietly finiſhed my Diſcourſe.

I preached again as ſoon as we came out of Church. and then haſted to *Treſmere*. Mr. *T*—— not being come, I read Prayers myſelf, and found an uncommon Bleſſing therein: I preached on *Luke* x. 23, 24. *Bleſſed are the Eyes which ſee the Things that ye ſee, &c.* And great was our Rejoicing in the LORD. We were filled with Conſolation: We *ſang Praiſes luſtily, and with a good Courage*; 'till (in a Manner I never remember before)

> "A ſolemn Reverence check'd our Songs,
> And Praiſe ſat ſilent on our Tongues."

We were well buffetted both with Wind and Rain, in riding from thence to *J*—— *T*——'s, where the Congregation was waiting for me. And we had another Seaſon of ſolemn Joy in the LORD.

Monday, 2. We rode to *Camelford*. In the Way I read Mr. *Glanvill*'s Relations of Witchcraft. I wiſh the

Facts.

Facts had had a more judicious Relater: One who would not have given a fair Pretence for denying the whole, by his aukward Manner of accounting for some of the Circumstances.

Wednesday, 4. We called in the Afternoon on Mr. *H*—, in *Cambourn* Parish.

Saturday, 7. I rode in a stormy Afternoon to *St. Just*. But the Rain would not let me preach abroad, either that Evening, or on *Sunday* Morning. About Noon I made Shift to stand on the Lee-Side of an House in *Morva*, and preach CHRIST to a listening Multitude. I began at *Newlin* about Five. About the Middle of the Sermon there was a vehement Shower of Rain and Hail: But the Bulk of the Congregation stood quite still, every Man in his Place.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I preached in *Ligeon*, *Sithney*, *Crouan* and *Illuggan*. *Wednesday*, 11. At Noon I preached in *Redruth*, and in the Evening in *Gwenap*. It blew hard and rained almost without ceasing: But the Congregation stood as if it had been a fair Summer's Evening.

Thursday, 12. We rode to *Penryn*. Here I light upon the Works of that odd Writer *William Dell*. From his whole Manner one may learn, that he was not very patient of Reproof or Contradiction: So that it is no Wonder there is generally so much Error mixed with the great Truths which he delivers.

Friday, 13. I preached at *St. Mewan's*: *Saturday*, 14. at *St. Lawrence*, near *Bodmin*, a little, ugly, dirty Village, eminent for nothing but an Hospital for Lepers, founded and endowed by Queen *Anne*. But I found GOD was there, even before I opened my Mouth, to a small, loving Congregation; one of whom had been sensible of his Acceptance with GOD for above six and fifty Years.

I preached at *St. Clear's* in the Afternoon, about two Miles from *Liskard*; and the next Morning a Mile nearer the Town. Hence I went on to *Plymouth-Dock*, where I preached in the Evening, to a large Congregation. And on *Monday* Evening to a much larger, with great Plainness of Speech.

Tuesday, 17. Being greatly importuned to spend a few more Days in *Cornwall*, I rode back to *Launceston*.

After

After preaching there about Noon, in the Evening at *St. Ginnis*, and the next Morning at *St. Cubert*, we went on, and reached *St. Ives* in the Afternoon on *Thursday* 19.

Friday, 20. I read, with great Prejudice in their Favour, some of Mr. *Erskine*'s Sermons; particularly those which I had heard much commended, intitled, "Law-Death, Gospel-Life." But how was I disappointed? I not only found many Things odd and unscriptural, but some that were dangerously false; and the Leaven of *Antinomianism* spread from End to End.

On *Saturday* and *Sunday* I preached at *St. Just*, *Morva*, and *Zunnor*. *Monday*, 23. We had a general Meeting of the Stewards, and a solemn Watch-night. After the Service was over I rode to *Cambourn*; and in the Evening, *Tuesday*, 24. reached *St. Clear*. The House would not contain one Half of the People; so I stood in the Porch, that all, both within and without, might hear. Many from *Liskard* were present; and a solemn Awe was upon the whole Assembly.

Wednesday, 25. After preaching about Noon at *Plymouth-Dock*, we went on to Mr. *V*——'s at *C*——. The next Evening we reached *Tiverton*, where a large Number of serious People were waiting for me. The Sons of *Belial* were likewise gathered in great Numbers, with a Drummer at their Head. When I began speaking, they began drumming and shouting: Notwithstanding which I went thro' my Sermon, to the no small Mortification of *Satan*'s Servants, and the Joy of the Servants of God.

I would have walked Home without Delay; but our Brethren constrained me to step into an House. One of the Merchants of the Town quickly followed me, with a Constable, and one or two Servants, who took me between them, carried me thro' all the Mob, and brought me safe to my own Lodgings.

Friday, 27. In the Evening I preached at *Beercrocombe*; and *Saturday* 28. came to *Bristol*.

Sunday, 29. I had much Comfort among the Children in *Kingswood*, finding several of them that really feared God.

Tuesday,

Tuesday, *October* 1. This Week I had an Opportunity of speaking to most of the Members of the Society in *Bristol*, who are now as calm and well-united together, as if *James Wh*—— had never been.

Wednesday, 16. We had a solemn Watch-night at *Kingswood*. *John How*, one of our nearest Neighbours, a strong, healthy Man, went Home soon after Twelve, said, "My Feet are cold," and spoke no more. He lay quietly down, and, without any Struggle, was dead before One.

Thursday, 17. I preached at *Bath*, and the next Day at *Salisbury*.

Saturday, 19. We rode leisurely on to *Basingstoke*; and came, about two Hours after Sun-set, to *Bramsel*.

Sunday, 20. Farmer *N*——, who had begged me to come that Way, upon the Minister's offering me the Use of his Church, informing me, that his Mind was changed, I rode over to *Reading*, preached at One and at Five; and on *Monday* 21. rode forward to *London*.

Wednesday, 30. After preaching at *West-street* Chapel in the Evening, I walked to *Lambeth*, to see Miss *Sm*—, who had for several Days expressed an earnest Desire to see either my Brother or me. When I came, her Sister told me, Her Senses were gone, and that she had not spoke for several Hours. But she spoke as soon as I took her by the Hand, and declared an Hope full of Immortality. I prayed with her, and praised God on her Behalf. An Hour or two after, her Spirit returned to God.

F I N I S.

AN EXTRACT

Of the REVEREND

Mr. *JOHN WESLEY*'s

JOURNAL,

FROM

JULY XX, 1750,

TO

OCTOBER XXviii, 1754.

LONDON:

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AN EXTRACT of the REVEREND Mr. *JOHN WESLEY*'s JOURNAL.

Saturday, November 2, 1751.

Mr. *Arvin*, according to my Desire informed Mr. *M*—— That I was willing to give him Twenty Pounds a Year, for assisting me once a Week. He refused it with the utmost Indignation, and from that Time spoke all manner of Evil.

Mond. 11. I rode to *Rochester*, and the next Day to *Canterbury*, where I preached Morning and Evening, in what was lately the *French* Church. We had not any Disturbance from first to last: The Court of *King's-bench* having broke the Spirits of the Rioters.

Sat. 16. I set out early in a clear calm Morning, and in the Afternoon came to *London*.

Tues. 19. I began writing a Letter to the *Comparer* of the *Papists* and *Methodists*. Heavy Work; such as I should never chuse: but sometimes it must be done. Well might the Antient say, "God

" made Practical Divinity neceſſary; the Devil, " Controverſial." But it is neceſſary. We muſt *reſiſt the Devil*, or he will not *flee from us*.

Sat. Dec. 22. Being informed that Mr. *K*—— for ſome Years zealouſly attached to *the Brethren*, had now burſt his Chain, I had a Deſire to hear from his own Mouth, how he was delivered. So a Day or two after, I talked with him at large, and wrote down the Subſtance of his Account, that I might make no miſtake, after a few Days I called upon him, I read over to him what I had written, and deſired him to tell me, if I had miſunderſtood him in any Thing. And this Account alone may be abundantly ſufficient to pull off the Maſk from thoſe cruel and deceitful Men.

" 1. I was, ſaid he, one of the firſt Members of the Society at the Foundery, and continued there till *William Oxlee*, about the latter End of the Year 1740, perſuaded me to join the *Brethren*. It was not long before I was admitted to moſt of their Conferences: And my Love for them increaſed more and more, till in the Year 1741, I went over to *Herndyke*.

2. Here I ſaw ſeveral Things I did not approve; particularly the arbitrary Power with which the Heads of the Church governed; and the vaſt Reſpect they ſhewed to the Rich, while the Poor were little regarded. But I forgot all this, when I returned to *England*, and gave myſelf up to their Diſpoſal.

3. I was ſoon after employed to collect Money for repairing the Chappel in *Fetter-lane*. The Manner of the Brethren was, to write to each of thoſe who were accuſtomed to hear the Preaching, and deſire them, " if they found their Hearts free, to " ſend five or ten Guineas." As many of theſe were not at all awakened, I thought this was quite wrong. So I told Mr. *M*———; but he anſwered me ſhort, that does not concern you.

4. I ſaw ſeveral other Things which I could not approve, and I ſpoke of them; but without Effect.

Some

Some Months after, Mr. *Sp*——— told me, " My " Brother, we are going to ſettle an Oeconomy of " Children at *Lambs-Inn*. And it is the Saviour's Will, " that you ſhould go there, and be the Phyſician of " the Houſe." I thought it ſtrange; for I did not underſtand Phyſick. However, I did not dare to *reaſon*. So I went.

5. The Management here gave me a great Shock. Without any Regard to the Rules laid down, *R*——— *U*——— and his Wife, the Directors of the Oeconomy, behaved in the moſt haughty and tyrannical Manner. Thoſe who were ſet over the Children had no Gifts for the Work, and ſome of them little Care for their own Souls. Several of the Children were whipt, without Cauſe, and ſometimes out of Meaſure; by which ill Management, one of mine was utterly ruined, and has had no Fear of God ever ſince. As for me, I might give Advice if I would, but none regarded it. And when I roſe one Night and covered the Children, who had thrown the Cloaths off in their Sleep, Mr. *U*——— ſharply reproved me before the whole Family, telling me, I had done what I had no Buſineſs to do: Adding, that I was the moſt uſeleſs Perſon in the whole Houſe. I deſired, that if ſo, I might return to *London*. With much Difficulty they conſented; and I made all haſte back to my own Houſe.

6. But I grew more and more uneaſy at their Management, which *the Brethren* perceiving, ſent me to *Yorkſhire*. When I had been there a few Days, one of them told me, I was to go to *Great Horton* in the Morning: It being *made out* to the Brethren, that I was to preach there. I was amazed, having never had one Thought of preaching. Yet I did not dare to refuſe: And from that Time they employed me to preach, and to viſit all the Souls through that Circuit.

7. At *Hobeck* we had an Oeconomy of young Men. When I viſited them, and examined them ſtrictly, they declared to me ſo much of their *Onaniſm*, Wh———ms, and other Abominations, that

I was utterly aſtoniſhed. I was conſtrained to rebuke them ſharply; for which in a few Days I received a ſevere Letter from Mr. *Sp*, telling me, I was deſtroying God's dear Children, inſtead of building them up; and that therefore I was neither to preach, nor labour any more in *Yorkſhire*.

8. In a little while, I was ſent for to *London*, to accompany Mrs. *St*. into *Germany*. But the Letter being delayed, although I rode Poſt, ſhe was gone before I came. Some Time after I was appointed a Member of the Committee of Six, to whom an Account was to be tranſmitted by all the Labourers, of all the Steps which they took, either at Home or Abroad.

One of our Fundamental Rules was, not to run in Debt above Thirty Pounds. Therefore, when Mr. *Sp*. brought in a Bill of more than Three Hundred, I was exceedingly ſtartled, and moved, that the Particulars of it might be given in, and that all our Accounts might be clearly and fairly ſtated, *Wenzel Neuſer* being preſent, (though not one of our Members) took me up for this very ſeverely: telling me, "They were Servants of the "Saviour, and would give no Account to Men."

9. I was more and more uneaſy at their Way of proceeding, till one Day Mr. *Sl*. came to me, and aſked me, if I was willing to go to *Bedford*, for ſix or eight Days? I told him I was, and in a Day or two ſet out. But Mr. *Br*. told me, Brother *K*——— you muſt not expect to do much good here; for there is *the hidden Curſe* among the Souls, which I believe ariſe chiefly from the Practice of procuring Ab———, which is ſo common among the Women. Nevertheleſs I did find a great Bleſſing, during the two or three Months that I laboured there. But I could not ſtay, having a ſtrong Impreſſion on my Mind, that I was to labour in *Jamaica*.

10. Upon my mentioning this to *the Brethren*, they ſaid, I ſhould go thither as ſoon as poſſible: But

But it would be proper for me to go to *Penſylvania* firſt, and ſpend a little Time at *Bethlehem*. I believed they knew beſt. So in the Year 1744, I quitted my Shop, left all my Affairs unſettled, and ſailed to *Penſylvania*.

11. I had full employ at *Bethlehem*, being appointed General Preacher, and expected to bear a Part in all the Conferences. But it was not long before I was troubled more than ever, ſeeing ſo much Craft and Subtlety, and withall ſo much Pride, Statelineſs, and Tyranny, in thoſe that governed the Church. One Inſtance out of very many, was this. *W. Harding*, who came over ſome Time before me, and was a ſtated Preacher, had ſpoken to them freely and warmly, of ſeveral Things which he thought reprovable. Upon this, he was put out of all his Offices, and all the Brethen were forbid to ſpeak to him. Being forſaken of all, he was more uneaſy ſtill; on which *the Bretbren* ſaid, He was mad. As ſuch he was confined, and Food was brought to him once or twice a Day, by two or three young Men, who likewiſe many Times beat him very ſeverely. At length he watched his Opportunity, and made his Eſcape; but they followed after, and took him, and a wooden Houſe was built for him, not a quarter of a Mile from the Town, about ten Foot ſquare, and very dark. I was walking alone, near the Place when they were bringing him thither. His Cries and Intreaties might have pierced an Heart of Stone. He begged that he might clean Shoes, fetch them Water, cleave Wood, or whatever they pleaſed in the open Air. But it availed not: He was ſhut up. About ſix Weeks after, as they opened the Door one Day, in order to give him ſome Meat, he ruſhed out, got by them, and made toward *Philadelphia*, with all the Speed he could. Being cloſe purſued he ran to the River, (being an excellent Swimmer) leaped in, ſunk, and roſe no more,

12. I was then at *New York*, whence I returned to *Bethlehem* in *January* 1746. But I had no reſt in my Spirit, till after three Weeks, I removed to *Philadelphia*. Here two of *the Brethren* and a Widow-

Woman lived in the *Brethren's* Hoafe. I hired a Room in it, and defired the Widow, as I had not Conveniences myfelf, to boil me a little Water in a Morning for my Tea. Mean time all *the Brethren* in *Philadelphia* ware charged, not to converfe with me. And not long after, the two Brethren wrote Mr. *Sp.* Word, that I lived in Adultery with the Widow. When I was informed of this, I went ftrait to *Bethlehem*, and told Mr. *Sp.* the whole Affair: Who immediately wrote back to them in *Philadelphia*, that I had confeft the Charge.

14. Being now thoroughly weary of Mankind, I procured a little Houfe in a Wood, at fome Miles Diftance from any Town, and refolved to fpend the Remainder of my Days by myfelf. Here I ftayed about four Years; till one Afternoon, Mr. *Sp.* and the Count's Son-in law called upon me, We talked together till two in the Morning. They acknowledged many Things that had been wrong, promifed they fhould be amended without Delay, and perfuaded me to join with them once more. But nothing was amended, fo that after a few Months, I was conftrained to leave them again. I followed my Bufinefs in *Philadelphia*, till I had earned Money for my Paffage, and a Year ago returned to *London*."

Was there ever fo melancholy an Account, O what is Human Nature? How low are they fallen, who were once burning and fhining Lights, fpreading Bleffings wherever they came! But what Infatuation is it, which makes this very Man attend their Preaching ftill, and his Wife (though fhe cannot believe all her Hufband fays) to remain in clofe Connexion with them?

Sund. March 15. 1752 While I was preaching at Weft-Street in the Afternoon, there was one of the moft violent Storms I remember. In the midft of the Sermon great Part of an Houfe oppofite to the Chappel was blown down. We heard an huge Noife, but knew not the Caufe: fo much the more did God fpeak to our Hearts. And great was the rejoicing of many, in confidence of his Protection. Between four and five I took horfe, with

my Wife and Daughter. The Tiles were rattling from the Houſes on both ſides. But they hurt not us. We reached *Hayes* about Seven in the Evening, and *Oxford* the next Day.

Tueſ. 17. The Rain continued without Intermiſſion, till we came to *Enſtone*. Soon after we ſet out from thence, it was ſucceeded by ſo vehement a Wind, as on *Broadway hill* often drove us clear out of the Path, and was ready to carry away both Horſe and Rider. But our ſtrength was as our Day; and before ſix in the Evening, we came unhurt to *Eveſham*.

I preached in the Evening at the Town-hall, where ſeveral of the Clergy and Gentry were preſent. *Wed.* 18. I rode over with Mr.——to his Houſe, which I had not ſeen for upwards of Twenty Years. The Place I found; but not the Inhabitants moſt of them were gone to their long Home. I ſaw not one whom I knew but Mr. ——'s Aunt; who could not long forbear telling me, "How ſorry ſhe was, that I ſhould leave all my Friends, to lead this vagabond Life." Why indeed it is not pleaſing to Feſh and Blood: And I would not do it, if I did not believe there was another World. Our Diſpute did not continue long, and ended in much Love. Mr. ——rode back with me to *Eveſham*: attended the Preaching both at Seven and at Five in the Morning, and walked with me from the Room after Sermon; but it was ſome time before he could ſpeak. He then broke out, "I am to take care of two thouſand Souls. And I never yet knew how to take care of my own." I left him full of Conviction and good Reſolutions. How many Days will they continue?

Thurſ. 19. I rode to *Birmingham*, and from the Behaviour of the People, both this and the following Evening, found Reaſon to hope; that ſome of the Seed which has been ſown here, will bear laſting Fruit. *Sat.* 21. I rode to *Wenſbury*, where Mr.—— Vicar of ——had appointed to meet me. I rejoiced to find ſo great a Change. Since he has known the pardoning Love of God, he has been ſwiftly going on from Faith to Faith, and growing not in Knowledge only but in Love.

Sund. 22. After preaching at five, I returned to *Birmingham*. Many were much afraid of my preaching in the Street, expecting I know not what Mischief to be done. Vain fear! I saw not one Person behave amiss, while I declared, *There is Joy in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth.*

At One I preached at *Tipton Green* to a large Congregation, though the Wind was ready to cut us in two: And about five to a much larger at *Wensbury*: Where in spite of all the Wiles of Satan, and the cunning Craftiness of Men, the plain genuine Gospel *runs and is glorified.*

Wed. 23. I spent an agreeable Hour with Mr. ——— Curate of *W.* an honest, upright Man, I verily believe, and willing to know the whole Counsel of God. In the Evening I preached to a small, serious Congregation at *Billbrook*. The Storm of Wind, Snow and Hail, was ready for us in the Morning almost as soon as we set out, and continued most Part of the Day. When we had Heaths or Commons to cross, it was not easy to sit an Horse, especially as the Wind was full in our Teeth. However we reached *Poole* (two Miles from *Nantwich*) in the Evening, and found a Congregation gathered from many Miles round: Several of whom sat up all Night, for fear of losing the Morning Sermon.

Wed. 25. After preaching at five and at nine, I rode on to *Alpraham*, where a large Congregation of serious, sensible People attended, both at One, and at Seven in the Evening. *Thurs.* 26. We rode on, through Wind and Snow, and reached *Manchester*. At Night I was grieved to hear in all Places, from my Coming into *Cheshire* till now, That *I. B.* was still speaking all Manner of Evil: Averring wherever he came, "That Mr. *W.* preached nothing but Popery, denying Justification by Faith, and making nothing of Christ." Lord, lay not this Sin to his Charge!

March 27, Being *Good-Friday*, I went to the old Church, where Mr. *Clayton* read Prayers, I think the most distinctly, solemnly and gracefully of any Man I have ever heard. And the Bevaviour of the whole Congregation was serious and solemn in every Part of the Service. But I was surprized to see such a Change in the greater Part of them, as soon as

ever the Sacrament was over. They were then bowing, curtſying and talking to each other, juſt as if they were going from a Play.

On *Sunday*, *Monday* and *Tueſday*, I ſpoke ſeverally to each Member of the Society, and found Reaſon, after the ſtricteſt Search, to believe, that there was not one diſorderly Walker therein.

Tueſ. March 31. *T. M*——, gave me a full Account of *J. B*——'s renouncing all Connexion with me: Adding, " On the 30th of *Dec.* laſt, after he had ſaid many bitter Things of you, to the Congregation at *Bolton*, he ſpread out his Arms three Times and cried, Popery, Popery, Popery! I have not been in Connexion with him theſe three Years, neither will I be any more. And the ſame Thing he ſaid to all the Stewards, at the Quarterly Meeting on *New-Year's-Day*.

Frid. April 3. I rode to *Bank-houſe*, near *Rochdale*, where *T. M*—— gave me the following Account,

" On *Sunday*, *Aug.* 7. laſt, I preached at *Rangdale*, at Five in the Morning, as uſual. About Six, two Conſtables came, and carried me to a Publick Houſe, where I was kept till near Four in the Afternoon. Then one of them ſaid, He would go and aſk the Miniſter, whether they might not let me go? Upon his Return they brought me out to a large Mob, which carried me, and threw me into a ſtanding Water, and as often as I tried to come out, they pitched me in again. At laſt ſome of them ſaid I ſhould come out, and kept the others off, till I got up the Bank. I found myſelf very happy all the Time; for I knew I was in the Lord's Hand. —— I got back to the Houſe where I lodged, and went to bed. But in leſs than an Hour the Mob came again, broke open the Doors of the Houſe and the Chamber, and dragged me away with them. They caried me to a great Pond, which was railed round, being ten or twelve Foot deep. Then four Men took me up by my Legs and Arms. I felt the Fleſh ſhrink a little at firſt. But it was ſoon over, and I did not care, whether I lived or died; juſt as pleaſed the Lord. They ſwung me backward and forward two or three Times, and then threw me as far as they could into the Water. The Fall took away my Senſes, ſo that I felt nothing more. But ſome that did not care to have me drowned, when I came above Water

ter, catching hold of my Cloaths with a long Pole, pulled me out.—I lay senseless for some Time. When I came to myself, I saw many People about me; one of them helped me up, and bad me go with him. He brought me to a little House, and put me to Bed, but I had not laid long, before the Mob came again, pulled me out of Bed, and drove me before them, almost naked, to the End of the Parish, where they left me. I made shift to get on to a Place three Miles off, where I got to bed again and slept in Peace."

Sund. 5. About one I preached at *Birstal*; observing that several sat on the Side of the opposite Hill, I afterward desired one to measure the Ground; and we found it was sevenscore Yards from the Place where I had stood, Yet the People there heard perfectly well, I did not think any human Voice could have reached so far.

Between four and five I preached in our new House at *Leeds*. But it was so full, and consequently so hot, beside which my Voice was so damped by the Breath of the People, that I suppose many could not hear.

Wed. 8. We rode to *Heptonstal*, a little Town on the round Top of a very high Mountain, with a steep Descent on every Side. I preached in a vacant Place, on the Brow of the Hill. A Captain who came from the Minister's House, laboured much to divert the Attention of the People. But none regarded him at all. When we went away, he followed us down the Hill. One took him by the Hand and spoke a few Words; on which he shook like a Leaf, and said, "He hoped this would be an happy Day for him, and that he should *think* more than he had done in Time past."

Frid. 10. I preached at *D*———, where the Case of the Vicar and his Curate will not soon be forgotten. After a Conversation I had with the Vicar, above three Years ago, he was deeply serious, till he conversed again with rich and honourable Men, who soon cured him of that Distraction. Yet in a while he relapsed, and was more serious than ever, till he was taken ill. The Physician made light of his Illness, and said, "He would do well enough, "if they did but keep those *Methodists* from him."

They

They did ſo: However, in a few Days he died, and according to his own expreſs Order, was carried to the Grave at ſeven in the Morning by eight poor Men, (whom he had named) and buried on the North Side of the Church. The Curate, who buried him, ſickning the ſame Week, inſiſted that the *Methodiſts* ſhould not be kept from him. About ten Days after he died, and according to his Deſire, was about the ſame Hour carried alſo by eight poor Men, and laid in a Grave cloſe to that of Mr. *R*———.

Sat. 11. I preached at *R*——— once a Place of furious Riot and Perſecution, but quiet and calm, ſince the bitter Rector is gone, to give an Account of himſelf to God.

Sund. 12. I came to *Wakefield*, as the Bells were ringing in, and went directly to Mr. *W*——— in the Veſtry; the Behaviour of the Congregation ſurprized me. I ſaw none light, none careleſs or unaffected, while I inforced, *What is a Man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole World, and loſe his own Soul?* Hath not God the Hearts of all Men in his Hand? Who would have expected to ſee me preaching in *Wakefield* Church, to ſo attentive a Congregation, a few Years ago, when all the People were as roaring Lions, and the honeſt Man did not dare to let me preach in his Yard, leſt the Mob ſhould pull down his Houſes?

Mond. 13. In the Evening I preached at *Sheffield*, in the Shell of the new Houſe. All is Peace here now, ſince the Trial at *York*. Surely the Magiſtrate has been the Miniſter of God to us for good!

Tueſ. 14. I went to *B*———, whence the Vicar, Mr. *D*———, had ſent a Meſſenger on purpoſe, to deſire he might ſee me. I found him in deep Diſtreſs for the Loſs of his Wife, mixt with ſtrong Deſires after God. Hearing I was going to preach at *Rotherham*, he offered to go with me. He ſeemed to ſtagger at nothing; though as yet his Underſtanding

ſtanding is not opened. O that he may not reſt till it is!

Wed. 15. I rode on toward *Epworth*. But I was nigh ſhipwrecked in Sight of the Port. Attempting to ride over the Common the neareſt Way, my Mare was quickly imbogged. But being lively and ſtrong ſhe made a ſhift to get out, and I was glad to go round by *Torne* Bank.

Thurſ. 16. I walked over to *Burnham*. I had no Thought of preaching there, doubting if my Strength would allow of preaching always thrice a Day, as I had done moſt Days ſince I came from *Eveſham*. But finding an Houſe full of People, I could not refrain. Still the more I uſe my Strength, the more I have. I am often much tired, the firſt Time I preach in a Day; a little the ſecond Time: But after the Third or Fourth, I rarely feel either Weakneſs or Wearineſs.

Frid. 17. I called on the Gentleman, who told me he was "Sinner enough," when I preached firſt at *Epworth* on my Father's Tomb; and was agreeably ſurprized, to find him ſtrong in Faith, though exceeding weak in Body. For ſome Years, he told me, he had been rejoicing in God, without either Doubt or Fear, and was now waiting for the welcome Hour, when he ſhould *depart and be with Chriſt*.

Sat. 18. I preached at *Belton*, felt an uncommon Degree of the Preſence of God, among an Handful of poor deſpiſed People. O how precious is the leaſt of theſe in his Sight, who bought them with his own Blood!

Sund. 19. At Eight, I preached at *Clayworth*, where a Year ago, the Mob carried all before them. But an honeſt Juſtice quelled them at once, ſo that they are now glad to be quiet, and mind their own Buſineſs.

At One, I preached at *Miſterton*, to a deeply attentive Congregation, aſſembled from all Parts: And between Four and Five at *Epworth-Croſs*. The Congregation here was ſomewhat leſſened, by

by a Burial at *Belton*, that of poor Mr. *R*——— *P*———, emphatically poor, though while he lived, he *poſſeſt* (not *enjoyed)* at leaſt a Thouſand Pound a Year.

Mond. 20. I rode by *Hainton*, to *Coningſby*. The next Day, I preached at *Rangdal*, where we expected ſome Diſturbance, but found none. The light Puniſhment inflicted on the late Rioters, (though their Expence was not great, as they ſubmitted before the Trial) has ſecured Peace ever ſince. Such a Mercy it is, to execute the Penalty of the Law, on thoſe who will not regard its Precepts! So many Inconveniencies to the Innocent does it prevent, and ſo much Sin in the Guilty.

Wed. 22. I rode to *Grimſby*. The Croud was ſo great in the Evening, that the Room was like an Oven. The next Night I preached at the End of the Town, whether almoſt all the People, Rich and Poor, followed me: And I had a fair Opportunity of cloſely applying that weighty Queſtion, *Lord, are there few that ſhall be ſaved.*

Frid. 24. We rode by a fine Seat: the Owner of which (not much above fourſcore Years old, ſays, "He deſires only to live thirty Years longer; ten "to hunt, ten to get Money, having at preſent but "twenty thouſand Pounds a Year) and ten Years "to repent." O that God may not ſay unto him, *Thou Fool! This Night ſhall thy Soul be required of thee!*

When I landed at the Key in *Hull*, it was cover'd with People, inquiring, which is he? which is he? But they only ſtared and laughed; and we walked unmoleſted to Mr. *A*——'s Houſe.

I was quite ſurprized at the miſerable Condition of the Fortifications, far more ruinous and decayed, than thoſe at *Newcaſtle*, even before the Rebellion. 'Tis well there is no Enemy near.

I went to Prayers at Three in the old Church, a grand and venerable Structure. Between Five and Six, the Coach called, and took me to *Mighton-Car* about half a Mile from the Town. An huge Multitude

titude, Rich and Poor, Horſe and Foot, with ſeveral Coaches, were ſoon gathered together; To whom I cried with a loud Voice and a compoſed Spirit, *What ſhall it profit a Man, if he ſhall gain the whole World, and loſe his own Soul?* Some thouſands of the People ſeriouſly attended: But many behaved as if poſſeſt by *Moloch*. Clods and Stones flew about on every Side: But they neither touched nor diſturbed me. When I had finiſhed my Diſcourſe, I went to take Coach. But the Coachman had driven clear away. We were at a Loſs, till a Gentlewoman invited my Wife and me, to come into *her* Coach. She brought ſome Inconveniences on herſelf thereby: Not only as there were nine of us in the Coach, three on each Side, and three in the Middle; but alſo as the Mob cloſely attended us, throwing in at the Windows (which we did not think it prudent to ſhut) whatever came next to Hand. But a large Gentlewoman who ſat in my lap, ſcreened me, ſo that nothing came near me.

The Mob, who were increaſed to ſeveral thouſands, when I ſtept out of the Coach into Mr. *A*——'s Houſe, perceiving I was eſcaped out of their Hands, revenged themſelves on the Windows, with many Showers of Stones, which they poured in, even into the Rooms four Stories high. Mr. *A*——— walk'd through them to the Mayor's Houſe, who gave him fair Words, but no Aſſiſtance; probably not knowing, that himſelf (the Mayor) might be compelled to make good all the Damage which ſhould be done. He then went in queſt of Conſtables, and brought two with him about nine o'Clock. With their Help he ſo thoroughly diſperſed the Mob, that no two of them were left together. But they rallied about Twelve, and gave one Charge more, with Oaths and Curſes, and Bricks and Stones. After this, all was calm, and I ſlept ſound till near four in the Morning.

About Five, *Sat.* 25. We took Horſe, and made to *Pocklington*. I was ſorry, when I found it was the

Fair

Fair Day, that Notice had been given of my preaching; especially when I heard, there was no Society, and scarce any one awakened in the Town. The unusual Bitterness of several who met us in the Street, made the Prospect still more unpromising. However I went to see the Room provided for Preaching, but found it was not above five Yards square. I then looked at a Yard which was proposed; but one Circumstance of this I did not like. It was plentifully furnished with Stones; Artillery ready at Hand, for the Devil's drunken Champions. Just then it began to rain, upon which a Gentleman offered a large commodious Barn. Thither I went without Delay, and began preaching to a few, who increased continually. I have known no such Time since we left *London*. Their Tears fell as the Rain. None opposed or mocked: So that these made full amends for the Behaviour of those at *Hull*.

The Man and his Wife at whose House we dined, had been bitterly persecuted both by his and her Mother. These were some of the first whose Hearts were touched. Immediately after preaching they came up into the Room where we were, and confest with many Tears, how eagerly they had opposed the Truth of God, and troubled their Children for adhering to it. How wise are all the Ways of God? Had it not been Fair Day, these had not been here.

Yet some of our Company had dreadful Forebodings of what was to be at *York*. A worthy Justice of the Peace (doubtless to quiet the Mob there) had just caused to be cried about the Streets, stuck up in publick Places, and even thrown into many Houses, Part of the "Comparison between the "*Papists* and *Methodists*." Perhaps this might be the Occasion of some bitter Curses which were given us, almost as soon as we entered the Gates. But the vain Words of those *Rabshakehs*, returned into their own Bosoms. I began preaching at Six. The Chappel was filled with Hearers, and with the Presence of God. The Opposers opened not their Mouths. The Mourners blest God for the Consolation.

Sund. 26. At Seven, God was with us as before, and his Word brake the Rocks in Pieces. We left *York*, about Nine, as quietly as we came, and rode to *Acomb*.

Mond. 27. We reached *Osmotherly*. After preaching in the Evening, I was desired to visit a Person, who had been an eminent Scoffer at all Religion, but was now, they said, " in a strange Way." I found her in a *strange Way* indeed: either raving mad, or possest by the Devil. The Woman herself affirmed, " That the Devil had appeared to her the Day before, and after talking some Time, leaped upon, and grievously tormented her ever since." We prayed with her. Her Agonies ceased. She fell asleep, and awaked in the Morning calm and easy.

Tues. 28. About Noon we reached *Stokesley*, where I found, none had ever yet preached Abroad. *Samuel Lerwood* had attempted it; but in vain: And so had Mr. *Roberts* some Time after. But a Clergyman came at the Head of a large Mob, and obliged him to desist. About One, the Person in whose House we were, came in trembling, and told us, what Threatnings were breathed out. I answered, " Then there was no Time to lose," and went out immediately. I suppose the Mob expected to hear us sing. But they were disappointed: For I began preaching without Delay. By this Means, missing their Signal, they came, not in a Body, but two or three at a Time. And as fast as they came, their Minds were changed; so that all were quiet, from the Beginning to the End.

It rained all the Way we rode to *Stockton*; but was fair all the Time I stood in the main Street, and explained to a listening Multitude, the *Joy* that *is in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth.*

Wed. 29. I preached at *Durham* to a quiet, stupid Congregation, and the next Day went on to *Newcastle.*

On *Friday* and *Saturday* we *enjoyed* a little Respite from Labour, and were refreshed both in Soul and Body.

Sund.

Sund. May 3. We had the *best dress* Congregation, that ever I saw in this Place. I spoke very plain. Yet all were patient, and *looked* as if they understood what was said.

Sat. 9. I rode to *Sunderland*, where I found one of the liveliest Societies in the North of *England*. This is the Effect of their being so much *under the Law*, as to scruple, One and All, the buying even Milk on a *Sunday*. The House hardly contained the People at Five the next Morning. At Eight, and at Twelve I preached in the Street; none opposing or interrupting. About Four, I began at *Newcastle*, near the Keelmen's Hospital. It was just as I expected. Many who had *turned back from the holy Commandment once delivered to them*, flocked together, and seemed convinced, That God was still ready to return, and leave a Blessing behind him.

Mond. 11. After preaching at *Morpeth* in my Way, though with little present Effect, I rode on to *Alnwick*, and preached at the *Cross* to a far more numerous and more serious Congregation.

Wed. 13. I rode to *Berwick*, and after preaching, desired all who *had been* of the Society to meet me. I spoke to Seventeen, who were thoroughly willing to unite again. And (what was remarkable) all of them still retained a Sense of the pardoning Love of God: Although they were convinced, they had suffered great Loss, by a Famine of the Word.

Thurs. 14. At Five, the Soldiers made a considerable Part of the Congregation. At Noon, they came again in Troops. One of them, *T——W——*, came last Year from the *Highlands*, and went through *Westmoreland*, to beat up for Recruits. He had been earnestly warned before he left *Scotland*, on no Account to go near the *Methodists*. But in *Kendal*, he lighted on two or three, from which Time they were not one Day asunder. It was not long, before God clearly assured him of his pardoning Love. A Fortnight after, he was or-

dered to follow the Regiment to *Berwick*, where he is continually exhorting his Comrades, to be *good Soldiers of Jesus Christ*. And many already have listed under his Banner.

Frid. 15. In the Afternoon I preached at *Alemouth*. How plain an Evidence have we here, That even our Outward Work, even the Societies, are not of Man's Building. With all our Labour and Skill, we cannot in Nine Year's Time, form a Society in this Place; even though there is none that opposes, Poor or Rich: Nay, though the two richest Men in the Town, and the only Gentlemen there, have done all which was in their Power to further it.

Sat. 16. I rode on to the poor Colliers at *Placey*. When we came hither first, *John Lane*, then nine or ten Years old, was one of the first who found Peace with God. From that Hour he continued to walk Day and Night in the Light of his Countenance. I saw him last Year, longing to be with Christ. But he was detained here a little longer, that he might witness a good Confession in Death as well as in Life. He praised God as long as he had Breath, and was buried a Day or two before I came.

May 17. Being *Whitsuntide*, I preached in the Morning at *Gateshead* to an huge Congregation, on our Lord's Words, *If any Man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*. About Five, I began near the *Keelmen's Hospital*, many Thousands standing round, or sitting on the Grass. The Wind was high just before; but scarce a Breath was felt, all the Time we were assembled before God. I praise God for this also. Is it *Enthusiasm*, to see God in every Benefit which we receive?

Mond. 18. I preached at *Newlands*, and endeavoured to remove the Offences, which had crept in among the simple People. In the Evening I preached at *Sheep-hill*. It rained all the Time; but that little disturbed either the Congregation or me.

Tues.

Tuesf. 19. I preached at *Wickham*, before Mrs. *Armstrong*'s Door. I was a little surprized at the Account she gave, of God's late Dealings with her. When her ancient Husband, with whom she had lived from her Youth, was on Account of a Debt contracted by his Son, hurried away and thrown into *Durham Gaol*, which soon put an End to his Life: When she was likely to lose all she had, and to be turned out of Doors at Fourscore Years of Age, still the Oracles of God, which she had loved from a Child, were her Delight and her Counsellors. But one Day when she put on her Spectacles to read, she could not see a Word. She was startled at first; but soon said, *It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him Good.* She laid her Spectacles down, casting her Eye on the Corner of the Bible, thought she could discern some Letters. Taking up the Book, she read as well as her Daughter could. And from that Hour she could not only read without Spectacles, but sow or thread the finest Needle, with the same Ease, as when she was Thirty Years of Age.

Wed. 20. I preached at *Biddick* to a Multitude of Colliers, though it rained hard all the Time. They seemed all, even some who had long drawn back, to be melted down as Wax before the Fire. So strong and general an Influence on a Congregation, I do not remember to have seen for some Years.

Sund. 25. The Congregation at the Keelmen's Hospital, was far too large for my Voice to command. I doubt not more than two Thirds could hear: But all were still, till I commended them to the Grace of God.

Mond. 25. We rode to *Durham*, and thence through very rough Roads, and as rough Weather, to *Barnard castle*. I was exceeding faint when we came in; however, the Time being come, I went into the Street, and *would* have preached. But the Mob was so numerous and so loud, that it was not possible for many to hear. Nevertheless I spoke on,

and thoſe who were near, liſtened with huge Attention. To prevent this ſome of the Rabble fetched the Engine, and threw a good deal of Water on the Congregation. But not a Drop fell on me. After about Three Quarters of an Hour, I returned into the Houſe.

Tueſ. 26. At Five, the Preaching-houſe would not contain one Half of the Congregation. Many ſtood at the Door and Windows, far more than could hear. When I come again, perhaps they will hear while they may.

We rode hence to *Weredale*. I had been out of Order all Night, and found myſelf now much weaker. However I truſted in the Strong for Strength, and began preaching to a numerous Congregation. And I did not want Strength, till I had finiſhed my Diſcourſe: Nor did the People want a Bleſſing.

In the Evening we came to *Allandale*, and found the poor Society well nigh ſhattered in Pieces. Slackneſs and Offence had eaten them up. When I came into the Room, I was juſt like one of them, having neither Life nor Strength, and being ſcarce able either to ſpeak or to ſtand. But immediately we had a Token for Good. In a Moment I was well. My Voice and Strength were entirely reſtored, and I cried aloud, *How ſhall I give thee up, Ephraim?* The Mountains again flowed down at his Preſence, and the Rocks were once more broken in Pieces.

Wed. 27. I preached at *Clifton*, near *Penrith*, to a civil People, who looked juſt as if I had been talking *Greek*. The next Day we went on to *Larton*, a little Village, lying in a green fruitful Valley, ſurrounded by high Mountains, the Sides of which are covered with Graſs and Woods, and the Bottom watered by two ſmall Rivers. Here I found myſelf much out of Order again. However, at Six, I preached to a very large and ſerious Congregation. The Miniſters of *Larton*, and of the next Pariſh, were among them, that they might hear and judge for themſelves.

Frid.

Frid. 29. I preached at Noon to a very different Congregation, in the Caſtle-yard at *Cocker-mouth*. However, they behaved with Decency; none interrupting, or making any Noiſe.

About Five we reached *Whitehaven*. After a little Reſt, I went to the Room; but it was rather to be *ſeen* than *heard*. However I ſpoke as I could for about half an Hour, and then immediately went to bed. But I could not ſleep, having a violent Flux with a Fever, and continual Pain in my Stomach. But at Twelve, I fell into a Doze, and from that Time, began to recover.

On *Sunday* in the Afternoon I ventured to Church, and in the Evening, preached as I was able.

Mond. June 1. I examined the Society, and praiſed God on their Behalf.

Tueſ. 2. I rode to *Seaton*, a Town of Colliers, Ten meaſured Miles from *Whitehaven*. The poor People had prepared a Kind of Pulpit for me, covered at the Top and on both Sides, and had placed a Cuſhion to kneel upon, of the greeneſt Turf in the Country. But my Voice was ſtill ſo low, that I fear not half of thoſe who were preſent could hear.

Wed. 3. I was able to preach again in the Morning. One of our Friends, who was Maſter of a Ship, purpoſing to ſet ſail on *Thurſday* 4, for *Dublin*, I knew not but it would be well to go over with him, ſuppoſing the Wind ſhould turn fair. It did turn fair that very Morning; but being ſuddenly called on board, he ſailed without us. In about ſix Hours the Wind turned foul. So I ſuppoſe he came back the next Morning.

In the Afternoon we rode to Mr. *Blencowe's* about fifteen Miles from *Whitehaven*. We took a Walk in the Evening to a little Town, called *Drig*, about a Mile from his Houſe, where I preached to a ſmall Company of plain ſerious People. But I fear they underſtood very little of what they heard,

Friday 5. I went on with Mr. *Milner*, to *Ulverſtone*. Here a very convenient Place for Preaching

was

was offered. But few People had any Desire to hear. So I went quietly back to my Inn.

Sat. 6. We reached *Chipping*, and were immediately informed, that several there were consulting together, how to hinder me from preaching. Mr. *Milner*, hearing they were met at the next House, went thither, and brought them all with him, who were the Churchwardens, and three or four Persons more. I spent about a quarter of an Hour with them, in calm and friendly Debate, and they went away much cooler than they came.

Sund. 7. Understanding some designed to go out of Church, when I went into the Pulpit. I thought it would be better for them to go out sooner, and to read Prayers as well as preach. Such a Congregation was present, as I believe was never seen there before. And a solemn Awe seemed to rest on the whole Congregation, from the Beginning of the Service to the End.

I preached in the Afternoon on the Conclusion of the Second Lesson, God *was in Christ, reconciling the World to himself.* The People were all Attention. Surely there is no Counsel or Strength against the Lord.

Mond. 8. We rode to *Rough-Lee*, and found a large, serious, and quiet Congregation. There have been no Tumults, since Mr. *W*——— was removed. He was for some Years a Popish Priest. Then he called himself a Protestant, had the Living of *Colne*. It was his Manner first to hire, and then head the Mob, when they and he were tolerably drunk. But he drank himself, first into a Goal, and then into his Grave.

In the Evening I preached at *Heptonstall*. An Attorney, who happened to be in the Town, endeavoured to interrupt, retailing some low, threadbare Stories, with a very audible Voice. But some of the People cut him short in the Midst, by carrying him quietly away.

Tues. 9. I preached at Six to abundance of People near *Ewood*, and with an uncommon Blessing.

Hence

Hence we rode to *T*———, where the Minister was slowly recovering from a violent Fit of a Palsy, with which he was struck immediately after he had been preaching a virulent Sermon against the *Methodists*.

I preached on the Side of a Mountain to a large and earnest Congregation, and then went on to *Mellar-barn:* I preached at Six in the Town, and I suppose all the Inhabitants, Young and Old, were present. Nor have I often seen so large a Congregation, so universally and deeply affected.

My Lodging was not such as I should have chosen: But what Providence chuses, is always Good. My Bed was considerably under Ground, the Room serving both for a Bedchamber and a Cellar. The Closeness was more troublesome at first than the Coolness. But I let in a little fresh Air, by breaking a Pane of Paper (such was by Way of Glass) in the Window, and then slept sound till the Morning.

Frid. 12. I rode to *Bolton*. So hot a Day as this, I do not remember to have felt in *England*. The Congregation seemed to forget the Heat, tho' the Room was like an Oven. For it was a comfortable Hour: God refreshing many Souls with the Multitude of Peace.

Sat. 13. The House was fuller this Evening, than the last, while I inforced that gracious Invitation, *Come unto me all ye that are weary, and heavy laden.*

Sund. 14. After preaching in the Evening, I took occasion to tell the whole Congregation, That there had been a Mistake, concerning the House, which *J. B.* imagined, I had contrived to make my own Property: But Mr. *Grimshaw* had now cleared it up; having assured Mr. *B.* 1. That I knew nothing of the Deed relating to the House, till after it was made. 2. That I had no Property in it still; only a Clause was inserted, whereby Mr. *G.* my Brother, and I, were impowered, To appoint the Preachers therein.

Mond. 15. I had many little Trials in this Journey, of a Kind I had not known before. I had bor-

borrowed a young, ſtrong Mare, when I ſet out from *Mancheſter*. But ſhe fell lame before I got to *Grimſby*. I procured another, but was diſmounted again, between *Newcaſtle* and *Berwick*. At my Return to *Mancheſter*, I took my own. But ſhe had lamed herſelf in the Paſture. I thought nevertheleſs to ride her four or five Miles to Day. But ſhe was gone out of the Ground, and we could hear nothing of her. However I comforted myſelf, that I had another at *Mancheſter*, which I had lately bought. But when I came thither I found, One had borrowed her too, and rode her away to *Cheſter*.

About Noon, I preached near *Shackerley*, at an old Man's Houſe, who was groaning for Redemption. We walked together a little Way, after preaching: And almoſt as ſoon as we parted, the Power of God fell upon him, ſo that he hardly knew, whether he was on Earth or in Heaven. From that Hour he has been continually filled with Peace and Joy in believing.

At my Return to *Bolton*, I wrote down a particular Account of one, that lately adorned the Goſpel. It was as follows, " In *April* 1746, *Katherine Whitaker* went to *Halifax*, to hear *John Nelſon*. She was before convinced of the Truth by Reading, and from that Time grew more and more ſerious. The next Year *John H*—— called at our Houſe. As he was going, he turned back, took her by the Hand, and ſaid, " You *muſt* believe, whether you can, or no." As ſoon as he was gone, ſhe began crying to God, and ceaſed not, till ſhe knew ſhe did believe in Chriſt. She never afterward loſt the Senſe of his Love: Nor could ſhe reſt, if ſhe found the leaſt Cloud, till it was wholly removed, and the clear Light ſhone again upon her Soul.

" In *May* 1750. She removed to *Bolton*, and ſoon after appeared to be conſumptive. But ſhe did not ſpare herſelf on that Account, ſtill riſing at Five, Four, or Three in the Morning, and continuing to teach her Scholars, as uſual, till about *Chriſt-*

mas

mas 1751. From that Time her Bodily Strength failed, though ſhe did not keep her Room till *March*. She was then afraid, left ſhe ſhould live to be a burden unto her Relations: but that Fear ſoon vaniſhed away, and ſhe ſaid, "Now I can leave it all to "God. Let me die ſooner or later, it is all one." But ſhe had ſtill ſome Struggle concerning her Huſband, before ſhe was thoroughly willing to give him up.

"The next *Friday* but one before ſhe died, one of her Siſters ſitting by her began ſinging,

O happy, happy Day,
That calls the Exiles Home."

She immediately joined with her, and ſung on, to the End of the Hymn. The *Thurſday* after ſhe looked round upon us, and ſaid, "O how I love you all. I am all Love. I love every Soul God has made." Her Huſband aſked, "Are you happy?" She ſaid, O yes.

I cannot fear, I cannot doubt,
I feel the ſprinkled Blood:

"Sing on, ſing on,

"Let every Soul with me cry out,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

At Breakfaſt ſhe deſired a little cold Water: on receiving which ſhe looked up and ſaid, "In a little While, I ſhall drink new Wine in the Kingdom of my Father." About Ten o'Clock ſhe broke out,

My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning Voice I hear,
He own's me for his Child,
I can no longer fear"

One aſking her, "How ſhe did?" She ſaid, "I long to be with him, whom my Soul loveth." On *Friday* and *Saturday*, being extremely weak, ſhe ſpake very little. On *Sunday* Morning, ſhe ſaid, "So the Lord hath brought us to another Sabbath.

Vouch-

Vouchſafe, O Lord, to keep us this Day without Sin." She then partly ſung, and partly repeated that Hymn,

" O when ſhall I ſweetly remove,
O when ſhall I enter my Reſt!
Return to the Sion above,
The Mother of Spirits diſtreſt."

She then ſaid, " Who is in the Houſe? O, I do not love the ſtaying at Home on a *Sunday*. Deſire them all to go to Church When I was moſt diligent in going to Church, I always found the greateſt Bleſſings." At Night ſhe ſaid, " Swelled Legs! For a little Time: There will be no ſwelled Legs in Heaven." About Five on *Monday* Morning, *March* 23, her Huſband aſked, " Do you know me"? She ſaid, " Yes, I do"; and putting her Arm round his Neck, quickly began to ſlumber. Waking ſoon after, ſhe ſaid, " I muſt make haſte, and dreſs myſelf for the Bridegroom." She then dozed afreſh; but waking in a few Minutes, ſaid, " I am going to Chriſt," and fell aſleep.

Sat. 20. I rode to *Cheſter*, and preached at Six in the accuſtomed Place, a little without the Gates, near St. *John's Church*. One ſingle Man, a poor Alehouſe-keeper, ſeemed diſguſted, ſpoke a harmleſs Word, and ran away with all Speed. All the reſt behaved with the utmoſt Serioufneſs, while I declared, *The Grace of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

Sund. 21. I preached at Seven in a much larger Houſe, which was juſt taken, near St. *Martin's* Church: As eminent a Part of the Town, as *Drury-lane*, is in *London*, or as the Horſefair *was* in *Briſtol*. At Church Mr. *L*———, preached a ſtrong, plain, uſeful Sermon, upon the Faith of *Abraham*. At One, I began preaching again, on *We preach not Ourſelves, but Chriſt Jeſus the Lord.* But the Houſe not containing half the Congregation, I was obliged to ſtand at the Door, on one Side of a Kind of Square, large enough to contain Ten or twelve thouſand People. I had a few Hours before ſpoken to the

he Captain of a Veſſel, with whom I propoſed to ail for *Dublin*. And the Wind being fair, I knew iot whether I ſhould ſtay to preach another Ser- non in *Cheſter*. I find it uſeful to be in ſuch a tate of Suſpenſe: Wherein I know not, what will e the next Hour, but lean abſolutely on his Diſpoſal, vho knoweth and ruleth all Things well.

At Four, I preached in the Square, to a much arger Congregation, among whom were abundance f Gentry. One Man ſcreamed and hollowed as oud as he could; but none ſeconded or regarded im. The reſt of the Congregation were ſteddily ſe- ious, from the Beginning to the End.

Mond. 22. We walked round the Walls of the City, vhich are ſomething more than a Mile and three Quarters in Circumference. But there are many va- ant Spaces within the Walls, many Gardens, and good deal of Paſture Ground. So that I believe *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, within the Walls, contains at eaſt a Third more Houſes than *Cheſter*.

The greateſt Convenience here is what they call *The Rows*, that is, covered Galleries, which run hrough the main Streets on each Side, from Eaſt to Veſt, and from North to North: By which Means ne may walk both clean and dry in any Weather, rom one End of the City to the other.

I preached at Six in the Evening in the Square, o a vaſt Multitude, Rich and Poor. The far greater 'art, the Gentry in particular, were ſeriouſly and eeply attentive: Though a few of the Rabble, noſt of them drunk, laboured much to make a Diſturbance. One might already perceive a great ncreaſe of Earneſtneſs in the Generality of the Hearers. So is God able to cut ſhort his Work, o wound or heal, in whatever Time it pleaſeth im.

Tueſd. 23. Having received Lettets which made ne judge it neceſſary, to be at *Briſtol* as ſoon as oſſible; about Ten I ſet out, dined at *Birmingham* ne next Day, and thence rode to *Red-Ditch*.

Thurſ. 25. Finding the Congregation waiting, began preaching between Three and Four. preached at *Wallbridge*, near *Stroud*, in the Even ing, and the next Day, before Noon, reached *King wood*.

Wed. July 1. Having finiſhed my Buſineſs a *Briſtol*, I took Horſe again, and preached that Even ing at *Eveſham*.

Thurſ. 2. I reached *Bilbrook* and *Cheſter*.

Frid. 3. I was ſaying in the Morning to Mr. *Par ker*, "Conſidering the Good which has been don there already, I wonder the People of *Cheſter* ar ſo quiet." He anſwered, "You muſt not expec they will be ſo always." Accordingly one of th firſt Things I heard after I came into the Tow was, That for two Nights before, the Mob had bee employed, in pulling down the Houſe where I ha preached. "I aſked, were there no Magiſtrates i the City?" Several anſwered me, "We went to th Mayor, after the firſt Riot, and deſired a Warrant t bring the Rioters before him. But he poſitively re fuſed to grant any, or to take any Information about it." So being undiſturbed, they aſſemble again the next Night, and finiſhed their Work.

Sat. 4. I preached in our old Room.

Sund. 5. I ſtood at Seven in the Morning near th Ruins of the Houſe, and explained the Principle and Practice of that *Sect which is every where ſpoke againſt*. I went afterwards to St. *Martin's* Church which ſtands cloſe to the Place. The Gentleman which officiated, ſeemed to be extremely moved 'a ſeveral Paſſages of the Second Leſſon, *Luke* 17 particularly. *It is impoſſible but that offences wil come; but wo unto him through whom they come. I were better for him that a Millſtone were hanged about hi Neck, and he caſt into the Sea, than that he ſhould offen one of theſe little ones.*

He began his Sermon nearly in theſe Words "The laſt Lord's Day I preached on *doing as you would be done to*, in hopes of preventing ſuch Pro ceedings as are contrary to all Juſtice, Mercy, and Huma-

Iumanity. As I could not do that, I have chosen hese Words for your present Consideration, *Ye now not what Manner of Spirit ye are of. For the on of Men is not come to destroy Men's lives, but to ave them.*

He concluded nearly thus: " I am sorry any such Outrage should be committed, particularly in this arish; where I have been teaching so many Years. And to how little Purpose? I will remove as soon s possibly I can from a Place, where I can do so ttle Good. O what an Account have they to ake, who have either occasioned or incouraged these 'roceedings? May GOD grant, that they may repent 1 Time! That they may know what Spirit they are f! That they may, before it is too late, acknowledge nd love the Truth as it is in Jesus."

I preached again in the same Place at One and at our, and the whole Congregation were quiet and erious.

Monday 6. Finding no Ship ready to sail, I determined to return to *Whitehaven*. So I took Horse vith my Wife between Nine and Ten, and in the Evening preached at *Manchester*.

Tuesd. 7. We rode to *Bolton*: On *Wednesday* to *Chipping*; and on *Friday* 10, reached *Whitehaven*.

Sund. 12. I took my old Stand in the Market-lace, about Seven in the Morning, and proclaimed *he Lord GOD, gracious and merciful, forgiving Iniquity, Transgression, and Sin.* In the Afternoon we ad an awakening Sermon at the New Church, on *Ne Thing is needful.* At Five I preached in the Room on, *To fear the Lord, that is Wisdom, and to depart from Evil, is Understanding.*

Mond. 13. I bespoke the Cabin in a Ship bound or *Dublin*, which only waited for a Wind About Ten at Night, Word was brought, that she was ready to sail. We went down to the Key immediately, nd found she had sailed out a quarter of an Hour efore, and was then off at Sea. But another Ship had just weighed Anchor, so we went on Board, and sailed without Delay. But having contrary

Winds, it was *Friday* 17, in the Evening before we reached *Dublin*.

The Houſe here is nearly of the ſame Size, and of the ſame Form with that at *Newcaſtle*. But having deep Galleries on three Sides, it will contain a larger Number of People.

Sund. 19. I preached at Five and Eight, but not to ſo large a Congregation as I expected. I was greatly ſhocked at the Behaviour of the Congregation in St. *Patrick*'s Church. But all their Careleſneſs and Indecency did not prevent my finding an uncommon Bleſſing. Between Five and Six, our Houſe was nearly filled: But great Part of the Hearers ſeemed utterly unawakened. I marvel how it is, that after all our Labour here, there ſhould ſtill be ſo little Fruit.

Mond. 20. I learned the Particulars of the late Riot. Some Weeks ago, a large Mob aſſembled one Evening, broke many of the Windows, and had juſt broke into the Houſe, when a Guard of Soldiers came. The chief Rioters were apprehended and tried. But Ten or Eleven of the Jurymen being Papiſts, frighten'd the Twelfth, ſo that he did not contradict, when they brought in the Fellows, *Not Guilty*.

Tueſ. 21. I inquired into the State of the Society, ſtill conſiſting of about Four hundred and twenty Members; though many had been much ſhaken, chiefly by various Opinions, which ſome even of our own Preachers had propagated.

Thurſ. 23. We went to ſee a Friend a few Miles from *Dublin*. Before Dinner, Mr. *Cownly* and I took a Walk on the Sea-ſhore. Being ſomewhat tired, we thought to return a ſhorter Way, by climbing over the Rocks. We found little Difficulty at firſt, the Aſcent not being ſteep toward the Bottom. But as we went higher, it grew ſteeper and ſteeper, till we would gladly have gone back, if we could. But he could neither go, nor look back; ſo that we had only this choice, To get quite to the Top, or to make one Step to the Bottom. The Stones likewiſe on which

which we ſtood, or which we took hold of, frequently gave Way, and tumbled: So that I know not whether we were ever in ſo much Danger on the Sea, as we were now on the Shore. But in half an Hour, I know not how, we got upon firm even Ground.

Sund. 26. I met one, whom I had formerly ſeen at *Briſtol*, heaping up Money with both Hands. And he has now all that the World can give. But he *enjoys* nothing: Having ſuch a continual *Lowneſs of Spirits*, as they call it, that his very Life is a Burden. He ſeems partly to underſtand his own Caſe. May the great Phyſician heal his Sickneſs!

Mond. 27. I preached in *Edinderry* at One, and at *Cloſeland* in the Evening. *Tueſ.* 28. I preached at *Portarlington*, though I was extremely Ill, and it was a Pain to me to ſpeak: But it was a comfortable Pain. I could from my Heart praiſe God for his Fatherly Viſitation.

Wed. 29. I rode to *Mountmelick*, but was ſo hoarſe and weak, that I could only preach in the Houſe. *Frid.* 31. Being not well able to ride, I borrowed Mr. *P*——'s Chair to *Tutlamore*; and on *Saturday* reach'd *Conly-lough*, and met many of my Friends from all Parts. I now found my Strength increaſing daily: It *muſt* be, as my Day is.

Sund. Aug. 2. I baptized *Joſeph Engliſh*, (late a Quaker) and two of his Children. Abundance of People were at *Tyrrel's Paſs* in the Evening, many more than the Houſe could contain. At Five in the Morning, one who had taſted of the Love of God, but had afterwards relapſed into his former Sins, nay, and ſunk into Deiſm, if not Atheiſm, was once more cut to the Heart. At Six in the Evening, I preached at *Drumaren*, where many now know in whom they have believed. Mr. *B*—— the Miniſter of *D*—— met me here, the [illegible] Man I ſhould have expected! But it cannot laſt. The ſame Perſon cannot long admire both *John Weſley* and *John Taylor*.

Tuesf. 4. I preached about Noon at *Street*, to a civil, unconcerned Congregation; and about Six in the Evening at *Abidarring*, a Mile ſhort of *Kenagh*. Many *Romaniſts* being preſent, I found much Concern for them, and could not but addreſs myſelf to them in particular, and exhort them wholly to rely on the one Mediator between God and Man.

Wed. 5. We rode to *Athlone*. *Thurſ.* 6. I preached in a large open Place, near the Houſe, to many of the Rich, as well as Poor. *Sat.* 8. I called on a lively Man, who is juſt married, in the Ninety-ſecond Year of his Age. He ſerved as an Officer both in King *William*'s and Queen *Anne*'s Wars, and a Year or two ago began to ſerve the Prince of Peace. He has all his Faculties of Body and Mind intire, works in his Garden, ſome Hours every Day, and praiſes God, who has prolonged his Life to ſo good a purpoſe.

Sund. 9. At Eight we had the uſual Congregation in the Market-houſe, and the uſual Bleſſing. Mr. *G*—— preached an excellent Sermon at Church, on the Neceſſity of the Religion of the Heart. At Five, I preached on the *Connaught* Side of the River, to abundance of Romaniſts as well as Proteſtants: All of whom ſeemed convinced, That they ought not any longer, to *halt between two Opinions*.

Here I learned from her Huſband, that *Roſe Longworth*, found Peace with God in *June*, 1749. This ſhe never loſt, and often rejoiced with Joy unſpeakable. From that Time, ſhe was always remarkably ſerious, and walked cloſely with God.

About *Eaſter*, 1751. She found a great Decay of her bodily Strength. But of this, ſhe never complained, being only concerned, leſt her Soul ſhould ſuffer Loſs. In *July* following, ſhe was removed into the Country, but ſtill continued walking in the Light. Toward the latter End of the Month, apprehending her Time was ſhort, ſhe deſired to return to *Athlone*. On *Sat.* the 21ſt. She returned, extremely weak, but continually praiſing God: And all

all the following Week expreſſing a ſtrong Deſire to depart, and be with Chriſt.

Mr. ——— adminiſtered the Sacrament to her on *Sunday*. She could ſpeak little, but ſaid, ſhe had no doubt of her Salvation. He was deeply affected, and ſaid, he believed her; but could ſcarce ſpeak for Tears. When ſhe could not be heard, ſhe had her Eyes conſtantly fixt upward, and her Lips moving. In the Afternoon ſhe fainted away. Coming to herſelf ſhe ſaid, "Ah! I was diſappointed: I thought I had eſcaped." She then prayed for her Huſband, for her Parents, for the Society, the Church, and the whole World. Fainting again, and coming to herſelf, ſhe cried out, "See, my Redeemer! See, my Redeemer! See, how his Blood ſtreams! I ſee the Lamb in Glory! I ſee the Lamb in Glory. Fare ye well. God be with you. Fare ye well." She then ceaſed to ſpeak, and went to God.

Mond. 10. I preached at *Aghrim*, and found the People much alive to God. *Tueſ.* 11. I rode over to Mr. *M*———'s. How gracious has God been to this Family? Some Years ago, his youngeſt Daughter, after ſhe had received a clear Senſe of the Love of God, was brought to the Gates of Death, and continues ſtill juſt on the Wing for Eternity. His other Daughter was ſuddenly ſtruck laſt Year, and after having witneſt a good Confeſſion, to all that were round about her, went to God in the full Triumph of Faith. Some Months ſince Mr. *M*——'s Brother began to decline: And two or three Weeks ago, full of unutterable Peace and Joy, went to him, whom his Soul loved.

Wed. 12. In the Evening I preached at *Birr*. I ſcarce ever ſaw ſo large, ſo genteel, and ſo ſerious a Congregation there before. The next Evening, I reached *Limerick*.

I ſpent *Friday* and *Saturday* in Conference with our Preachers, and the next Week ſpake with each of the Members of the Society: Many of whom, I

now

now found, were rooted and grounded in Love, and zealous of good Works.

Frid. 21. I rode through heavy Rain to *Shronill*, and to *Corke* the next Day. *Sund.* 23. At Eight, would not near contain the Congregation. Yet I judged a ſmall Congregation with Peace, preferable to a large one with Noiſe and Tumult.

On *Monday* and *Tueſday*, I carefully examined the Society: Put away thoſe who did not walk according to the Goſpel, and found about Three hundred who ſtill ſtrive to have a Conſcience void of Offence toward God, and toward Man.

Tueſ. 25. I preached in the Market-place, at *Kinſale*. The next Morning at Eight I walked to the Fort. On the Hill above it we found a large, deep hollow, capable of containing two or three thouſand People. On one Side of this, the Soldiers ſoon cut a Place with their Swords for me to ſtand, where I was ſcreen'd both from the Wind and Sun, while the Congregation ſat on the Graſs before me. Many eminent Sinners were preſent, particularly of the Army. And I believe God gave them a loud Call to Repentance.

In the Evening I called Sinners to Repentance in the Main Street, at *Bandon*. On *Thurſday* and *Friday*, the Rain drove us into the Market-houſe. Indeed I hardly remember two dry Days together, ſince I landed in *Ireland*. *Saturday* 29, I returned to *Corke*, and ſpent a comfortable Day, having a ſtrong Hope, that God will lift up the Hands that hang down. *Monday* 31. I rode to *Clonmell*. A wide Door was opened here a Year ago. But one Evening, juſt after Sermon was ended, the Room in which the Preaching had been, fell. Two or three Perſons were hurt thereby: For which Reaſon, (could one deſire a better?) the People of the Town vowed, That no Methodiſt ſhould ever more preach in *Clonmell*.

Tueſd. Sept. 1. I preached at *Waterford*. Only one poor Man behaved amiſs. His Caſe is really to be pitied. Some Time ſince he had ſtrong

Deſires

Defires to ferve God, and had broke off his outward Sins, when Mr. ———, one of the Prebendaries, told him, "He did very wrong to go after thofe Fellows," and made him promife to hear them no more. He kept his Word, and turned back, as a Dog to his Vomit, wallowing in Sin, as he did before. But he does not go to the *Methodifts*; fo all is well. He may go to the Devil and welcome.

Wed. 2. At Eleven Mr. *Welfh* began preaching in Irifh in the Market-houfe. It being Market-day, the People flocked from all Sides, many of them feriofly attended. A few of the Rabble curfed and fwore; but did not make any confiderable Interruption.

At five I went to the Court-houfe, and began preaching. But the Mob was fo numerous and noify that few could hear. Perceiving the Noife increafe more and more, I walked through the midft of the Mob to my Lodgings. They hollow'd and fhouted and curfed amain. Hitherto could they come, but no further.

Thurf. Sept. 14. (fo we muft call it now, feeing the *New Style* now takes place) I rode to the Bog of *Boiree*, where a great and effectual Door is open'd. On Friday Evening we rode on to *Goree*, and the next day to *Dublin*.

Sund. 17, I made an end of Mr. *V———Effay on the Happinefs of the Life to come*. I am glad it is wrote in *French*. Probably not many in Ireland will be at the pains of reading it. He is a lively, fenfible Writer. But I cannot believe his Hypothefis, while I believe the Bible.

Mond. 18. We had our firft Watchnight in the New Houfe; and it was a Night that will not foon be forgotten. On *Tuefday* I rode to *Portarlington*, and the next Day to *Birr*, through fo violent a Storm, that my Stength was utterly exhaufted, and how I fhould preach, I knew not. But God foon renew'd my Strength; and on *Thurf.* 21. I arofe lively and well; and in the Afternoon, through

through continued Rain, came very wet, but not tired to *Limerick*.

Sat. 23. We reach'd *Corke*. *Sund.* 24. In the Evening I propoſed to the Society, the building a Preaching-houſe. The next Day ten Perſons ſubſcrib'd an hundred Pounds; another hundred was ſubſcribed in three or four Days, and a Piece of Ground taken. I ſaw a double Providence now in our not ſailing laſt Week. If we had, probably this Houſe had never been built: And it is moſt likely, we ſhould have been caſt away: Above Thirty Ships, we were inform'd, have been loſt on theſe Coaſts in the late Storm.

Sund. Oct. 1. We had in the Morning at St. *Paul*'s, a ſtrong, cloſe, practical Sermon; and another, at our own Church in the Afternoon, delivered in an earneſt, affectionate manner. We had a ſolemn Seaſon likewiſe at the Room: So that this Day was a Day of Joy and Thankſgiving.

The Wind being contrary ſtill, on *Mond.* 2. I rode once more to *Bandon*. But though I came unexpected, the Houſe was too ſmall to contain one half of the Congregation. So I preached in the Street both this Evening, and at Five on *Tueſday* Morning: The Moon giving us as much Light as we wanted till the Sun ſupplied her place. I then returned to *Corke*: On *Frid.* 6. the Ship being under ſail, we took Boat, and came to *Cove* in the Evening. All the Inns being full, we lodged at a private Houſe. But we found one Inconvenience herein. We had nothing to eat: For our Proviſions were on board, and there was nothing to be bought in the Town: Neither Fleſh, nor Fiſh, nor Butter, nor Cheeſe. At length we procured ſome Eggs, and Bread, and were well contented.

Sund. 8. We were called early by the Pilot, and told we muſt riſe and go on board. We did ſo, and found a large number of Paſſengers: But the Wind turning, moſt of them went on ſhore. At Eleven I preached to thoſe that were left. About ſix it

blew

blew a Storm. But we were anchord in a ſafe Harbour, ſo it neither hurt nor diſturbed us.

Mond. 9. Finding there was no Probability of ſailing ſoon, we went up to Mr. *P*———'s, near *Paſſage*. I preached there in the Street about Four, to moſt of the Inhabitants of the Town. They behaved very quietly; but very few ſeemed either convinced or affected.

Tueſ. 10. We had another violent Storm. It made Mr. *P*———'s Houſe rock to and fro, tho' it was a new, ſtrong Houſe, and covered on all ſides with Hills as well as with Trees. We afterwards heard, that ſeveral Ships were loſt on the Coaſt. Only one got into the Harbour, but grievouſly ſhattered, her Rigging torn in Pieces, and her Main-Maſt gone by the Board.

Wed. 11. I rode to *Corke* once more, and was very fully employed all the day. The next Morning we returned to *Cove*, and about Noon got out of the Harbour. We immediately found the Effects of the late Storm, the Sea ſtill boiling like a pot. The Moon ſat about Eight, but the Northern Lights abundantly ſupplied her Place. Soon after God ſmoothed the Face of the Deep, and gave us a ſmall, fair Wind.

Frid. 13. I read over *Paſcal's Thoughts*. What could poſſibly induce ſuch a Creature as *Voltaire*, to give ſuch an Author as this a good Word? Unleſs it was, that he once wrote a Satire? And ſo his being a *Satiriſt* might atone, even for his being a *Chriſtian*.

Sat. 14. About Seven, we ſailed into *Kingroad*, and happily concluded our little Voyage. I now reſted a Week at *Briſtol* and *Kingſwood*, preaching only Morning and Evening.

Sund. 22. Having heard grievous Complaints of the Society in *Kinſwood*, as if there were "many "diſorderly Walkers therein," I made a particular Enquiry. And I found there was one Member who drank too much in *January* or *February* laſt. But I could

could not find one, who at this Time lived in any outward Sin whatever. When ſhall we be aware of the Accuſer of the Brethren? How long ſhall we be ignorant of his Devices? And ſuffer him by theſe looſe, indeterminate Accuſations, to make our Minds evil-affected toward each other?

Wed. 25. I rode to *Wick*, and rejoiced over a People who have run well from the Beginning. The Perſon at whoſe Houſe I preached, was ſuppoſed to be at the Point of Death. But Eaſe or Pain, Life or Death, was welcome to her. She deſired indeed to depart, and to be with Chriſt. But it was with perfect Reſignation; her Will being ſwallowed up in the Will of Him, whom her Soul loved.

Thurſ. 26. The Remains of *Elizabeth Man*, being brought to the Room, I preached on, *Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord.* How plain an Inſtance is here of Grace ſo changing the Heart, as to have no trace of the natural Temper? I remember her fretful, peeviſh, murmuring, diſcontented with every Thing. But for more than a Year before ſhe died, God laid the Axe to the Root of the Tree. All her Peeviſhneſs and Fretfulneſs were gone. She was always content, always thankful. She was not only conſtant in Prayer, and in all the Ordinances of God, but abundant in Praiſe and Thankſgiving. Often her Soul was ſo filled with Love and Praiſe, that her Body was quite overpowered. On *Sunday* Morning, ſhe ſaid, "I am ſtruck with Death: Her Pains were violent all the Day. But they interrupted not her Prayer and Praiſe, and Exhortation to thoſe about her, till about Three in the Morning, having finiſhed her Work, ſhe was ſet at Liberty.

Sund. 29. Was an uſeful Day to my Soul. I found more than once Trouble and Heavineſs; but I called upon the Name of the Lord: And he gave me a clear, full Approbation of his Way, and a calm, thankful Acquieſcence in his Will.

I can-

I cannot but ſtand amazed at the Goodneſs of God. Others are moſt aſſaulted on the weak Side of their Soul. But with me it is quite otherwiſe. If I have any Strength at all, (and I have none but what I *received*) it is in forgiving Injuries. And on this very Side am I aſſaulted, more frequently than on any other. Yet leave me not here one Hour to myſelf: or I ſhall betray myſelf and Thee!

Mond. 30. I rode to *Salisbury*, and in the two following Days, examined ſeverally the Members of the Society, and on *Thurſday* left them determined to ſtand in the good old Way, in all the Ordinances and Commandments of God.

In the Evening I endeavoured to re-unite the little ſcattered Flock at *Winterburn*.

Frid. Nov. 3. I rode to *Reading*, and on *Saturday* to *London*.

Mond. 6. A remarkable Note was given me in the Evening: It ran in theſe Words; "*James Thompſon*, Sailor, on board the *George* and *Mary*, a *Sunderland* Collier, bound for *Middleborough* in *September* laſt, met with a Gale of Wind, which wrecked her on the *Baynard Sands*, off the Coaſt of *Zealand*. Here every Soul periſhed, ſave himſelf, who was for three Days and three Nights, floating on a Piece of the Wreck, with another Man dead by his Side, in which Time the poor Sufferer had loſt his Senſes. At length he was taken up by the *Dolphin-Packet*, and eſcaped ſafe to Land. He is now willing to return hearty Thanks to God, and to proclaim his Deliverance to the World, that all who hear it may *praiſe the Lord for his Goodneſs, and declare the Wonders that he doth for the Children of Men.*"

In the remaining Part of this, and in the following Month, I prepared the reſt of the Books for the *Chriſtian Library*: A Work by which I have loſt above Two hundred Pounds. Perhaps the next Generation may know the Value of it.

Mond. Jan. 1. 1753. A large Congregation met at Four, and praiſed him with joyful Hearts and

Lips, who had given us to ſee another Year.

Tueſ. 2. I breakfaſted at *Ephraim Bedder*'s. How ſtrangely diverſified is the Scene of his Life? How often had he been, both outwardly and inwardly in the deep! But at length God has lifted up his Head.

Thurſ. 4. I viſited one, on the Borders of Eternity, who did not know his Intereſt in Chriſt. O how melancholy is it, to leave all below, unleſs we have an Earneſt of a better Inheritance! How can any reaſonable Man bear the Thoughts of Death, till he has a Proſpect beyond the Grave?

Sund. 7. I breakfaſted with *M*——— *Y*———, an uncommon Monument of Mercy. For a long Time he was *turned back as a Dog to his Vomit*, and wallowed in all Manner of Wickedneſs. Yet his Wife could never give him up, nor could he ever eſcape from the Hell itſelf, till ſhe ſaid to him one Day, "Go up Stairs, and aſk of God, and you know not but he may yet bleſs you." He went, but with a dull, heavy Heart, and ſtayed about two Hours. When he came down, ſhe ſtared upon him, and ſaid, "What is the Matter now? What is come to you? You do not look as you did." He anſwered. "No, for I have found the Lord." And from that Hour he has endeavoured to walk worthy of God, who has again *called* him *to his Kingdom and Glory*.

Tueſ. 9. I talked largely with Mr. ———, and preſt him much to come and ſee me. He ſpoke *as if* he would. But Mrs. ——— told me frankly, "He never deſigned it." This *Separation* likewiſe of *chief Friends*, I aſcribe entirely to the Good Offices of Mr. *M*———*n*.

Mon. 15. We had our firſt Watch-night at *Snowſfields*. Scarce any went away till between Twelve and One. How is it, that never any one in *England* or *Ireland*, has been hurt for all theſe Years, in going to all Parts at the Dead of Night? Are not *the Hairs* of our *Head all numbered?*

Sat.

Sat. 20. I advised one who had been troubled many Years with a stubborn Paralytic Disorder to try a new Remedy. Accordingly she was *electrified*, and found immediate Help. By the same Means I have known two Persons cured of an inveterate Pain in the Stomach: And another of a Pain in his Side, which he had had ever since he was a Child.——Nevertheless, who can wonder, that many Gentlemen of the Faculty, as well as their good Friends, the Apothecaries, decry a Medicine so *shockingly* cheap and easy, as much as they do Quicksilver and Tar-Water.

Sund. 28. A solemn Awe spread over the whole Congregation, while I was explaining at *West-street*, the Parable of the Ten Virgins: More especially those who knew they had not *Oil in their Lamps*.

Sat. Feb. 3. I visited One in the *Marshalsea* Prison, a Nursery of all Manner of Wickedness. O Shame to Man, that there should be such a Place, such a Picture of Hell, upon Earth! And shame to those who bear the Name of Christ, That there should need any Prison at all in *Christendom!*

Thurs. 8. A Proposal was made for devolving all Temporal Business, Books and all, intirely on the Stewards: So that I might have no Care upon me (in *London*, at least) but that of the Souls committed to my Charge. O when shall it once be! From this Day? *In me Mora non erit ulla.*

In the Afternoon, I visited many of the Sick: But such Scenes, who could see unmoved? There are none such to be found in a *Pagan* Country. If any of the *Indians* in *Georgia* were Sick, (which indeed exceeding rarely happened, till they learned Gluttony and Drunkenness from the *Christians*) those that were near him, gave him whatever he wanted. Oh, who will convert the *English* into honest *Heathens?*

On *Friday* and *Saturday*, I visited as many more as I could. I found some in their Cells, under Ground; others in their Garrets, half starved, both with Cold and Hunger, added to Weakness and Pain. But I found not one of them unemployed, who was able to crawl about the Room. So wickedly, de-

viliſhly falſe is that common Objection, " They are poor, only becauſe they are idle." If you ſaw theſe Things with your own Eyes, could you lay out Money in Ornaments or Superfluities?

Sund. 11. I preached at *Hayes*. Here we have a fair Inſtance, of overcoming Evil with Good. All but the Gentry of the Pariſh patiently hear the Truth. Many approve of, and ſome experience it.

Thurſ. 15. I viſited Mr. *S*——, ſlowly recovering from a ſevere Illneſs. He expreſt much Love, and " did not doubt, he ſaid, in as much, as I meant well, but that God would convince me of my great Sin, in *writing Books*; ſeeing Men ought to read *no Book* but the *Bible*." I judged it quite needleſs to enter into a Diſpute, with a Sea-captain, Twenty-five Years old.

This Day Mr. *Stuart*, was releaſed. For two or three Years he had been *inſtant in Seaſon, out of Seaſon, doing the Work of an Evangeliſt, and making full Proof of his Miniſtry*. Three or four Weeks he fell ill of a Fever, and was for a while in Heavineſs of Soul. Laſt Week all his Doubts and Fears vaniſhed, and as he grew weaker in Body, he grew ſtronger in Faith. This Morning he expreſt an *Hope full of Immortality*, and in the Afternoon, went to God.

Sat. 17. From Mr. *Franklin*'s Letters I learned; 1. That Electrical Fire, (or Ether) is a Species of Fire, infinitely finer than any other yet known. 2. That it is diffuſed, and in nearly equal Proportions, through almoſt all Subſtances. 3. That as long as it is thus diffuſed, it has no diſcernible Effect. 4. That if any Quantity of it be collected together, whether by Art or Nature, it then becomes viſible, in the Form of Fire, and inexpreſſibly powerful. 5. That it is eſſentially different from the Light of the Sun; for it pervades a Thouſand Bodies, which Light cannot penetrate, and yet cannot penetrate Glaſs, which Light pervades ſo freely. 6. That Lightning is no other than Electrical Fire collected by one or more Clouds. 7. That all the Effects of Lightning may be performed, by the arti-

ficial

ficial Electric Fire. 8. That any thing pointed, as a Spire or Tree, attracts the Lightning, just as a Needle does the Electrical Fire. 9. That the Electrical Fire, discharged on a Rat or a Fowl, will kill it instantly: But discharged on one dipt in Water, will slide off, and do it no hurt at all. In like Manner, the Lightning which will kill a Man in a Moment, will not hurt him, if he be throughly wet. What an amazing Scene is here opened, for After-Ages to improve upon.

Wed. 21. I visited more of the poor Sick. The Industry of many of them supprized me. Several who were ill able to walk, were nevertheless at Work: Some without any Fire (bitterly Cold as it was) and some, I doubt, without any Food: Yet not without that *Meat which endureth to everlasting Life.*

Mond. 26. I set out in the Machine for *Bristol*; and on *Tuesday* Evening preached at *Bath*.

Wed. 28. We rode to *Bristol*. I now look'd over Mr. *Prince*'s *Christian History*. What an amazing Difference is there, in the Manner wherein God has carried on his Work in *England* and in *America!* There, above an Hundred of the established Clergy, Men of Age and Experience, and of the greatest Note for Sense and Learning in those Parts, are zealously engaged in the Work. Here, almost the whole Body of the aged, experienced, learned Clergy, are zealously engaged against it: And few but a Handful of raw, young Men engaged in it, without Name, Learning, or eminent Sense! And yet by that large Number of honourable Men, the Work seldom flourished above six Months at a Time, and then followed a lamentable and general Decay, before the next Revival of it: Whereas that which God hath wrought by these despised Instruments, has continually increased for Fifteen Years together: And at whatever Time it has declined in any one Place, has more eminently flourished in others.

Mond. March 5. I called on Mr. *Farley*, and saw a plain Confutation of that Vulgar Error, that Con-

ſumptions are not catching. He caught the Con ſumption from his Son, whereby he ſoon followed him to the Grave.

Wed. 14. I preached at *Frome*, a dry, barren, uncomfortable Place. The Congregation at *Shaftſbury* in the Evening were of a more excellent Spirit.

Thurſ. 15. I met the Stewards of the Neighbouring Societies at *Bearfield*, and was much refreſhed among them.

Frid. 16. I returned to *Briſtol*. And, on

Mond. 19. Set out with my Wife for the *North*. I preached in the Evening at *Wallbridge* near *Stroud*; The Houſe being too ſmall, many ſtood without: But neither before nor after preaching, (much leſs while I was ſpeaking) did I hear the Sound of any Voice: No, nor of any Foot; in ſo deep a Silence did they both come, hear, and go away.

Tueſd. 20. I preached in the Town-hall at *Eveſham*. At the Upper End of the Room, a large Body of People were ſtill and attentive. Mean Time at the lower End, many were walking to and fro, laughing and talking, as if they had been in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

Wed. 21. After Dinner, abundance of Rabble gathered near the Town-hall, having procured an Engine, which they exerciſed on all that came in their Way. So I gave them the Ground, and preached at our own Room, in great Quietneſs.

Thurſ. 22. I rode to *Birmingham*. A few poor Wretches, I found, had occaſioned freſh Diſturbance here. The chief was *Sarah B*——, with which I talked at large.

Sat. 24. She ſaid, "I am in Heaven, in the Spirit. But I can ſpeak in the Fleſh. I am not that which appears, but that which diſappears. I always pray, and yet I never pray. For what can I pray for? I have all." I aſked, "Do not you pray for Sinners?" She ſaid, No, "I know no Sinners, but One. I know but Two in the World. God is one, and the Devil is the other." I aſked, "Did not *Adam* ſin of old? And do not Adulterers and Murderers

ſin

ſin now." She replied, " No, *Adam* never ſinned. And no Man ſins now. It is only the Devil." " And will no Man ever be damned ?" " No Man ever will." " Nor the Devil ?" " I am not ſure, but I believe not." " Do you receive the Sacrament ?" " No ; I do not want it." Is the Word of God your Rule ? " Yes ; the Word made Fleſh : but not the Letter. I am in the Spirit."

Sund. 25. Upon Enquiry, I found theſe wild Enthuſiaſts were Six in all, four Men and two Women. They had firſt run into the Height of Antinomianiſm, and then were given up to the Spirit of Pride and Blaſphemy.

We reached *Bilbrook* in the Evening, and a little before Six, on *Monday* 26, *Poole*, near *Nantwich*. I was pretty much tired, but ſoon recovered my Strength, and explained to a ſerious People, *I determined not to know any Thing but Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified.*

Tueſ. 27. We rode to *Cheſter*, where we found the Scene quite changed, ſince I was here before. There is now no Talk of pulling down Houſes. The preſent Mayor, being a Man of Courage as well as Honeſty, will ſuffer no Riot of any Kind, ſo that there is Peace through all the City.

Wed. 28. The Houſe was full of ſerious Hearers at Five. In the Evening ſome gay young Men made a little Diſturbance ; and a large Mob was gathered about the Door. But in a ſhort Time, they diſperſed of themſelves. However we thought it beſt to acquaint the Mayor with what had paſt : On which he ordered the City Crier, to go down the next Evening and proclaim, that all Riots ſhould be ſeverely puniſhed. And promiſed, if need were, to come down himſelf, and read the Act of Parliament. But it needed not. After his Mind was known, none was ſo hardy as to make a Diſturbance.

I did not expect the Mob at *Nantwich*, (whither I was now much preſt to go) would be ſo quiet as that at *Cheſter*. We were ſaluted with Curſes and hard

hard Names, as ſoon as we entered the Town. But from the Time I alighted from my Horſe, I heard no one give us an ill Word. And I had as quiet and attentive an Audience, as we uſe to have at *Briſtol*, while I exhorted *the wicked to forſake his Way, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts.*

Sat. 31. I preached at *Boothbank*, where I met Mr. *C*——, (late) Gardiner to the Earl of *W*——. Surely it cannot be! Is it poſſible, the Earl ſhould turn off, an honeſt, diligent, well-tried Servant, who had been in the Family above Fifty Years, for no other Fault than "hearing the *Methodiſts!*"

In the Evening I preached at *Mancheſter*, and on *Monday*, *April* 2, at *Davy-holme*. Here I found (what I had never heard of in *England*) a whole Clan of Infidel Peaſants. A Neighbouring Ale-houſekeeper drinks, and laughs, and argues into Deiſm, all the Ploughmen and Dairy-men he can light on. But no Mob riſes againſt him. And Reaſon good. Satan is not divided againſt himſelf.

Wed. 4. I made an End of examining the Society at *Mancheſter*, among whom were ſeventeen of the Dragoons. It is remarkable, that theſe were in the ſame Regiment with *John Haime* in *Flanders*. But they utterly deſpiſed both him and his Maſter, till they removed to *Mancheſter*. Here it was, that one and another, dropt in, he ſcarce knew why, to hear the Preaching. And they now are a Pattern of all Serioufneſs, Zeal, and all holy Converſation.

Thurſ. 5. I rode to *Bolton*, and found the Society juſt double to what it was, when I was here laſt. And they are increaſed in Grace, no leſs than in Number, walking cloſely with God, lovingly and circumſpectly with one another, and wiſely toward thoſe that are without.

Sat. 7. I rode to *Chipping*. *Sund.* 8. As ſoon as we came into the Iſle of the Church from the Veſtry, a Man (ſince dead) thruſt himſelf between Mr. *Milner* and me, and ſaid, "You ſhall not go into the Pulpit." "I told him, "I am only going into the Deſk."

Deſk." He ſaid, "But you ſhall not go there neither," and puſhed me back by main Strength. Eight or ten noiſy Men joined with him quickly, and ſet themſelves in Battle array. Fearing ſome might take Fire on the other Side, I deſired Mr. *Milner*, to begin the Service. After Prayers (for he had no Sermon with him) great Part of the Congregation followed us to the *Vicaridge*. They came thither again after the Evening Service. And God made them large amends for their little Diſappointment in the Morning.

Mond. 9. Mr. *Milner* rode with us to *Kendal*. I preached there in a large convenient Room; (the Weather not allowing me to preach Abroad) where Mr. *Ingham*'s Society uſed to meet. I was a little diſguſted at their Manner of coming in and ſitting down, without any Pretence to any previous Prayer or Ejaculation; as well as at their ſitting during the Hymn, which indeed not one (though they knew the Tune) ſung with me. But it was far otherwiſe after Sermon: for God ſpake in his Word. At the ſecond Hymn every Perſon ſtood up, and moſt of them ſang very audibly. And the greateſt Part of the Society followed us to our Inn. Nor did they leave us, till we went to reſt.

Tueſ. 10. We breakfaſted at *Ambleſide*, where our Landlord appeared quite open to Conviction. We ſpoke plainly to him, prayed with, and left him full of Deſire and Thankfulneſs. Soon after we loſt our Way, in a vehement Shower of Snow, but recovered it in about an Hour, and got over the Mountains ſafe. The Woman of the Houſe where we dined, ſeemed to be one that feared God greatly. Yet when I ſpake of being ſaved by Faith, ſhe appeared to be utterly aſtoniſhed. About Six, after ſeveral heavy Showers, we came, moderately weary, to *Whitehaven*.

Wed. 11. Upon examining the Society I found that the Love of many was waxed cold. Nevertheleſs I found a conſiderable Number, who appeared to be growing in Grace. But ſurely here,

above

above any other Place in *England*, *GOD hath chosen the Poor of this World*. In Comparison of these, the Society at *Newcastle* are a rich and elegant People. It is enough, that they are *rich in Faith*, and in the *Labour of Love*.

Sat. 14. As we rode to *Clifton*, *John Hampson* and I could not but observe a little Circumstance. A black hail-cloud was driven full upon us, by a strong North-east Wind; till being just over us, it parted asunder, and fell on the Right and Left, leaving us untouched. We observed it the more, because three several Storms, one after another, went by in the same Manner.

Sund. 15. I preached in the Afternoon at *Cockermouth*, to well nigh all the Inhabitants of the Town. Intending to go from thence into *Scotland*, I inquired concerning the Road, and was informed, I could not pass the Arm of the Sea, which parts the two Kingdoms, unless I was at *Bonas*, about thirty Miles from *Cockermouth*, soon after Five in the Morning. At first I thought of taking an Hour or two's Sleep, and setting out at Eleven or Twelve. But upon farther Consideration, we chose to take our Journey first, and rest afterward. So we took Horse about Seven, and having a calm Moonshiny Night, reached *Bonas* before One. After two or three Hours sleep, we set out again, without any Faintness or Drowsiness.

Our Landlord, as he was guiding us over the Sands, very innocently asked, "How much a Year we got by preaching thus?" This gave me an Oppertunity of explaining to him that Kind of Gain, which he seemed utterly a Stranger to. He appeared to be quite amazed, and spake not one Word, good or bad, till he took his Leave.

Presently after he went, my Mare stuck fast in a Quagmire, which was in the midst of the high Road. But we could well excuse this. For the Road all along, for near fifty Miles after, was such as I never saw any natural Road, either in *England* or *Ireland*: Nay, far better, notwithstanding the continued Rain,

Rain, than the Turnpike-Road between *London* and *Bath*.

We dined at *Dumfrees*, a clean well built Town, having two of the moſt elegant Churches (one at each End of the Town) that I have ſeen. We reached *Thorny-hill* in the Evening. What miſerable Accounts paſs current in *England*, of the Inns in *Scotland*? Yet here, as well as wherever we called in our whole Journey, we had not only every Thing we wanted, but every Thing readily and in good Order, and as clean as I ever deſire.

Tueſd. 17 We ſet out about Four, and rode over ſeveral high, but extremely pleaſant Mountains, to *Lead-hill*, a Village of Miners, reſembling *Placey*, near *Newcaſtle*. We dined at a Village called *Leſmahaggy*, and about Eight in the Evening reached *Glaſgow*. A Gentleman who had overtaken us on the Road, ſent one with us to Mr. *Gilles*'s Houſe.

Wed. 18. I walked over the City, which I take to be as large as *Corke*, or *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*. The Univerſity (like that of *Dublin*) is only one College, conſiſting of two ſmall Squares: I think not larger, nor at all handſomer, than thoſe of *Lincoln College* in *Oxford*. The Habit of the Students gave me Surprize. They wear ſcarlet Gowns, reaching only to their Knees Moſt I ſaw were very dirty; ſome very ragged, and all of very coarſe Cloth. The high Church is a fine Building. The Outſide is equal to that of moſt Cathedrals in *England*. But it is miſerably defaced within, having no Form, Beauty, or Symmetry left.

At Seven in the Evening, Mr. *G.* began the Service at his own (the College) Church. It was ſo full before I came, that I could not get in, without a good deal of Difficulty. After ſinging and Prayer, he explained a Part of the Catechiſm, which he ſtrongly and affectionately applied. After Sermon he prayed and ſung again, and concluded with the Bleſſing.

He then gave out, one after another, four Hymns, which about a dozen young Men ſung. He had before

before desired those who were so minded, to go away: but scarce any stirred till all was ended.

Thurs. 19. At Seven I preached about a Quarter of a Mile from the Town. But it was an extremely rough and blustring Morning. And few People came either at the Time or Place of my preaching: The natural Consequence of which was, that I had but a small Congregation. About Four in the Afternoon, a *Tent*, as they term it, was prepared, a kind of moving Pulpit, covered with Canvas at the Top, behind, and on the Sides. In this I preached near the Place where I was in the Morning, to near six Times as many People as before. And I am persuaded what was spoken came to some of their Hearts, not in Word only, but in Power.

Friday 20. I had designed to preach at the same Place. But the Rain made it impracticable. So Mr. *G.* desired me to preach in his Church, where I began between Seven and Eight. Surely with God nothing is impossible! Who would have believed five and twenty Years ago, either that the Minister would have desired it, or that I should have consented, to preach in a *Scotch Kirk*.

We had a far larger Congregation at Four in the Afternoon, than the Church could have contained. At Seven Mr. *G.* preached another plain, home, affectionate Sermon. Has not God still a Favour for this City? It was long eminent for serious Religion. And He is able to repair what is now decayed, and to build up the waste Places.

Sat. 21. I had designed to ride to *Edinburgh*, but at the Desire of many, I deferred my Journey till *Monday*. Here was now an open and effectual Door. And not many Adversaries: I could hear of none but a poor *Seceder*, who went up and down, and took much Pains. But he did not see much Fruit of his Labour: The People *would* come and hear for themselves; both in the Morning, when I explained, (without touching the Controversy) *Who shall lay any Thing to the Charge of GOD's Elect?* and

and in the Afternoon when I inforced, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found.*

Sund. 22. It rained much. Nevertheleſs, upwards (I ſuppoſe) of a thouſand People ſtayed with all Willingneſs, while I explained and applied, *This is Life eternal, to know Thee, the only true GOD and Jeſus Chriſt whom he hath ſent.* I was deſired to preach afterwards at the Priſon, which I did about Nine o'Clock. All the Felons as well as Debtors behaved with ſuch Reverence as I never ſaw at any Priſon in *England.* It may be ſome, even of theſe Sinners will occaſion *Joy in Heaven.*

The Behaviour of the People at Church both Morning and Afternoon, was beyond any Thing I ever ſaw, but in *our* Congregations. None bowed or curtſied to each other, either before or after the Service: From the Beginning to the End of which, none talked, or look'd at any but the Miniſter. Surely much of the *Power* of Godlineſs *was* here, when there is ſo much of the *Form* ſtill.

The Meadow where I ſtood in the Afternoon, was filled from Side to Side. I ſpoke as cloſely as ever in my Life. Many of the Students, and many of the Soldiers were there. And I bear them Witneſs, they could *bear ſound Doctrine.*

Mond. 22. I had a great Deſire to go round by *Kilſythe*, in order to ſee that venerable Man, Mr. *Robe*, who was every Day expecting (what his Soul longed for) *to depart and to be with Chriſt.* But the continual Rains had made it impracticable for us, to add ſo many Miles to our Day's Journey. So we rode on ſtrait, by the *Kirk of Shots*; reached *Edinburgh* by Five in the Afternoon; lodged at *Tranent*, and on *Tueſday* 24, came to *Berwick* in good Time. I preached on the Bowling-Green at Six. The Wind was extremely ſharp, and we had ſeveral Showers, while I was ſpeaking. But I believe ſcarce five Perſons went away.

Wed. 25. We came to *Alnwick*, on the Day whereon thoſe who have gone through their Apprenticeſhip are made Free of the Corporation. Six-

teen or Seventeen we were informed, were to receive their Freedom this Day: And in order thereto (ſuch is the unparalled Wiſdom of the preſent Corporation, as well as of their Forefathers!) to walk through a great Bog, (purpoſely preſerved for the Occaſion; otherwiſe it might have been drained long ago) which takes up ſome of them to the Neck, and many of them to the Breaſt.

Thurſ. 26. I ſpoke ſeverally to thoſe of the Society, and found they had been harraſt above meaſure, by a few violent Predeſtinarians, who had at length ſeparated themſelves from us. It was well they ſaved me the Trouble; for I can have no Connexion with thoſe who *will* be contentious. Theſe I reject, not for their Opinion, but for their Sin; for their unchriſtian Temper and unchriſtian Practice; for being haters of Reproof, haters of Peace, haters of their Brethren, and conſequently, of God.

Sat. 28. I returned to *Newcaſtle*. *Sunday* 29. I preached in *Sunderland*, at Eight and at Twelve. As we were riding back, the Wind was exceeding high. But as we enter'd *Newcaſtle*, a Shower began, which laid the Wind, and then gave place to clear Sunſhine. I was extremely weary when we came in, having preached four Times on *Saturday*. But my Strength ſoon returned, ſo that the whole Congregation near the Keelmen's Hoſpital, could diſtinctly hear the entire Sermon. And great was the Lord in the Midſt of us.

Thurſ. May 3. I preached at *Gateſhead*, Fell to many more than the Houſe would contain. The Society here was encreaſed when I met them laſt, from Nine or Ten to Sixty Members. They are now double the Number, and I truſt will e'er long overtake their Brethren in *Kinſwood*.

Frid. 4. We had the Firſt General Quarterly Meeting of all the Stewards round *Newcaſtle*, in order throughly to underſtand both the ſpiritual and temporal State of every Society.

Mond. 7.

Mond. 7. After preaching in *Durham* at Noon, I rode on to *Stockton*, and took my usual Stand in the High Street, about Six in the Evening.

Tues. 8. I rode to *Robin-hood*'s Bay, near *Whitby*. The Town is very remarkably situated: It stands close to the Sea, and is in great Part built on craggy and steep Rocks, some of which rise perpendicular from the Water. And yet the Land both on the North, South, and West, is fruitful, and well cultivated. I stood on a little Rising near the Key, in a warm, still Evening, and exhorted a Multitude of People from all Parts, To *seek the Lord, while he may be found.* They were all Attention, and most of them met me again at half an Hour after Four in the Morning. I could gladly have spent some Days here. But my Stages were fix'd. So on *Wed.* 9. I rode on to *York*.

We had a rough Salute, as I went to preach, from a Company of poor Creatures in the Way. But they were tolerably quiet during the Preaching. The greatest Inconvenience arose from the Number of People: by reason of which the Room (tho' unusually high) felt as hot as an Oven.

Frid. 11. I rode over to *Rufforth*, and preached at one to an earnest Congregation. A young Man, remarkably serious and well behaved, and rejoycing in his first Love, who set out but a few Minutes before me, was thrown by his Horse, and (as it is termed) broke his Neck. Just at the Instant, a Person going by, who understood the Case, took hold of him, and pull'd it into its Place. O Mystery of Providence! Why did not this Man die, when he was full of humble, holy Love? Why did he live, to *turn from the holy Commandment* which was then written in his Heart?

Sat. 12. I observed a remarkable Change in the Behaviour of almost all I met. The very Rabble were grown civil, scarce any one now speaking a rude or an angry Word.

Sund. 13. I began preaching at seven, and God applied it to the Hearts of the Hearers. Tears and

Groans were on every Side among high and low. God as it were, bowed the Heavens and came down. The Flame of Love went before him, the Rocks were broken in Pieces, and the Mountains flowed down at his Presence.

I had designed to set out for *Lincolnshire* this Morning. But finding that a Day of God's Power was come, I sent one thither in my Place, and after preaching (as I had appointed) at *Stanford-bridge*, and at *Pocklington*, returned to *York* in the Evening. Let us work together with Him, when and where, and as he pleases!

Every Night while I staid, many of the Rich and Honourable crowded in among us. And is not *GOD able, even of these Stones to raise up Children to* Abraham?

Thurs. 19. I preached at *Pocklington* again, and rode on to *Whitgift Ferry*. It rained a great Part of the Way, and just as we got upon the Water, a furious Shower began, which continued above half an Hour, while we were striving to get *John Haime*'s Horse into the Boat. But we were forced after all to leave him behind. We set out from *Whitgift* soon after Four. But the violent Rain which attended us till after Seven, made the Road so dirty and slippery, that our Horses could very hardly keep their Feet: So that it was Nine before we reached *Epworth*.

Sund. 20. We had, as usual, most of the Inhabitants of the Town at the Cross in the Afternoon. I called afterwards on Mr. ——— and his Wife, a venerable Pair, calmly hastening into Eternity. If those in Paradice know what passes on Earth, I doubt not but my Father is rejoicing and praising God, who has in his own Manner and Time accomplished, what *he* had so often attempted in vain.

Mond. 21. I rode to *Sykehouse*, and preached about Noon, and then went on for *Leeds*. In the Afternoon we called at an House where a Company of rough, butcherly Men, exceeding drunk, were cursing and swearing at an unusual rate. I spoke to them

hem, in ſpite of *German* Prudence, and they were not only patient, but exceeding thankful.

Tueſ. 22. Moſt of our Preachers met, and converſed freely together: As we did, Morning and Afternoon, to the End of the Week; when our Conference ended with the ſame Bleſſing as it began. God giving us all to be not only of one Heart, but of one Judgment.

This Week I read over Mr. *Rimius*'s *Candid Narrative.* It informed me of nothing new. I ſtill think ſeveral of the inconſiderable Members of that Community are upright. But I fear their Governors *wax worſe and worſe, having their Conſcience ſeared as with an hot Iron.*

Sund. 27. I was afraid many of the Congregation at *Birſtal* would not be able to hear. But my Fear was needleſs. For my Voice was ſo ſtrengthened, that even thoſe who ſat in *John Nelſon*'s Windows, an hundred Yards off, could (as they afterwards told me) diſtinctly hear every Word.

Tueſ. 29. I preached at *Kighley*, where the loving Spirit, and exemplary Behaviour of one young Man, has been a Means of convincing almoſt all the Town—Except thoſe of his own Houſhold.

Wed. 30. I rode to *Haworth*, where Mr. *Grimſhaw* read Prayers, and I preached to a crowded Congregation. But having preached Ten or Eleven Times in three Days, beſides meeting the Societies, my Voice began to fail. Not that I was hoarſe at all: but I had not Strength to ſpeak. However, it was reſtored at *Heptonſtall* in the Afternoon, ſo that the whole Congregation could hear. When ſhall we learn, to take thought only for the preſent Hour? Is it not enough, that God gives Help *when* we want it?

Thurſ. 31. I rode thro' a delightful Vale to *General-Wood*, near *Todmorden*. The Sun was burning hot; but they ſet up a little Tent for me, reſembling that I had at *Glaſgow*. The People ſtood or ſat on the Graſs round about. The Afternoon was the hotteſt I ever remember in *England*: So that by the Time

we came to *Bolton*, I was fit for nothing but to lie down. However in the Evening my Strength was renewed, and we rejoiced together in God our Saviour.

Sat. June 2. Hardly knowing how to give Credit, to an odd Story which I had heard, That one of our Preachers was accustomed to preach in his Sleep, I enquired more particularly concerning it, and receiv'd the following Account. " On *Frid. May* 25. about One in the Morning, being then fast asleep, he began to speak. There were present in two or three Minutes *William*, *Mary*, *Amelia Shent*, *John Haime*, *John Hampson*, *Jos. Jones*, *Thomas Mitchell*, and *Ann Foghill*.

He first exhorted the Congregation, *To sing with the Spirit and the Understanding also*, and gave them Directions how to do it. He then gave out that Hymn, Line by Line,

" Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickning Powers,"

pitching the Tune, and singing it to the End. He added an Exhortation, To *take heed how they heard*, " Then he named his Text, 1 *John* v. 19. *We know that we are of GOD, and the whole World lieth in Wickedness*. He divided his Discourse into six Parts, undertaking to shew, 1. That all true Believers *are of GOD*: 2. That they *know* they *are of GOD*: 3. That *the World lieth in Wickedness*. 4. That every Individual who is of the World, is in this Condition. 5. The dreadful End of such. He, 6. closed with an Exhortation to those who were *of GOD*, and those who were *of the World*.

" After he had gone thro' two or three Heads, he broke off, and began to speak to a Clergyman, who came in and interrupted him. He disputed with him for some Time, leaving him Space to propose his Objections, and then answering them one by one. Afterwards he desired the Congregation, now the Disturber was gone, to return Thanks to God, and so gave out and sung

" Praise God from whom pure Blessings flow".

" When

" When he had done preaching he desired the Society to meet: To whom he first gave out an Hymn, as before, and then exhorted them to love one another, 1. Because they had one Creator, Preserver and Father, 2. Because they had all one Redeemer, 3. Because they had all one Sanctifier. 4. Because they were walking in one Way of Holiness, and 5. Because they were all going to one Heaven.

" Having sung a parting Verse, he said, (as shaking each by the Hand, " Goodnight, Brother; Goodnight, Sister. This lasted till about a Quarter after Two, he being fast asleep all the Time. In the Morning he knew nothing of all this, having, as he apprehended, slept from Night to Morning, without dreaming at all." By what Principles of Philosophy can we account for this?

Mond. 4. I rode from *Manchester* to *Chelmerton in the Peak*, where I preached in a little Meadow, and reached *Sheffield* in the Evening.

Tues. 5. I rode over to *Jonathan Booth*'s at *Woodsets*, whose Daughter had been ill in a very uncommon Manner. The Account her Parents gave of it was as follows.

" About the Middle of *December*, 1752, *Elizabeth Booth* junior, near ten Years old, began to complain of a Pain in her Breast, which continued three Days: On the fourth Day, in a Moment, without any Provocation, to be in a vehement Rage, reviling her Mother, and throwing at the Maid what came next to Hand. This Fit continued near an Hour. Then in an Instant she was quite calm. The next Morning she fell into a Fit of another Kind, being stretched out, and stiff as a dead Carcase. Thus she lay about an Hour. In the Afternoon she was suddenly seized with violent involuntary Laughter: And she had some or other of these Fits several Times a-day, for about a Month. In the Intervals of them she was in great Heaviness of Soul, and continually crying for Mercy: Till one *Saturday*, as she lay stretched out on the Bed, she broke out, " I know that my Redeemer liveth." Her Faith and Love increased from that

that Time: But ſo did the Violence of her Fits alſo. And often while ſhe was rejoicing and praiſing God, ſhe would cry out, O Lord! and loſing her Senſes at once, lie as dead, or laugh violently, or rave and blaſpheme."

"In the Middle of *February* ſhe grew more outrageous than ever. She frequently ſtrove to throw herſelf into the Fire, or out of the Window. Often ſhe attempted to tear the Bible, curſing it in the bitereſt Manner. And many Times ſhe uttered Oaths and Blaſphemies, too horrid to be repeated. Next to the Bible, her greateſt Rage was againſt the *Methodiſts*, Mr. *W.* in particular. She frequently told us where he was, and what he was then doing: adding, "He will be here ſoon: And at another Time, "Now he is galloping down the Lane, and two Men with him." In the Intervals of her Fits ſhe was unuſua'ly ſtupid and moped, as if void of common Underſtanding: And yet ſometimes broke out into vehement Prayer, to the Amazement of all that heard.

"Sometimes ſhe would ſtrip herſelf ſtark naked, and run up and down the Houſe, ſcreaming and crying, "Save me, ſave me. He will tear me in Pieces." At other Times ſhe cried out, "He is tearing off my Breaſts; he is pouring melted Lead down my Throat. Now I ſuffer what the Martyrs ſuffered. But I have not the Martyrs Faith."

"She frequently ſpoke as if ſhe was another Perſon, ſaying to her Father, "This Girl is not thine, but mine. I have got Poſſeſſion of her, and I will keep her: with many Expreſſions of the ſame kind."

"She often ſeemed to be in a Trance, and ſaid ſhe ſaw many Viſions: Sometimes of Heaven or Hell, or Judgment; ſometimes of Things which ſhe ſaid would ſhortly come to paſs"

"In the Beginning of *March*, Mrs. *G.* came over from *Rotherham*," who herſelf gave me the following Account. "Soon after I came in, ſhe fell into a raging Fit, blaſpheming and curſing her Father and me. She added, "It was I that made *Green*'s Horſe ſo bad the other Day:" (which had been taken ill in a moſt

a moſt unaccountable Manner, aſſoon as he was put into the Stable) I did it that thou mighteſt have the Preaching no more, and I had almoſt perſuaded thee to it. It was I that made thee bad laſt Night." I was then taken in an unuſual Way. All the Time ſhe ſpoke ſhe was violently convulſed, and appeared to be in ſtrong Agony. After about a Quarter of an Hour, ſhe brake out into Prayer, and then came to herſelf, only ſtill dull and heavy."

John Thorpe of *Rotherham*, had often a Deſire to pray for her in the Congregation. But he was as often hindered, by a ſtrong and ſudden Impreſſion on his Mind, that ſhe was dead. When he came to *Woodſets*, and began to mention what a Deſire he had had, the Girl being then in a raging Fit, cried out, "I have made a Fool of *Thorpe*, and burſt out into a loud Laughter,"

"In the Beginning of *May* all theſe Symptoms ceaſed. And ſhe continues in Health both of Soul and Body."

Wed. 6. It being ſtill ſultry hot, I preached under a ſhady Tree at *Barley-hall*, and in an open Place at *Rotherham* in the Evening: On *Frid.* 8. we reached *Nottingham*. Mr. *S.* met us here, and gave us a pleaſing Account of his Congregation at *S*———, continually increaſing, and growing more earneſt and more ſcandalous every Day. At *Nottingham* alſo God is greatly reviving his Work, and pouring Water upon the dry Ground.

In the Afternoon I rode to *Markfield*, where I carefully read over Mr. *Stinſtra*'s Tract upon *Fanaticiſm*. He is doubtleſs a well-meaning Man, but deeply ignorant of the Subject he treats of. And his Arguments are of no Force at all; for they prove abundantly too much. They utterly overthrow many of the grand Arguments for Chriſtianity: And every Man may on thoſe Principles prove the Apoſtles to have been Fanaticks to a Man.

June 10. being *Whitſunday*, the Church contained the Congregation tolerably well. After Dinner, a Gentleman who came from *Leiceſter*, eight Miles off, invited

invited me thither. About Eight I preached there, in a Place near the Walls, called the *Butt-Close*. The People came running together from all Parts, high and low, rich and poor. And their Behaviour surprised me: They were so serious and attentive, not one offering any Interruption.

Mond. 11. We rode to *Woburn*. *Tues.* 12. promised to be an exceeding hot Day. But the Clouds rose assoon as we set out, and continued till we were near *Market-Street*. The Sun was then burning hot, so that how my Fellow-travellers would get forward, I knew not. But God knew. As soon as we set out, a Cloud arose, and covered us again, The Wind then came about, and blew in our Faces: So that we had a tolerable cool Ride to *London*.

I found the Town much alarmed with Mr. *Rimius*'s Narrative, and Mr. *Whitefield*'s *Letter to Count Z.* It seems indeed that God is hastning to bring to Light those hidden Works of Darkness. And undoubtedly none who reads those Tracts, with any Degree of Impartiality, will ever more (unless he be himself under a strong Delusion) *go near the Tents of those wicked Men.*

Tues. 19. Mr. *Wh*— shewed me the Letters he had lately received from the Count, *Cossart*, *P. Böhler*, and *James Hutton*. I was amazed. Either furious Anger, or settled Contempt breathed in every one of them. Were they ashamed after all the Abominations they had committed? No; they were not ashamed. They turned the Tables upon Mr. *Wh.* *C*——protested before God, He had never made *Lynde* any Offer at all. The C——— blustered, like himself, and roundly aver'd, "He *could* say something—if he would." *J*— *H.* said flat, You have "more than diabolical Impudence; I believe the Devil himself has not so much."

Sund. 24. Mr. *Walsh* preached at *Shorts-garden's* in *Irish*. Abundance of his Country-men flocked to hear; and some were cut to the Heart. How many means does God use, to bring poor Wanderers back to himself?

Sund.

Sund. July 1. He preached in *Iriſh* in *Moorfields*. The Congregation was exceeding large, and behaved ſeriouſly; though probably many of them came, purely to hear, What Manner of Language it was. For the Sake of theſe, he preached afterwards in *Engliſh*, if by any Means he might gain ſome.

Tueſd. 3. I rode over to Mr. *K*———'s at *Teddington*, an *Iſraelite* indeed. Dr. *H*——— ſent after Dinner to deſire our Company, and ſhewed us ſeveral Experiments. How well do Philoſophy and Religion agree, in a Man of ſound Underſtanding?

Sund. 8. After preaching at the Chappel Morning and Afternoon, I took Horſe with Mr. *P*——. We had deſigned to ride only two or three Hours, in order to ſhorten the next Day's Journey. But a young Man who overtook us near *Kingſton*, induced us to change our Purpoſe. So we only reſted about half an Hour at *Cobham*; and leaving it between Nine and Ten, rode on ſoftly in a calm, moon-ſhiny Night, and about Twelve came to *Godalmin*. We took Horſe again, at half an Hour paſt Four, and reached *Portſmouth* about One.

I was ſurprized to find ſo little Fruit here, after ſo much Preaching. That accurſed Itch of diſputing had well-nigh deſtroyed all the Seed which had been ſown. And this *vain jangling*, they called *contending for the Faith!* I doubt the whole Faith of theſe poor Wretches is but an *Opinion*.

After a little Reſt, we took a Walk round the Town, which is regularly fortified; and is, I ſuppoſe, the only regular Fortification, in *Great-Britain*, or *Ireland*. *Goſport*, *Portſmouth*, and the *Common* (which is now all turned into Streets) may probably contain half as many People as *Briſtol*. And ſo civil a People I never ſaw before, in any Sea-port Town in *England*.

I preached at half an Hour after ſix, in an open Part of the Common, adjoining to the *New Church*. The Congregation was large and well behaved.

Not

Not one Scoffer did I ſee, nor one Trifler. In the Morning, *Tueſ.* 10. I went on board an Hoy, and in three Hours landed at *Cowes* in the *Iſle of Wight:* As far exceeding the *Iſle of Angleſey*, both in Pleaſantneſs and Fruitfulneſs, as that exceeds the Rocks of *Scilly*.

We rode ſtrait to *Newport*, the chief Town in the Iſle, and found a little Society, in tolerable Order. Several of them had found Peace with God. One informed me, it was about Eight Years ago, ſince ſhe firſt knew her Intereſt in Chriſt, by Means of one who called there, in his Way to *Penſilvania*. But having none to ſpeak to, or adviſe with, ſhe was long tormented with Doubts and Fears. After ſome Years, ſhe received a freſh Manifeſtation of his Love, and could not doubt or fear any more. She is now (and has been long) confined to her Bed, and conſuming away with pining Sickneſs. But all is Good to her, for ſhe has learnt, in every Thing to give Thanks.

At half an Hour after ſix, I preached in the Market-place, to a numerous Congregation. But they were not ſo ſerious as thoſe at *Portſmouth*. Many Children made much Noiſe; and many grown Perſons were talking aloud, almoſt all the Time I was preaching. It was quite otherwiſe at Five in the Morning. There was a large Congregation again; and every Perſon therein ſeemed to know, this was the Word whereby God would judge in the laſt Day.

In the Afternoon, I walked to *Cariſhbrook-Caſtle*, or rather the poor Remains of it. It ſtands upon a ſolid Rock on the Top of an Hill, and commands a beautiful Proſpect. There is a Well in it, cut quite through the Rock, ſaid to be ſeventy-two Yards deep, and another in the Citadel, near an Hundred. They drew up the Water by an Aſs, which they aſſured us was ſixty Years old. But all the ſtately Apartments lie in Ruins. Only juſt enough of them is left, to ſhew the Chamber where poor

King

King *Charles* was confined, and the Window through which he attempted to escape.

In the Evening the Congregation at *Newport*, was more numerous and more serious than the Night before. Only one drunken Man made a little Disturbance. But the Mayor ordered him to be taken away.

Thurs. 12. We set out early from *Newport*, and cross'd over from *Cowes* to *Southampton*. In the Afternoon we came to *Salisbury*, and on *Saturday* rode on to *Shaftsbury*.

I preached in the New House in the Evening: On *Sunday* Afternoon, at *Deverel Long-bridge*, and on *Monday* the 16th before Noon, praised God, with our Brethren at *Bristol*.

Tues. 17. At their earnest Desire, I preached to the poor Colliers confined in *Newgate*, on account of the late Riot. They *would* not hear the Gospel, while they were at Liberty. God grant they may profit by it now.

Wed. 18. We set out for the *West*, and on *Friday* 20. came to *Plymouth Dock*. I found much Hurt had been done here by the bitter Zeal of two or three Bigots for their Opinion. Two Years ago they promised in the most solemn Manner, to let all Controversy alone. But quickly after the Fire broke out anew, and has been devouring ever since.

Sat. 21. I endeavoured to convince them, that they were destroying, not promoting, the Work of God. And on *Sunday*, when I spake to the Society one by one, they seemed once more aware of Satan's Devices.

Mond. 23. I rode to *Launceston*, and had the First General Meeting of the Stewards, for the Eastern Part of *Cornwall*. In the Evening I preached in perfect Peace; a great Blessing, if it be not bought too dear: If the World does not begin to love *us*, because we love the World.

Tues. 24. In the Road to *Camelford*; I was taken with such a Bleeding at the Nose, as I have not had since my Return from *Georgia*. For a Mile or two

ſt increaſed more and more, and then at once ſtopped of itſelf. So I rode on comfortably (though the Day was extremely hot) and reached St. *Agnes* in the Evening.

On *Wed.* 25. The Stewards met at St. *Ives*, from the Weſtern Part of *Cornwall*. The next Day I began examining the Society. But I was ſoon obliged to ſtop ſhort. I found an accurſed Thing among them: Well-nigh one and all, bought or ſold uncuſtomed Goods. I therefore delayed ſpeaking to any more, till I had met them altogether. This I did in the Evening, and told them plain, either they muſt put this Abomination away, or they would ſee my Face no more. *Friday* 27. They ſeverally promiſed ſo to do. So I truſt this Plague is ſtay'd.

Sat. 28. After preaching to the little Flock at *Zunner*, we rode on to St. *Juſt*, and found ſuch a Congregation at ſix in the Evening, as we uſed to have ten Years ſince. I did not find any Society in the County, ſo much alive to God as this. Fifty or threeſcore have been added to it lately; and many Children filled with Peace and Joy in believing.

Sund. 29. I preached at Eight to a ſtill larger Congregation, and in *Morva* at One, to near the ſame Number. Many Backſliders were among them; To whom I cried, *How ſhall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Few of the Congregation were unmoved. And when we wreſtled with God in Prayer, we had a ſtrong Hope, He would not caſt them off for ever.

About Five I began preachiag at *Newlin*, on Part of the Goſpel for the Day, *Except your Righteouſneſs ſhall exceed the Righteouſneſs of the Scribes and Phariſees, ye ſhall in no wiſe enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.* In the Morning I waked between Two and Three. I had had a Looſeneſs for ſeveral Days. On *Sunday* it increaſed every Hour; but I was reſolved, with God's Help, to preach where I had appointed. I had now, with the Flux, a continual Head-ach, violent Vomitings, and ſeveral Times in an Hour, the Cramp in my Feet or Legs; ſometimes

times in both Legs and both Thighs together. But God enabled me to be throughly content, and thankfully resigned to Him. I desired one to preach in my Place in *Ligeon* at Noon, and at *Helston* in the Evening; and another, on *Tuesday* Noon, at *Port-kellis*; promising, if I was able, to meet them in the Evening.

Tues. 31. After living a Day and an Half on Claret and Water, I found myself so easy, that I thought I could ride to *Crowan*. I found no Inconvenience the first Hour. But in the second, my Disorder returned. However, I rode on, being unwilling to disappoint the Congregation, and preached on, *Be careful for nothing*. I then rode strait, as fast as I conveniently could, to Mr. *Harris*'s in *Cambourn*.

Wed. Aug. 1. At half an Hour after Two in the Morning, my Disorder came with more Violence than ever. The Cramp likewise returned; sometimes in my Feet or Hand; sometimes in my Thighs, my Side, or my Throat. I had also a continual Sickness, and a Sensation of Fulness at my Stomach, as if it were ready to burst. I took a Vomit; but it hardly wrought at all: Nor did any thing I took, make any Alteration. Thus I continued all Day, and all the following Night: Yet this I could not but particularly observe, I had no Head-ache, no Cholick, nor any Pain, (only the Cramp) from first to last.

Thurs. 2. Perceiving I gained no Ground, but rather grew Weaker and Weaker, my Stomach being drawn downward, so that I could not stand, nor lie, but on my Right Side; I sent to *Redruth* for Mr. *Carter*, who came without Delay. Here again I saw the gracious Providence of God, in casting me on so sensible and skilful a Man. He advised me to persist in the same Regimen I was in, and prescribed no Physic, except a small Dose of *Rhubarb*. But even this (as I expected it would) was thrown up again immediately.

I was now well ſatisfied, having had the beſt Advice which could be procured; though my Diſorder continued much as before. But about Five in the Afternoon, it ceaſed at once, without any viſible Cauſe. The Cramp alſo was gone, my Stomach was eaſy, and I laid down and ſlept till Six in the Morning.

Frid. 3. I began to recover my Strength, ſo that I could ſit up near two Hours together. And from this Time, I felt no Inconvenience; only that I could not talk, nor ſtand long without reſting.

Sund. 5. In the Afternoon I rode to *Redruth*, and preached to a large Congregation, in an open Part of the Street. My Voice was low; but the Day being calm, I believe all could hear: And after I had done, I felt myſelf conſiderably ſtronger than I was when I begun.

Mond. 6. I preached in *Gwenap*, at Five; and afterwards ſaw a ſtrange Sight; a Man that is *old* and *rich*, and yet not covetous. In the Evening I preached at *Penryn*, and found my Strength ſo reſtored, that I could ſpeak loud enough to be heard by a numerous Congregation; and thrice the next Day, at *Penryn*, *Bezore*, (near *Truro*) and *St. Ewe*.

Wed. 8. We were invited to *Mevagizzi*, a ſmall Town, on the South Sea. As ſoon as we entered the Town, many ran together, crying, "See the *Methodees* are come." But they only gaped and ſtared; ſo that we returned unmoleſted to the Houſe I was to preach at, a Mile from the Town. Many ſerious People were waiting for us, but moſt of them deeply ignorant. While I was ſhewing them the firſt Principles of Chriſtianity, many of the Rabble from the Town came up. They looked as fierce as Lions; but in a few Minutes changed their Countenance and ſtood ſtill. Toward the Cloſe, ſome began to laugh and talk, who grew more boiſterous after I had concluded. But I walked ſtrait through the Midſt of them, and took Horſe without any Interruption.

On *Thurſ.* 9. I rode to *Port-Iſaac*, and the next Day to *Trewalder*. The little Society here, meet every

every Night and Morning, with a Preacher or without. And whoever comes among them, quickly feels what Spirit they are of.

Sat. 11. The Rain ſtopt at Twelve, and gave me an Opportunity of preaching in the Market-place at *Camelford*. I ſaw only one Perſon in the Congregation, who was not deeply ſerious. That One, (which I was ſorry to hear) was the Curate of the Pariſh.

Almoſt as ſoon as we ſet out, we were met by ſuch a Shower of Rain, as I never ſaw before in *Europe*. But it did us no Hurt: We came very well, though very wet, to *St. Ginnis*.

Sund. 12. I never ſaw ſo many People in this Church, nor did I ever before ſpeak ſo plainly to them They *hear*; but when will they *feel?* O what can Man do, toward raiſing either dead Bodies, or dead Souls?

Mond. 13. The Rain attended us all the Way to *Launceſton*. I preached at Noon, but was not dry till the Evening. Yet I did not catch any Cold at all. What can hurt, without leave from God?

Tueſ. 14. I willingly accepted the Offer of preaching in the Houſe, lately built for Mr. *Whitfield*, at *Plymouth-Dock*. Thus it behoveth us to trample on Bigotry and Party Zeal. Ought not all who love God, to love one another?

Thurſ. 16. I rode to *Collumpton*, but could not reach it, till it was too late to preach.

Sund. 19. I preached thrice at *Tiverton*; rode to *Middleſey*, the next Day; and on *Tueſday* to *Briſtol*.

Frid. 24. I endeavoured once more to bring *Kingſwood-ſchool* into Order. Surely the Importance of this Deſign is apparent, even from the Difficulties that attend it. I ſpent more Money, and Time, and Care on this, than almoſt any Deſign I ever had. And ſtill it exerciſes all the Patience I have. But it is worth all the Labour.

Mond. 27. I came early to the *New Paſſage*: But the Wind ſhifting, obliged me to wait near ſix Hours.

When we were almoſt over, it ſhifted again, ſo that we could not land till between ſix and ſeven.

Tueſd. 28. I reached *Cardiff*. Finding I had all here to begin anew, I ſet out, as at firſt, by preaching in the Caſtle-yard, on, *Lord, are there few that be ſaved?* I afterwards met what *was once* a Society: And in the Morning ſpoke ſeverally to a few, who were ſtill deſirous to join together, and build up, not devour, one another.

I preached in the Evening at *Fonmon*; and on *Thurſ.* 30. Spake to many, who were reſolved to ſet out once more in the *Bible-way*, and ſtrengthen each other's Hands in God.

Frid. 31. We had a pleaſant Ride, and a ready Paſſage, ſo that we reached *Briſtol* in the Afternoon. I preached in the Evening over the Remains of *Mary Henley*, a good Soldier of *Jeſus Chriſt*, who died, rejoicing in his Love, the ſame Day I ſet out for *Cardiff*.

Mond. Sept. 3. I began viſiting the little Societies in *Somerſetſhire* and *Wiltſhire*. This Evening I preached at *Shepton-mallet*, and found much Life among the poor, plain People. It was not ſo at *Oakhill* the next Day, where many once alive have drawn back to Perdition. But at *Coleford* in the Evening I found many living Souls, though joined with ſome who did not adorn the Goſpel.

Wed. 5. I rode over to *Kingſwood*, a little Town near *Wotton-under-edge*. Some Weeks ſince *W*——— *S*——— was invited to preach at *Wotton*, which he did once in great Peace. But the next Time he went, the Mob was ſo turbulent, that he could not finiſh his Sermon. Upon which one deſired him to come to *Kingſwood*; which he did, and many People heard him gladly. Soon after I came in, a Multitude of People was gathered from all Parts. A large Congregation was there at Five in the Morning, and a larger than ever in the Evening. The next Morning I accepted of Mr. *B*———'s Offer, and after reading Prayers preached in the Church.

All

All the People expreſt huge Good-Will; but none appeared to be deeply affected.

At half an Hour after Twelve I preached in the Street at *Wickwar*, about four Miles from *Kingſwood*; where there has been a ſmall Society for ſome Years, many of whom can rejoice in God. The reſt of the Audience gave a civil Attention, and ſeemed little pleaſed and diſpleaſed at the Matter.

Mond. 10. I preached to the condemned Malefactors in *Newgate*. But I could make little Impreſſion upon them. I then took Horſe for *Paulton*, where I called on *Stephen Plummer*, once of our Society, but now a zealous Quaker. He was much pleaſed with my calling, and came to hear me preach. Being ſtraitned for Time, I concluded ſooner than uſual: But aſſoon as I had done, *Stephen* began. After I had liſtened half an Hour, finding he was no nearer the End, I roſe up to go away. His Siſter then begged him to leave off: On which he flew into a violent Rage, and roar'd louder and louder, till an honeſt Man took him in his Arms, and gently carried him away.

What a wiſe Providence was it, that this poor young Man turned Quaker ſome Years before he ran mad? So the Honour of turning his Brain now reſts upon them, which otherwiſe muſt have fallen upon the *Methodiſts*.

At Six in the Evening at *Buckland*, about two Miles from *Frome*, in a Meadow of Mr. *Emblen*'s, a wonderful Monument of the Grace of God, who from the Day he received Peace (being then acquainted with no Methodiſt) has continually walked in the Light of God's Countenance. The Curate had provided a Mob, with Horns, and other Things convenient, to prevent the Congregation's hearing me. But the better Half of the Mob ſoon left their Fellows, and liſtened with great Attention. The reſt did no Harm; ſo that we had a comfortable Opportunity; and another at Five in the Morning.

Tueſ. 11. I rode once more to *New-Kingſwood*. The Hearers were more numerous than ever. As I did

not

not expect to see them soon again, I used once more all possible Plainness of Speech. And their Behaviour seemed to shew, That the Word of God found its Way into their Hearts.

Frid. 14. I read with great Attention the Chevalier *Ramsay*'s "Philosophical Principles of Religion." He undertakes to solve all the Difficulties in the Christian Revelation, allowing him only a few Postulata's. 1. That human Souls all existed, and personally sinned in Paradise. 2. That the Souls of Brutes are fallen Angels, 3. That Pain is the only possible Means whereby God himself can cure Sin, and 4. That he will in the End, by the Pains of Purgatory, purify and restore all Men and all Devils. Amazing Work this!

Mond. 17. I began visiting the Societies in *Wiltshire*, and found much Cause to praise God on their Behalf. *Thurs.* 27. I was desired by Lady *F.* to visit her Daughter ill of a Consumption. I found much Pity, both for the Parent and the Child, pining away in the Bloom of Youth: And yet not without Joy; as she was already much convinced of Sin, and seemed to be on the very Brink of Deliverance. I saw her once more on *Sat.* 29. and left her patiently waiting for God. Not long after my Brother spent some Time with her in Prayer, and was constrained, to the Surprise of all that were present, To ask of God again and again, that he would perfect his Work in her Soul, and take her to himself. Almost assoon as he had done, she stretched out her Hands, said, "Come, Lord Jesus," and died.

Mond. Oct. 1. I rode to *Salisbury*, and the next Day to a Village in the *New Forest*, eight Miles wide of *Southampton*, where I preached in the Evening to a well-meaning, serious Congregation, *Wed.* 3. We rode to *Southampton*; thence cross'd over to *Cowes*, and reached *Newport* before Eleven.

At Five in the Afternoon I went to the Market-Place. The Congregation was large, and deeply attentive. It was near the same at Six in the Evening. And all seemed to drink in the Exhortation, To *present*

ſent themſelves a living Sacrifice, holy, acceptable to GOD.

A little before Noon we ſet out for *Shorhill*, a Village ſix Miles South from *Newport*. I never ſaw a more fruitful, or a more pleaſant Country, than the inland Part of this Iſland. About One I preached at *Shorhill*, to (I ſuppoſe) all the poor and middling People of the Town. I believe ſome of the Rich alſo deſigned to come. But ſomething of more Importance, a Dinner, came between.

At Five I preached again at *Newport* to moſt of the Town, and many who came from the neighbouring Villages. Surely, if there was any here to preach the Word of GOD with Power, a Multitude would ſoon be obedient to the Faith.

Frid. 5. After preaching at Six, I left this humane, loving People, rode to *Cowes*, and croſt over to *Portſmouth*. Here I found another Kind of People, who had diſputed themſelves out of the Power, and well-nigh the Form of Religion. However, I laboured (and not altogether in vain) to ſoften and compoſe their jarring Spirits, both this Evening and the next Day. On *Sunday* Noon I preached in the Streets at *Fareham*. Many gave great Attention, but ſeemed neither to feel nor underſtand any Thing. At Five I began on *Portſmouth Common*. I admired not ſo much the immenſe Number of People, as the uncommon Decency of Behaviour, which run thro' the whole Congregation. After Sermon I explained to them at large, the Nature and Deſign of our Societies. And deſired that if any of them were willing to join therein, they would call on me, either that Evening, or in the Morning. I made no Account of that Shadow of a Society which was before, without Claſſes, without Order, or Rules: Having never ſeen, read, or heard the printed Rules, which ought to have been given them at their very firſt Meeting.

Mond. 8. I rode to *Godalmin*, and the next Day to *London*. After reſting there five Days, on *Mond.* 15. I rode

rode to *Bedford*. The melancholy Account which I received here was as follows.

1. In the Year 1739. Mr. *J*. and *W*. *D*. came to *Bedford*. By them I was convinced that I was in a State of Damnation, tho' I was outwardly unblameable. Some of the *Germans* came down in 1741, and engaged, 1. To draw no one from the Church. 2. To hold a Meeting on *Sunday* Nights for us that were of the Church. On these Conditions I joined with them. But in the Beginning of 1742 they drop'd the *Sunday* Night-Preaching, and required us to attend their Meeting at the same Hour that we used to go to Church. I was much troubled at this, and wrote to Mr. *John Wesley*, intreating him to "come down and help us."

2. When the Brethren learned this, they gave me abundance of fair Words, and persuaded me to write again, and desire Mr. *W*. "not to come." I was then made Servant at the Love-feast. I still received the Sacrament at Church once a Year; but I regarded the Church less and less. And being continually taught, That Works signified nothing, and that we could not do them without trusting in them, I in a while left off all Works of Charity, as well as reading the Bible, and private Prayer.

3. Their first Church was settled here in the Beginning of the Year 1744. On the 18th of *February* I was received into the Congregation at *London*, and likewise into the Helper's Conference. In 1746, *Achenwelder*, the chief Labourer, insisted on my putting myself out of the Corporation. I was in much Doubt, whether it was right so to do. But he commanded, and I obeyed. The next Year he went to *London*, and at his Return to *Bedford* spoke to this Effect. "My Brethren, we have received new Orders. In *London*, *Yorkshire*, and all other Places, no Person is to go out of the Town, without the Leave of the chief Labourer. So it must be here: Observe, no one must go out of the Town, no not a Mile, without Leave from me."

4. In

4. In Spring 1750 they began building the Chappel, for which they collected near two hundred Pounds, and borrowed eight hundred more, for which eight of the *English* Brethren were engaged. Two of the *English* were bound for an hundred more. But none of the Ten have any Security at all. They promised indeed to lodge the Writings of the House in their Hands. But it was never done.

5. About this Time a Relation left me two Houses, near that wherein the single Men lived. The Brethren advised me to rebuild them, and add another, for a Marriage-Plan, promising to let me have whatever Ground I wanted behind the Houses. This Promise they renewed over and over. About *Michaelmass* I began, and followed their Direction in the whole Building. But the Night before I began, I went to *Antone*, the chief Labourer, and told him, "The Workmen were ready. If I am to have Ground, I will go on, but not else." He said, "Go on, you shall have Ground." Soon after he set out the Ground, for which I was to give eight Pounds. But just as the Houses were finished, *Antone* and *Slicht* sent for me, and told me, "they had received a Letter from *London*, and I must have no Ground, neither would they use the Houses for a Marriage-Plan. They were too near the single Men; some of whom might perhaps see a Woman sometimes in the Yard." At the same Time they desired, I would stop up my Doors and Windows on that Side. If I would, they would either buy the Houses, or take a Lease of them.

I did as they desired. We then made several Agreements, one after another. But they would stand to none of them. I offered them to lose thirty Pounds; nay at last, fifty, out of my Pocket. But in vain: So at this Day I have but three Pounds a Year Rent in all, out of which the Land-Tax is to be paid.

6. It is a general Observation in *Bedford*, that *the Brethren* are the worst Paymasters in the Town. They contract Debts, and take no Care or Thought about

about discharging them. I have too much Proof of this in my own Case: for many of them are in my Debt, and never come near me.

7. Most of the *English* who are with them, that are of any Trade, now *trade for the Saviour*; that is, they work for the *Germans*, who take all the Profits, and use them as their Journey-men. As such they punctually give in their Accounts and Cash; and if they want a Coat, or any Thing, ask it of *the Brethren*.

Mr. ———, *traded for*, and lent Money to *the Saviour*, till he was absolutely ruined. After he had sunk above Seven hundred Pounds, he begged to have Forty or Fifty re-paid, but in vain. But at length, by vehement Importunity, he procured Eighteen Pounds.

8. " Mr. *Rimius*, has said nothing to what might have been said, concerning their Marriage Oeconomy. I know an hundred Times more than he has written. But the Particulars are too shocking to relate. I believe no such Things were ever practised before, no, not among the most barbarous Heathens."

9 A Fortnight before *Christmas* last, (a young Man of their Congregation, having my Daughter, without having first obtained the Leave of their Head-Labourer. One of *the Labourers* came to my House, and read to me nearly these Words.

" We the Elders of the Congregation of the Brethren, declare to you, *W*——— *P*———, *M*——— *P*———, your Wife; *E*——— *C*———, and *E*———, your Daughter, are utterly cut off from all Church-Communion, from all Fellowship and Connexion whatsoever with *the Brethren*, and that for ever and ever.

In the Evening I met the little Society, just escaped with the Skin of their Teeth. From the Account which each of these likewise gave, it appeared clear to a Demonstration. 1. That their Elders usurped a more absolute Authority over the Conscience, than the Bishop of *Rome* himself does.

2. That

A N

EXTRACT

OF THE

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's

JOURNAL,

FROM

FEBRUARY 16, 1755, to JUNE 16, 1758.

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AN

EXTRACT

OF THE

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February 16, 1755.

HAVING heard a confused Account from a Place near *Camelford*, in *Cornwall*, I wrote to a Friend near it, and received the following Answer.

"According to your Desire, I have inquired into the Particulars of the late Affair at *Dineboul* Quarry. The Rock is about thirty Yards thick; but the most valuable Part of the Stone lies undermost.

There were nine Partners who shared the Advantage of this Part of the Quarry. Being greedy of Gain, they brought out as much of the under Part as possible; and the rather, because the Time for which they had hired it was within a Month of expiring.

On *Monday Dec.* 2. *William Lane, John Lane, William Kellow*, and five more of the Partners, met in the Morning, and ſent one of their Number, for *Theophilus Kellow*, to come to work. He came, but was ſo uneaſy, he could not ſtay, but quickly returned home. *William Kellow* was ſent for in haſte, and went to look after his Mare, which had caſt her Fole. The other ſeven continued labouring 'till Twelve. All the Workmen uſually dine together. But theſe wrought on, when the reſt withdrew, 'till in a Moment, they were covered with Rocks of all Sizes, falling about ten Yards, ſome of which were thought to be three Ton Weight. *William Lane* had ſome Years ſince known the Love of God. He was ſitting, cleaving Stones, when the Rock calved in upon him, with a concave Surface, which juſt made Room for his Body. Only one Edge of it light upon him, and broke one of his Thigh Bones. When they dug away the Stones, he was earneſtly praying to God, and confeſſing his Unfaithfulneſs. As ſoon as he looked up, he began exhorting all around, inſtantly to make their Peace with God. His Bone being ſet, he ſoon recovered both his Bodily Strength, and the Peace and Love which he had loſt. Another who ſat cloſe by his Side, was covered over and killed at once. Cloſe to him *John Lane* (Son of *William*) was ſtanding: He was thrown upon his Face, he knew not how, and a ſharp-edged Stone pitched between his Thighs, on which a huge Rock fell, and was ſuſpended by it, ſo as to ſhadow him all over. The other five were entirely daſhed in Pieces." Doth not God ſave thoſe that truſt in Him?

Tueſday April 1. I rode from *Briſtol* to a Village named *Kingſwood*, near *Wotton-under-edge*. The Church was exceeding full, and the Congregation was ſerious and well-behaved. And I had ſince the Satisfaction of being informed, That many of them are much changed, at leaſt, in their outward Behaviour.

Wedneſday 2. With ſome Difficulty we reached *Stanley*: There has been lately a great Awakening in this Country. I never ſaw ſuch a Congregation here before, notwithſtanding the Wind and Rain. And all preſent ſeemed to receive the Word with Gladneſs and Readineſs of Mind. There is a ſolid, ſerious People in theſe Parts, who ſtand their

their Ground againſt all Oppoſition. The warmeſt Oppoſers are the Jacobites, who do not love Us, becauſe we love King *George*. But they profit nothing; for more and more People *fear* GOD *and honour the King*.

We rode on *Thurſday* in the Afternoon thro' heavy Rain, and almoſt impaſſable Roads to *Eveſham*: And on *Friday* 4. to *Birmingham*, a barren, dry, uncomfortable Place. Moſt of the Seed which has been ſown for ſo many Years, the *Wild Boars* have *rooted up:* The fierce, unclean, brutiſh, blaſphemous *Antinomians* have utterly deſtroyed it. And the *Myſtic Foxes* have taken true Pains to *ſpoil* what remained, with their New Goſpel. Yet it ſeems GOD has a Bleſſing for this Place ſtill: So many ſtill attend the Preaching: And He is eminently preſent with the ſmall Number that is left in the Society.

Saturday 5. I preached at *Wedneſbury*, and at eight on Sunday Morning. But the great Congregation aſſembled in the Afternoon, as ſoon as the Service of the Church was over, with which we take Care never to interfere. A ſolemn Awe ſeemed to run all thro' the Company in the Evening, when I met the Society. We have indeed preached the Goſpel here *with much Contention*. But the Succeſs overpays the Labour.

Monday 7. I was adviſed to take the *Derbyſhire* Road to *Mancheſter*. We baited at an Houſe ſix Miles beyond *Litchfield*. Obſerving a Woman ſitting in the Kitchen, I aſked, "Are you not well?" And found ſhe had juſt been taken ill (being on her Journey) with all the Symptoms of an approaching Pleuriſy. She was glad to hear of an eaſy, cheap, and (almoſt) infallible Remedy, an Handful of Nettles, boiled a few Minutes, and applied warm to the Side. While I was ſpeaking to her, an elderly Man, pretty well dreſt, came in. Upon Enquiry, he told us, he was travelling, as he could, towards his Home, near *Hounſlow*, in hopes of agreeing with his Creditors, to whom he had ſurrendered his All. But how to get on he knew not, as he had no Money, and had caught a Tertian Ague. I hope a wiſe Providence directed this Wanderer alſo, that he might have a Remedy for both his Maladies.

Soon after we took Horſe we overtook a poor Man, creeping forward on two Crutches. I aſked whither he was going? He ſaid toward *Nottingham*, where his Wife lived.

But both his Legs had been broke while he was on Shipboard. And he had now ſpent all his Money. This Man likewiſe appeared exceeding thankful, and ready to acknowledge the Hand of God.

In the Afternoon we came to *Barton-forge*, where a Gentleman of *Birmingham* has ſet up a large Iron-work, and fixt five or ſix Families, with a ſerious Man over them, who loſt near all he had in the great Riot at *Wedneſbury*. Moſt of them are ſeeking to ſave their Souls. I preached in the Evening, not to them only, but to many gathered from all Parts, and exhorted them to love and help one another

Tueſday 8. I had deſigned to go ſtrait on to *Hayfield*. But one from *Aſhbourn* preſt me much to call there: Which accordingly I did at Seven in the Morning, and preached to a deeply ſerious Congregation. Seventeen or Eighteen then deſired to join in a Society, to whom I ſpoke ſeverally, and was well pleaſed to find, that near half of them knew the pardoning Love of God. One of the firſt I ſpoke to was Miſs *Berisford*: A ſweet, but ſhort-lived Flower!

Thro' much Hail, Rain and Wind, we got to Mr. *B*——'s at *Hayfield*, about Five in the Afternoon. His favourite Daughter died ſome Hours before we came; ſuch a Child as is ſcarce heard of in a Century. All the Family informed me of many remarkable Circumſtances, which elſe would have ſeemed incredible. She ſpake exceeding plain, yet very ſeldom; and then only a few Words. She was ſcarce ever ſeen to laugh, or heard to utter a light or trifling Word. She could not bear any that did, nor any one who behaved in a light or unſerious Manner. If any ſuch offered to kiſs or touch her, ſhe would turn away, and ſay, "I don't like you." If her Brother or Siſters ſpoke angrily to each other, or behaved triflingly, ſhe either ſharply reproved (when that ſeem'd needful) or tenderly intreated them to give over. If ſhe had ſpoke too ſharply to any, ſhe would humble herſelf to them, and not reſt 'till they had forgiven her. After her Health declined, ſhe was particularly pleaſed with hearing that Hymn ſung, "Abba, Father:" And would be frequently ſinging that Line herſelf, "Abba Father, Hear my Cry."

On

On *Monday April* 7. without any Struggle, she fell asleep, having lived two Years and six Months.

Wednesday 9. In the Evening I preached at *Manchester*. The Mob was tolerably quiet, as long as I was speaking, but immediately after, raged horribly. This I find, has been their Manner for some Time. No Wonder: Since the good Justice encourages them.

Thursday 10. I rode to *Harfield* again, to bury Mr. *B*——'s Child. Abundance of People were gathered together, and I found uncommon Liberty in preaching. Who would have looked for such a Congregation as this, in the *Peak* of *Derbyshire?*

I returned to *Manchester*, the next Day, and had a quiet Congregation both that Evening and the following.

Sunday 13. I met the Society at Five, and shew'd them wherein I feared they had grieved the Spirit of God, and provoked him to deliver them to be thus outraged by *the Beasts of the People*. I then rode to *Harfield* once more, where Mr. *B*—— read Prayers, and preached a solemn and affecting Sermon, relative to the late Providence. In the Afternoon I again found great Liberty of Spirit, in applying those awful Words, *What is a Man profited, if he shall gain the whole World, and lose his own Soul?*

Monday 14. I rode by *Manchester*, (where I preached about Twelve) to *Warrington*. At Six in the Morning, *Tuesday* 15. I preached, to a large and serious Congregation; and then went on to *Liverpool*, one of the neatest, best-built Towns I have seen in *England*. I think it is full twice as large as *Chester*. Most of the Streets are quite strait. Two Thirds of the Town we were informed, have been added, within these forty Years. If it continues to increase in the same Proportion, in forty Years more it will nearly equal *Bristol*. The People in general are the most mild and courteous, I ever saw in a Sea port Town: As indeed appears by their friendly Behaviour not only to the Jews and Papists who live among them, but even to the *Methodists*, (so called). The Preaching-House is a little larger than that at *Newcastle*. It was thoroughly filled at Seven in the Evening. And the Hearts of the whole Congregation

gregation ſeemed to be moved before the LORD and before the Preſence of his Power.

Every Morning, as well as Evening, Abundance of People gladly attended the Preaching. Many of them, I learned, were dear Lovers of Controverſy. But I had better Work. I preſſed upon them all, *Repentance toward* GOD, *and Faith in our* LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Sunday 20. I explained, after the Evening Preaching, the Rules of the Society, and ſtrongly exhorted the Members to adorn their Profeſſon, by all Holineſs of Converſation.

Monday 21 I rode to *Bolton*. Being now among thoſe who were no *Strangers to the Covenant of Promiſe*, I had no Need to lay the Foundation again, but exhorted them to *rejoice evermore*. Their Number is a little reduced, ſince I was here before. And no Wonder; while the Sons of Strife are on every Side, ſome for Mr. *Bennet*, ſome for Mr. *Wh*——. The little Flock notwithſtanding hold on their Way, looking ſtrait to the Prize of their high Calling.

Thurſday 24. We rode in leſs than four Hours the Eight Miles (ſo called) to *Newell-hay*. Juſt as I began to preach, the Sun broke out, and ſhone exceeding hot on the Side of my Head. I found if it continued, I ſhould not be able to ſpeak long, and lifted up my Heart to GOD. In a Minute or two it was covered with Clouds, which continued 'till the Service was over. Let any who pleaſe, call this *Chance:* I call it, an Anſwer to Prayer.

Friday 25. About Ten, I preached near *Todmorden*. The People ſtood, Row above Row, on the Side of the Mountain. They were rough enough in outward Appearance. But their Hearts were as melting Wax.

One can hardly conceive any Thing more delightful, than the Vale thro' which we rode from hence. The River ran thro' the green Meadows on the Right. The fruitful Hills and Woods roſe on either Hand. Yet here and there a Rock hung over: The little Holes in which, put me in mind of thoſe beautiful Lines.

Te, Domine, intonſi montes, te ſaxa loquentur
Summa Deum, dum montis amat juga pendulus hircus,
Saxorumque colit latebroſa cuniculus antra!

At

At Three in the Afternoon I preach'd at *Heptonſtall*, on the Brow of the Mountain. The Rain began almoſt as ſoon as I began to ſpeak. I pray'd, that if God ſaw beſt, it might be ſtay'd, 'till I had delivered his Word. It was ſo, and then began again. But we had only a ſhort Stage to *Ewood*.

Saturday 26. I preached at Seven to a large and ſerious Congregation, and again at Four in the Afternoon. When I began, in a Meadow near the Houſe, the Wind was ſo high, I could hardly ſpeak. But the Winds too are in God's Hand. In a few Minutes that Inconvenience ceaſed. And we found the Spirit of God breathing in the Midſt of us, ſo that great was our rejoicing in the Lord.

Sunday 27. A little before I took Horſe, I looked into a Room as I walked by, and ſaw a good, old Man, bleeding almoſt to Death. I deſired him immediately to ſnuff Vinegar up his Noſe, and apply it to his Neck, Face and Temples. It was done: And the Blood entirely ſtopped in leſs than two Minutes.

The Rain began about Five, and did not intermit, 'till we came to *Haworth:* Notwithſtanding which a Multitude of People were gathered together at Ten. In the Afternoon I was obliged to go out of the Church, Abundance of People not being able to get in. The Rain ceaſed, from the Moment I came out, 'till I had finiſhed my Diſcourſe. How many Proofs muſt we have, that there is no Petition too little, any more than too great for God to grant?

Monday 28. I preached at *Kighley:* On *Tueſday* at *Bradford*, which is now as quiet as *Birſtal*. Such a Change has God wrought in the Hearts of the People, ince *John Nelſon* was in the Dungeon here. My Brother met me at *Birſtal* in the Afternoon.

Wedneſday 30. We began reading together, "A Gentleman's Reaſons for his Diſſent from the *Church of England*." It is an elaborate and lively Tract, and contains the Strength of the Cauſe. But it did not yield us one Proof, That it is lawful for us, (much leſs our Duty) to ſeparate from it.

Thurſday May 1. I finiſhed the "Gentleman's Reaſons," (who is a Diſſenting Miniſter at *Exeter.*) In how

how different a Spirit does this Man write, from honeſ *Richard Baxter!* The One dipping, as it were, his Pen in Tears, the Other in Vinegar and Gall. Surely one Page of that loving, ſerious Chriſtian weighs more, than Volumes of this bitter, ſarcaſtic Jeſter.

Sunday 4. I preached at One, and again at Five, to ſome Thouſands at the Foot of the Hill. I believe this Hollow would contain ſixty Thouſand People ſtanding one above another. And a clear, ſtrong Voice might command them all: Altho' if they ſtood upon a Plain, I doubt whether any Human Voice could be diſtinctly heard by half the Number.

Tueſday 6. Our Conference began at *Leeds*. The Point on which we deſired all the Preachers to ſpeak their Minds at large, was, "Whether we ought to ſeparate from the Church?" Whatever was advanced on one Side or the Other, was ſeriouſly and calmly conſidered. And on the third Day we were all fully agreed, in that General Concluſion, That (whether it was *Lawful* or not) it was no Ways *Expedient*.

Monday 12. We drove (my Wife and I) to *Northallerton*.

Tueſday 13. I rode on to *Newcaſtle*. I did not find Things here in the Order I expected. Many were on the Point of leaving the Church, which ſome had done already: And, as they ſuppoſed on my Authority! O how much Diſcord is cauſed by one jarring String! How much trouble by one Man, who does not walk by the ſame Rule, and agree in the ſame Judgment with his Brethren!

May 18. being Whitſunday, I preached about Eight at *Gateſhead Fell*, and returned before the Service at St. *Andrew's* began. At the Sacrament many found an uncommon Bleſſing, and felt God has not yet left the Church.

In the following Week I ſpake to the Members of the Society ſeverally, and found far fewer than I expected prejudiced againſt the Church: I think, not above Forty in all. And I truſt the Plague is now ſtayed.

Wedneſday 21. I preached at *Nafferton*, near *Horſley*, about thirteen Miles from *Newcaſtle*. We rode chiefly

on

on the New Weſtern Road, which lies on the Old *Roman* Wall. Some Part of this is ſtill to be ſeen, as are the Remains of moſt of the Towers, which were built a Mile diſtant from each other, quite from Sea to Sea. But where are the Men of Renown who built them, and who once made all the Land tremble? Crumbled into Duſt! Gone hence, to be no more ſeen, 'till the Earth ſhall give up her Dead!

Thurſday 22. Mr. *Wardrobe*, Miniſter of *Bathgate* in *Scotland*, preached at the Orphan-houſe in the Evening, to the no ſmall Amazement and Diſpleaſure of ſome of his zealous Countrymen.

Saturday 24. I preached at *Sheephill*. The Cold drove us into the Houſe, which being much crowded, was as hot as an Oven. Riding afterwards in the keen North Wind, it ſeized upon my Breaſt immediately. However I made a ſhift to preach at *Cheſter*, and then went on to *Sunderland*.

Sunday 25. I preached at Eight, tho' not without Pain, not having recovered my Voice. We had an uſeful Sermon at Church. As ſoon as the Sacrament was over, I preached in the High-ſtreet (it being Trinity Sunday) upon *There are three that bear Record in Heaven*. And my Voice was ſo reſtored that I could command the whole Congregation, tho' it was exceeding large.

Monday 26. I rode to *Morpeth* and preached in the Market-Place, to a ſmall, but quiet Congregation. In the Evening I preached in the New Room at *Alnwick*. But I could ſcarce be heard, my Voice being very weak. In the Morning it was ſtronger. So I preached with more Eaſe at Five. And then returned to *Newcaſtle*.

Thurſday 29. I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing Mr. *Gillies* from *Glaſgow*. He preached for me in the Evening, to the ſtill greater Aſtoniſhment of the warm Men, who "could never have thought it of him"! Shall we not have more and more Cauſe to ſay,

"Names and Sects and Parties fall;
"Thou, O CHRIST, art All in All."

Friday 30. I walked to the Infirmary. It is finely ſituated on the Top of the Hill: And is the beſt ordered

dered of any Place of the Kind I have ſeen in *England*. Nor did I ever ſee ſo much Serioufneſs in an Hoſpital before: None were laughing or talking lightly: Many were reading the Bible. And when I talked to and prayed with One, the whole Ward liſtened with deep Attention.

Monday June 1. I left *Newcaſtle*, and came to *Durham*, juſt as *Jacob Rowell* had done preaching, or rather, attempting to preach, for the Mob was ſo noiſy, that he was conſtrained to break off. I reached *Oſmotherly* in the Evening, and found a large Congregation waiting. I preached immediately, God renewing my Strength, and comforting my Heart.

Here I enquired of Eye and Ear-witneſſes, concerning what lately occurred in the Neighbourhood. On *Thurſday*, *March* 25 laſt, being the Week before Eaſter, many Perſons obſerved a great Noiſe, near a Ridge of Mountains in *Yorkſhire*, called *Black-Hamilton*. It was obſerved chiefly in the South-Weſt Side of the Mountain, about a Mile from the Courſe where the *Hamilton-Races* are run; near a Ridge of Rocks, commonly called *Whitſon-Cliffs* or *Whitſon-White-Mare*, two Miles from *Sutton*, about Five from *Thirſk*.

The ſame Noiſe was heard on *Wedneſday* by all who went that Way. On *Thurſday*, about Seven in the Morning, *Edward Abbot*, Weaver, and *Adam Boſomworth*, Bleacher, both of *Sutton*, riding under *Whiſton Cliffs*, heard a *roaring* (ſo they term'd it) like many Cannons, or loud and rolling Thunder. It ſeemed to come from the Cliffs, looking up to which, they ſaw a large Body of Stone, four or five Yards broad, ſplit and fly off from the very Top of the Rocks. They thought it ſtrange, but rode on. Between Ten and Eleven, a larger Piece of the Rock, about fifteen Yards thick, thirty high, and between ſixty and ſeventy broad, was torn off and thrown into the Valley.

About Seven in the Evening, one who was riding by, obſerved the Ground to ſhake exceedingly, and ſoon after ſeveral large Stones or Rocks of ſome Ton Weight each, roſe out of the Ground. Others were thrown on one Side, others turned upſide-down, and many rolled over and over. Being a little ſurprized, and not very curious, he haſted on his Way.

On

On *Friday* and *Saturday* the Ground continued to shake, and the Rocks to roll over one another. The Earth alſo clave aſunder in very many Places, and continued ſo to do till *Sunday* Morning.

Being at *Oſmotherly*, ſeven Miles from the Cliffs, on *Monday June* 1 and finding *Edward Abbot* there, I deſired him the next Morning to ſhew me the Way thither. I walked, crept and climbed round and over great Part of the Ruins. I could not perceive by any Sign, that there was ever any Cavity in the Rock at all; but one Part of the ſolid Stone is cleft from the reſt, in a perpendicular Line, and ſmooth as if cut with Inſtruments. Nor is it barely thrown down, but ſplit into many hundred Pieces, ſome of which lie four or five hundred Yards from the main Rock.

The Ground neareſt the Cliff, is not raiſed, but ſunk conſiderably beneath the Level. But at ſome Diſtance it is raiſed in a Ridge of eight or ten Yards high, twelve or fifteen broad, and near an hundred long. Adjoining to this lies an oval Piece of Ground thirty or forty Yards in diameter, which has been removed whole as it is, from beneath the Cliff, without the leaſt Fiſſure, with all its Load of Rocks, ſome of which were as large as the Hull of a ſmall Ship. At a little Diſtance is a ſecond Piece of Ground, forty or fifty Yards acroſs, which has been alſo tranſplanted intire, with Rocks of various Sizes upon it, and a Tree growing out of one of them. By the Removal of one or both of theſe, I ſuppoſe the *Hollow* near the Cliff was made.

All round them lay Stones and Rocks, great and ſmall, ſome on the Surface of the Earth, ſome half ſunk into it, ſome almoſt covered, in variety of Poſitions. Between theſe the Ground was cleft aſunder, in a thouſand Places. Some of the Apertures were nearly cloſed again, ſome gaping as at firſt. Between thirty and forty Acres of Land, as is commonly ſuppoſed, (though ſome reckon above Sixty) are in this Condition.

On the Skirts of theſe, I obſerved in abundance of Places, the green Turf (for it was Paſture Land) as it were pared off, two or three Inches thick, and wrapt round, like Sheets of Lead. A little farther it was not cleft or broken at all, but raiſed in Ridges, five or

ſix Foot long, exactly resembling the Graves in a Churchyard. Of theſe there is a vaſt Number.

That Part of the Cliff from which the reſt is torn, lies ſo high and is now of ſo bright a Colour, that it is plainly viſible to all the Country round, even at the Diſtance of ſeveral Miles. We ſaw it diſtinctly not only from the Street in *Thirſk*, but for five or ſix Miles, as we rode towards *York*. So we did likewiſe, in the great North-Road, between *Sandhutton* and *North-Allerton*.

But how may we account for this Phenomenon? Was it effected by a merely natural Cauſe? If ſo, that Cauſe muſt either have been Fire, Water or Air. It could not be Fire; for than ſome Mark of it muſt have appeared, either at the Time, or after it. But no ſuch Mark does appear, nor ever did: not ſo much as the leaſt Smoke, either when the firſt or ſecond Rock was removed, or in the whole Space between *Tueſday* and *Sunday*.

It could not be Water; for no Water iſſued out, when the one or the other Rock was torn off. Nor had there been any Rains ſome Time before. It was in that Part of the Country a remarkable dry Seaſon. Neither was there any Cavity in that Part of the Rock, wherein a ſufficient Quantity of Water might have lodged. On the contrary, it was one, ſingle, ſolid Maſs, which was evenly and ſmoothy cleft in ſunder.

There remains no other natural Cauſe aſſignable, but impriſoned Air. I ſay, *impriſoned:* for as to the faſhionable Opinion, that the exterior Air is the grand Agent in Earthquakes, it is ſo ſenſeleſs, unmechanical, unphiloſophical a Dream, as deſerves not to be named, but to be exploded. But it is hard to conceive, how even impriſoned Air could produce ſuch an Effect. It might indeed *ſhake*, tear, raiſe or ſink the Earth: But how could it cleave a ſolid Rock? Here was not room for a Quantity of it, ſufficient to do any thing of this Nature; at leaſt unleſs it had been ſuddenly and violently expanded by Fire, which was not the Caſe. Could a ſmall Quantity of Air, without that violent Expanſion, have torn ſo large a Body of Rock from the reſt, to which it adhered in one ſolid Maſs? Could it have ſhivered this into Pieces, and ſcattered ſeveral of thoſe Pieces, ſome hundred Yards round? Could it have tranſported thoſe Promontories of Earth, with

with their incumbent Load, and ſet them down, unbroken, unchanged at a Diſtance? Truly I am not ſo great a Volunteer in Faith, as to be able to believe this: he that ſuppoſes this, muſt ſuppoſe Air to be not only a very ſtrong, (which we allow) but a very wiſe Agent: while it bore its Charge with ſo great Caution, as not to hurt or diſlocate any Part of it.

What then could be the Cauſe? What indeed, but God, who aroſe to ſhake terribly the Earth: who purpoſely choſe ſuch a Place, where there is ſo great a Concourſe of Nobility and Gentry every Year; and wrought in ſuch a Manner, that many might ſee it and fear, that all who travel one of the moſt frequented Roads in *England*, might ſee it, almoſt whether they would or no, for many Miles together. It must likewiſe for many Years, maugre all the Art of Man, be a viſible Monument of his Power. All that Ground being now ſo incumbered with Rocks, and Stones, that it cannot be either ploughed or grazed. Nor can it well ſerve any Uſe, but to tell all that ſee it, who can ſtand before this great God?

Hence we rode to *Thirſk*, where I met the little Society, and then went on to *York*. The People had been waiting for ſome Time. So I began preaching without Delay, and felt no Want of Strength, tho' the Room was like an Oven thro' the Multitude of People.

Friday 6. I read Dr. *Sharp*'s elaborate Tracts on the Rubricks and Canons. He juſtly obſerves, with regard to all theſe, 1. That our Governors have Power to diſpenſe with our Obſervance of them; 2. That a *tacit* Diſpenſation is of the ſame force with an *explicit* Diſpenſation: 3. That their continued Connivance at what they cannot but know, is a tacit Diſpenſation. I think, this is true. But if it be, he has himſelf anſwered his own Charge againſt the *Methodiſts* (ſo called). For ſuppoſe the Cannons did forbid Field-preaching, as expreſly as playing at Cards and frequenting Taverns, yet we have the very ſame Plea for the Former, as any Clergyman has for the latter. All our Governors, the King, the Archbiſhop and Biſhops, connive at the one, as well as the other.

Saturday 7. One of the Reſidentiaries ſent for Mr. *Williamſon*, who had invited me to preach in his

Church, and told him, "Sir, I abhor Perſecution: But if you let Mr. *Weſley* preach, it will be the worſe for you". He deſired it nevertheleſs: But I declined. Perhaps there is a Providence in this alſo. God will not ſuffer my little remaining Strength to be ſpent on thoſe who will not hear me, but in an honourable Way.

Sunday 8. We were at the Minſter in the Morning, and at our Pariſh Church in the Afternoon. The ſame Gentleman preached at both: But tho' I ſaw him at the Church, I did not know I had ever ſeen him before. In the Morning he was all Life and Motion: In the Afternoon he was as quiet as a Poſt. At Five in the Evening the Rain conſtrained me to preach in the Oven again. The Patience of the Congregation ſurprized me. They ſeemed not to feel the extreme Heat: Nor to be offended at the cloſe Application of thoſe Words, *Thou art not far from the Kingdom of* God.

Monday 9. I took my Leave of the richeſt Society, Number for Number, which we have in *England*. I hope this Place will not prove (as *Cork* has ſome Time done) the *Capua* of our Preachers. When I came to *Epworth*, the Congregation was waiting. So I went immediately to the Croſs: And great was our *glorying in the* Lord.

Tueſday 10. I met the Stewards of the *Lincolnſhire* Societies, who gave us an agreeable Account of the Work of God in every Place.

Wedneſday 11. I preached in a Meadow at *Miſterton*, to a larger Congregation than ever met there before.

Thurſday 12. At Eight I preached at *Clayworth*, and at *Rotherham* in the Evening. Here likewiſe was ſuch a Number of People aſſembled, as was never before ſeen in that Town. Is not this one clear Proof of the Hand of God, That altho' the Novelty of this Preaching is over, yet the People flock to hear it in every Place far more than when it was a new Thing?

Friday 13. In the Evening I preached at *Sheffield*. In the Morning I examined the Members of the Society, and was agreeably ſurprized to find, that tho' none had viſited them, ſince I did it myſelf, two years ago, yet

yet they were rather increaſed than diminiſhed in Number, and many of them growing in Grace.

Monday 16. I preached in the Evening at *Nottingham*, and on *Thurſday* Afternoon reached *London*. From a deep Senſe of the amazing Work which God has of late Years wrought in *England*, I preached in the Evening on thoſe Words (*Pſalm* cxlvii. 20.) *He hath not dealt ſo with any Nation*: No, not even with *Scotland* or *New-England*. In both theſe God has indeed made bare his Arm; yet not in ſo aſtoniſhing a Manner as among us. This muſt appear to all who impartially conſider, 1. The *Numbers* of Perſons on whom God has wrought: 2. The *Swiftneſs* of his Work in many, both convinced and truly converted in a few Days: 3. The *Depth* of it in moſt of theſe, changing the Heart, as well as the whole Converſation: 4. The *Clearneſs* of it, enabling them boldly to ſay, "Thou haſt loved *me*, thou haſt given thyſelf for *me*." 5. The *Continuance* of it. God has wrought in *Scotland* and *New-England*, at ſeveral Times, for ſome Weeks or Months together. But among us, he has wrought for near Eighteen Years together, without any obſervable Intermiſſion. Above all let it be remarked, That a conſiderable Number of the regular Clergy were engaged in that great Work in *Scotland*; and in *New-England*, above an Hundred, perhaps as eminent as any in the whole Province, not only for Piety, but alſo for Abilities both natural and acquired: Whereas in *England* there were only Two or Three inconſiderable Clergymen, with a few, young, raw, unlettered Men; and theſe oppoſed by well nigh all the Clergy, as well as Laity in the Nation. He that remarks this muſt needs own, both that this is a Work of God: And that *he hath not* wrought ſo *in any* other *Nation*.

Monday 23. I was conſidering, What could be the Reaſons why the Hand of the Lord (who does nothing without a Cauſe) is almoſt entirely ſtay'd in *Scotland*, and in great Meaſure in *New-England*? It does not become us to judge peremptorily: but perhaps ſome of them may be theſe. 1. Many of Them became *wiſe in their own Eyes*: They ſeemed to think, They were the Men, and there were none like them.

And hence they refuſed God the Liberty of ſending by whom He would ſend, and required him to work by Men of Learning, or not at all. 2. Many of them were *Bigots*, immoderately attached either to their own Opinions or Mode of Worſhip. Mr. *Edwards* himſelf was not clear of this. But the *Scotch* Bigots were beyond all others; placing *Arminianiſm* (ſo called) on a Level with Deiſm, and the Church of *England* with that of *Rome*. Hence they not only ſuffered in themſelves and their Brethren a *bitter Zeal*, but applauded themſelves therein: In ſhewing the ſame Spirit againſt all who differed from them, as the Papiſts did againſt our Forefathers. 3. With Pride, Bitterneſs and Bigotry, *Self-Indulgence* was join'd: Self-Denial was little taught and practiſed. 'Tis well if ſome of them did not deſpiſe, or even condemn all Self-Denial in Things indifferent, as in Apparel or Food, as nearly allied to Popery. No marvel then that the Spirit of God was grieved. Let *us* profit by their Example.

Tueſday 24. Obſerving in that valuable Book, Mr. *Gillies*'s Hiſtorical Collections, the Cuſtom of Chriſtian Congregations in all Ages, to ſet apart Seaſons of ſolemn Thankſgivings; I was amazed and aſhamed that we had never done this, after all the Bleſſings we had received. And many to whom I mentioned it gladly agreed, to ſet apart a Day for that Purpoſe.

Monday 30. I ſet out for *Norwich* and came thither the next Evening. As a large Congregation was waiting, I could not but preach, tho' weary enough. The two following Days, I ſpoke to each Member of the Society: And on *Friday July* 4. took Horſe again, though how I ſhould ride five Miles, I knew not. But God ſo ſtrengthened both Man and Beaſt, that I reached *Bury* the ſame Night, and *London* the next, far leſs tired, than when I ſet out from *Norwich*.

Monday 7. Was our Firſt Day of ſolemn Thankſgiving, for the numberleſs Spiritual Bleſſings we have received. And I believe it was a Day which will not ſoon be forgotten.

Thurſday 17. One ſpent the Evening with us, who is accounted both a ſenſible and a religious Man. What a Proof of the Fall! Even with all the Advantages of a liberal

liberal Education, this Perſon, I will be bold to ſay, knows juſt as much of Heart-Religion, of ſcriptural Chriſtianity, the Religion of Love, as a Child three Years old of Algebra. How much then may we ſuppoſe a Turk or Heathen to know? Hardly more: Perhaps juſt as much.

Tueſday 22. To oblige a friendly Gentlewoman I was a Witneſs to her Will, wherein ſhe bequeathed Part of her Eſtate to charitable Uſes; and Part, during his natural Life, to her Dog *Toby*. I ſuppoſe, though ſhe ſhould die within the Year, her Legacy to *Toby* may ſtand good. But that to the Poor is null and void, by the Statute of *Mortmain!*

Sunday 27. I buried the Body of *Ephraim B*——, once a Pattern to all that believed. But from the Time he left off Faſting and univerſal Self-Denial, in which none was more exemplary for ſome Years, he ſunk lower and lower, 'till he had neither the Power, nor the Form of Religion left. In the beginning of his Illneſs he was in black Deſpair. But much Prayer was made for him. Toward the Cloſe of it, it pleaſed God to reſtore to him the Light of his Countenance. So, I truſt, his Backſliding only coſt him his Life: And he may yet live with God for ever.

I was much affected about this Time by a Letter ſent from a Gentleman in *Virginia*. Part of it runs thus. "The poor Negro Slaves here, never heard of *Jeſus* or his Religion, 'till they arrived at the Land of their Slavery in *America*, whom their Maſters generally neglect, as though Immortality was not the Privilege of *their* Souls in common with their own. Theſe poor *Africans* are the principal Objects of my Compaſſion, and I think the moſt proper Subject of your Charity.

"The Inhabitants of *Virginia* are computed to be about 300,000; and the one Half of them are ſuppoſed to be Negroes. The Number of theſe who attend on my Miniſtry at particular Times, is uncertain. But I think there are about Three hundred, who give a ſtated Attendance. And never have I been ſo much ſtruck, with the Appearance of an Aſſembly, as when I have glanced my Eye on one Part of the Houſe, adorned

(ſo

(ſo it has appeared to me) with ſo many black Countenances, eagerly attentive to every Word they heard, and ſome of them cover'd with Tears. A conſiderable Number of them, about an Hundred, have been baptized, after they had been fully inſtructed in the great Truths of Religion, and had evidenced their Senſe of them by a Life of the ſtricteſt Virtue. As they are not ſufficiently poliſhed, to diſſemble with a good Grace, they expreſs the Senſations of their Hearts, ſo much in the Language of ſimple Nature, and with ſuch genuine Indications of earthleſs Sincerity, that it is impoſſible to ſuſpect their Profeſſions, eſpecially when attended with a ſuitable Behaviour.

" Mr. *Todd*, Miniſter of the next Congregation, has near the ſame Number under his Care. And ſeveral of them alſo, he informs me, diſcover the ſame Serioufneſs. Indeed there are Multitudes of them in various Parts, who are eagerly deſirous of Inſtruction. They have generally very little Help to read: And yet to my agreeable Surprize, ſundry of them, by dint of Application, in their very few leiſure Hours, have made ſuch a Progreſs, that they are able to read their Bible, or a plain Author, very intelligibly. But few of their Maſters will be at the Expence of furniſhing them with Books. I have ſupplied them to the utmoſt of my Ability. They are exceedingly delighted with *Watts*'s Songs. And I cannot but obſerve that the Negroes, above all of the Human Species I ever knew, have the niceſt Ear for Muſic. They have a kind of Extatic Delight in Pſalmody: Nor are there any Books they ſo ſoon learn, or take ſo much Pleaſure in, as thoſe uſed in that heavenly Part of Divine Worſhip."

Sunday Auguſt 3. I dined with One who lived for many Years with one of the moſt celebrated Beauties in *Europe*. She was alſo proud, vain and nice to a very uncommon Degree. But ſee the End! After a painful and nauſeous Diſeaſe, ſhe rotted away above Ground: And was ſo offenſive for many Days before ſhe died, that ſcarce any could bear to ſtay in the Room.

Monday 4. Hearing my old Friend, Mr. *H——s*, was now a Beggar and forſaken of all, I called (after a Separation

Separation of ſixteen Years) at his Lodgings, to offer him any Service in my Power. I was pleaſingly ſurprized, to find him reading the Bible! But ſtill I am afraid, All is not right. For the Hand of God ſeems to be upon him ſtill: And his Mind is ſo hurried, he can ſettle to nothing. O what a pattern of Holineſs and Stability of Mind, was this very Man, 'till he was ſtolen away by the Men *whoſe Words are ſmoother than Oil.* But were they not to him *very Swords?*

Wedneſday 6. I mentioned to the Congregation another Means of increaſing ſerious Religion, which had been frequently practiſed by our Forefathers, and attended with eminent Bleſſing: Namely, the joining in a Covenant to ſerve God, with all our Heart and with all our Soul. I explained this for ſeveral Mornings following: And on *Friday*, many of us kept a Faſt unto the Lord, beſeeching him to give us Wiſdom and Strength, to *promiſe unto the* Lord *our* God *and keep it.*

Monday 11. I explained once more the Nature of ſuch an Engagement, and the Manner of doing it acceptable to God. At Six in the Evening we met for that Purpoſe, at the *French* Church in *Spittlefields*. After I had recited the Tenor of the Covenant propoſed, in the Words of that bleſſed Man, *Richard Allen*, all the People ſtood up, in Teſtimony of Aſſent, to the Number of about 1800 Perſons. Such a Night I ſcarce ever ſaw before. Surely the Fruit of it ſhall remain for ever.

Saturday 16. I buried the Remains of a rough, honeſt, friendly Man, Capt. *Edward Stoteſbury*. But the Lion was become a Lamb, before God took him to himſelf.

Sunday 17. I took my leave of the Congregation in *Moorfields*, by applying thoſe awful Words, *It is appointed for Men once to die:* and early in the Morning ſet out for *Cornwall*. In the Evening I preached to a ſleepy Congregation at *Reading*, on *It is a fearful Thing, to fall into the Hands of the living* God: And to much ſuch another on *Tueſday* Evening at *Saliſbury*, on, *Harden not your Hearts.*

On

On *Wednesday* 20, at Noon I preached at *Shaftsbury*, to a much more lively People. In the Afternoon both my Fellow-traveller and I were fairly worn out. We betook ourselves to Prayer, and received Strength. Nor did we faint any more, 'till on *Friday* 22. we reached *Plymouth Dock*. And I found myself far less weary then, than on *Monday* when I came to *Colebrook*.

Having spent two Days comfortably, and I hope, usefully, on *Monday* 25. I rode over the Mountains, close b the Sea to *Loo*, a Town near half as large as *Islington*, which send *Four* Members to the Parliament! And each County in *North-Wales* sends *One!* At *Fowey* a little Company met us, and conducted us to *Luxillian*. Between Six and Seven I preached in what was once the Court-Yard of a rich and honourable Man. But he and all his Family are in the Dust, and his very Memory is almost perished. The Congregation was large and deeply serious. But it was still larger on *Tuesday* Evening, and several seemed to be cut to the Heart. On *Wednesday* they flocked from all Parts. And with what Eagerness did they receive the Word? Surely many of these last will be first!

Thursday 28. I preached at St. *Mevan*'s. I do not remember ever to have seen the Yard in which I stood quite full before. But it would not now contain the Congregation. Many were obliged to stand without the Gate. At Five in the Morning I preached at St. *Awstle*'s, to more than our Room could contain. In the Evening I was at St. *Ewe*. One or two felt the Edge of God's Sword, and sunk to the Ground. And indeed it seemed as if God would suffer none to escape him; as if he both heard and answered our Prayer,

"Dart into all the melting Flame
Of Love, and make the Mountains flow."

Saturday 30. As I was riding thro' *Truro*, one stoped my Horse, and insisted on my alighting. Presently two or three more of Mr. *Walker*'s Society came in: And we seemed to have been acquainted with each other many Years. But I was constrained to break from them. About Five, I found the Congregation waiting, in a broad, convenient Part of the Street in *Redruth*: I was extremely weary. And our Friends were

were ſo glad to ſee me, that none once thought of aſking me to eat or drink. But my Wearineſs vaniſhed when I began to ſpeak. Surely God is in this Place.

Sunday 31. Underſtanding there were many preſent, who did once run well, I preached at Eight, (the Rain ceaſing juſt in Time) on, *How ſhall I give thee up, Ephraim?* Many endeavoured, but in vain, to hide their Tears. I was agreeably ſurpriſed at Church, to hear the Prayers read, not only with Deliberation, but with uncommon Propriety. At One, the Congregation was nearly double to what it was in the Morning. And all were ſtill as Night. Surely theſe are *patient* Hearers: God grant they may be *fruitful* ones!

At five I preached in *Gwenap*, to ſeveral Thouſands: But not one of them light or inattentive. After I had done, the Storm aroſe, and the Rain poured down, 'till about Four in the Morning. Then the Sky cleared, and many of them that feared God, gladly aſſembled before him.

Monday Sept. 1. I preached at *Penryn*, to abundantly more than the Houſe could contain.

Tueſday 2. We went to *Falmouth*. The Town is not now what it was Ten Years ſince. All is quiet from one End to the other. I had Thoughts of Preaching on the Hill near the Church. But the violent Wind made it impracticable: So I was obliged to ſtay in our own Room. The People could hear in the Yard likewiſe, and the adjoining Houſes: And all were deeply attentive.

Wedneſday 3. At four, Mrs. *M.* came into my Room, all in Tears, and told me, "She had ſeen, as it were, our Lord ſtanding by her, calling her by her Name; and had ever ſince been filled with Joy unſpeakable." Soon after came her Siſter, in almoſt the ſame Condition, and afterwards her Neice: Who likewiſe quickly melted into Tears, and refuſed to be comforted. Which of theſe will endure to the End? Now at leaſt God is, among them.

After Preaching again to a Congregation who now appeared ready to devour every Word, I walked up to *Pendennis* Caſtle, finely ſituated on the high Point of

of Land which runs out between the Bay and the Harbour, and commanding both. But might eafily be made exceeding ftrong. But our Wooden Caftles are fufficient.

In the Afternoon we rode to *Helfton*, once turbulent enough, now quiet as *Penryn*. I preached at Six, on a rifing Ground, about a Mufket Shot from the Town. Two drunken Men ftrove to interrupt: But one foon walked away. The other leaned on his Horfes Neck and fell faft afleep.

What has done much Good here, is the Example of *W— T—*. He was utterly without God in the World when his Father died, and left him a little Eftate, encumbered with huge Debt. Seven or eight Years ago he found Peace with God. He afterwards fold his Eftate, paid all his Debts, and with what he had left, furnifhed a little Shop. Herein God has bleft him in an uncommon Manner. Meantime all his Behoviour is of a-piece: So that more and more of his Neighbours fay, "Well, this is a Work of God!"

Thurfday 4. In the Evening, heavy Rain began, juft as I began to give out the Hymn. But it ceafed before I named my Text. I fpoke very plain, and it feemed to fink into many Hearts: As they fhewed by attending at Five in the Morning; when we had another happy and folemn Hour.

About Noon, *Friday* 5, I called on *W. Row*, in *Breag*, in my Way to *Newlin*, "Twelve Years ago, he faid, I was going over *Gulval Downs*, and I faw many People together. And I afked, What was the Matter? And they told me, "A Man going to preach." And I faid, To be fure it is fome *mazed* Man. But when I faw you, I faid, "Nay, this is no mazed Man." And you preached on God's raifing the dry Bones. And from that Time I could never reft, 'till God was pleafed to breathe on *me*, and raife my dead Soul!"

I had given no Notice of preaching here. But feeing the poor People flock from every Side, I could not fend them empty away. So I preached at a fmall Diftance from the Houfe, and befought them to confider our *great High-prieft, who is paffed thro' into the Heavens.*

And

And none opened his Mouth: For the Lions of *Breag* too, are now changed into Lambs. That they were ſo fierce ten Years ago is no Wonder. Since their wretched Miniſter told them from the Pulpit (ſeven Years before I reſigned my Fellowſhip) "That *John Weſley* was expelled the College for a baſe Child, and had been quite *mazed* ever ſince: That all the *Methodiſts* at their private Societies, put out the Lights, &c." with abundance more of the ſame Kind. But a Year or two ſince, it was obſerved, he grew thoughtful and melancholy. And about nine Months ago, he went into his own neceſſary Houſe, and hanged himſelf!

When we came to *Newlin* we were informed, that a ſtrong, healthy Man, was the Morning before found dead in his Bed. Many were ſtartled: So I endeavoured to deepen the Impreſſion, by preaching on thoſe Words, *There is no Work, nor Device, nor Knowledge, nor Wiſdom, in the Grave whither thou goeſt.*

Saturday 6. In the Evening I preached at St. *Juſt*. Except at *Gwenap*, I have ſeen no ſuch Congregation in *Cornwall*. The *Sun* (nor could we contrive it otherwiſe) ſhone full in my Face, when I began the Hymn. But juſt as I ended it, a Cloud aroſe, which covered it 'till I had done preaching. Is any Thing too ſmall for the Providence of Him, by whom our *very Hairs are numbered?*

Sunday 7. Laſt Year, a ſtrange Letter, written at *Penzance*, was inſerted in the Public Papers. To Day I ſpoke to the two Perſons, who occaſioned that Letter. They are of St. *Juſt*'s Pariſh, ſenſible Men, and no *Methodiſts*. The Name of one is *James Tregeer*, of the other *Thomas Sackerly*. I received the Account from *James* two or three Hours before *Thomas* came. But there was no material Difference. "In July was twelve Month, they both ſaid, as they were walking from St. *Juſt* Church Town toward *Sanchriſt*, *Thomas* happening to look up, cried out, "*James*, look, look! What is that in the Sky?" The firſt Appearance, as *James* expreſſed it was, Three large Columns of Horſemen ſwiftly preſſing on, as in a Fight, from South-weſt to North-eaſt, a broad Streak of Sky being between each Column. Some Times they ſeemed to

run thick together; then to thin their Ranks. Afterward they ſaw a large Fleet of three Maſt Ships, in full Sail toward the *Lizard Point*. This continued above a Quarter of an Hour. Then all diſappearing, they went on their Way." The Meaning of this, if it was real, (which I do not affirm) Time only can ſhew.

I preached at Eight in the Morning and Five in the Afternoon and then haſtened to St. *Ives*. But we did not reach it, till between Nine and Ten. So I delayed viſiting Mr. *K.* till the Morning. He is a young Attorney, who for ſome Time paſt, has frequently attended the Preaching. On *Saturday* Morning he fell raving mad. I never ſaw him till this Morning. He ſung, and ſwore, and ſcreamed, and curſed, and blaſphemed, as if poſſeſſed by *Legion*. But as ſoon as I came in, he called me by my Name, and began to ſpeak. I ſat down on the Bed, and he was ſtill. Soon after he fell into Tears and Prayer. We prayed with him, and left him calm for the preſent.

Tueſday 9. I deſired as many of our Brethren as could, to obſerve *Wedneſday* the Tenth as a Day of Faſting and Prayer. Juſt as we were praying for him, (we were afterwards informed) he left off raving, and broke out, "LORD! How long? Wilt thou hide thy face for ever? All my Bones are broken. Thy Wrath lieth heavy upon me: I am in the loweſt Darkneſs and in the Deep. But the LORD *will* hear: He *will* rebuke thee, thou unclean Spirit. He *will* deliver me out of thy Hands," Many ſuch Expreſſions he uttered for about half an Hour, and then raved again.

Thurſday 11. He was more outrageous than ever. But while we were praying for him in the Evening, he ſunk down into a ſound Sleep, which continued for Ten Hours. Nor was he furious any more: Altho' the Time of Deliverance was not come.

Saturday 13. I preached once more at St. *Juſt*, on the firſt Stone of their new Society Houſe. In the Evening, as we rode to *Cambourn*, *John Pearſe* of *Redruth*, was mentioning a remarkable Incident. While he lived at *Helſton*, as their Claſs was meeting one Evening, one of them cried, with an uncommon Tone, "We will not

not ſtay here: We will go to ſuch an Houſe," which was in a quite different Part of the Town. They all roſe immediately, and went; tho' neither they, nor ſhe, knew why. Preſently after they were gone, a Spark fell into a Barrel of Gunpowder, which was in the next Room, and blew up the Houſe. So did God preſerve thoſe who truſted in Him, and prevent the Blaſphemy of the Multitude.

Sunday 14. I preached about Eight at *Bray*, to a very numerous Congregation. And I believe God ſpoke to the Hearts of many: Of Backſliders in particular. Soon after Ten we went to *Redruth* Church. A young Gentlewoman in the next Pew, who had been laughing and talking juſt before, while the Confeſſion was reading ſeemed very uneaſy; then ſcreamed out ſeveral Times, dropt down, and was carried out of Church. Mr. *Colins* read Prayers admirably well, and preached an excellent Sermon, on Christ *alſo ſuffered, leaving us an Example, that we ſhould tread in his Steps.*

At One I preached on Faith, Hope and Love. I was ſurprized at the Behaviour of the whole Multitude. At length God ſeems to be moving on all their Hearts. About five I preached at St. *Agnes*, where all received the Truth in Love, except two or three, who ſoon walked away. Thence I rode on to St. *Cubert*. At Noon I was much tired. But I was now as freſh as in the Morning.

Monday 15. We walked an Hour near the Sea Shore, among thoſe amazing Caverns, which are full as ſurprizing as *Pooles-Hole*, or ony other in the *Peak* of *Derbyſhire*. Some Part of the Rock in theſe natural Vaults, glitters as bright and ruddy as Gold. Part is a fine Sky-blue: Part Green, Part enamel'd, exactly like Mother of Pearl: And a great Part, eſpecially near *the Holy Well*, (which bubbles up on the Top of a Rock, and is famous for curing either Scorbutic or Scrophulous Diſorders) is cruſted over, wherever the Water runs, with an hard white Coat, like Alabaſter.

At Six in the Evening I preached at *Port Iſaac*. The next Day I rode to *Camelford*, and preached in the Market-place about Six, on *Ye muſt be born again*. Some

 were

were much afraid there would be Disturbance. But the whole Congregation was quiet and attentive.

Thursday 18. Just as we came in at *Lancestón*, the heavy Rain began. Between Five and Six I preached in a Gentleman's dining Room, capable of containing some Hundreds of People. At Five in the Morning I preached in the Town-hall, and soon after took my Leave of *Cornwall*.

Friday 19. In the Evening I reached *North Moulton*. But being wet and tired, and the People not having Notice, I did not preach 'till the Morning. A few, I found, stand stedfast here also, tho' a neighbouring Gentleman, has threatned them much, unless they will leave this Way, has turned many out of their Work or Farms, and headed the Mob in Person.

On *Saturday* Evening I preached at *Tiverton*, to a well established People.

Sunday 21. I rode to *Collumpton*, where the Minister preached an excellent, practical Sermon. At One I preached on the Parable of the Sower; and about Five in the Market-house at *Tiverton*. The Congregation was larger than for some Years. Yet all behaved as tho' they really desired to save their Souls.

Monday 22. It rained the greater Part of the Day, which lessened the Congregation at *Charlton*.

Tuesday 23. We walked up to *Glastonbury-Tower*, which a Gentleman is now repairing. It is the Steeple of a Church, the Foundation of which is still discernible. On the West Side of the Tower there are Niches for Images, one of which, as big as the Life, is still entire. The Hill on which it stands is extremely steep, and of an uncommon Height, so that it commands the Country on all Sides, as well as the *Bristol Channel*. I was weary enough when we came to *Bristol*. But I preached 'till all my Complaints were gone. And I had now a little Leisure to sit still, and finish the *Notes on the Testament*.

Friday October 3. I rode over to *Pill*, a Place famous from Generation to Generation, even as *Kingswood* itself, for stupid, brutal, abandoned Wickedness. But what is all the Power of the World and the Devil, when the Day of God's Power is come? Many of the Inhabitants

Inhabitants now ſeem deſirous of turning from the Power of Satan to GOD.

Sunday 5. I preached on the South-weſt Side of *Briſtol*. I ſuppoſe a conſiderable Part of the Congregation, had hardly ever heard a Sermon in the open Air before. But they were all, rich and poor, ſerious and attentive No Rudeneſs is now at *Briſtol*.

Thurſday 9. I preached on the Green, near *Pill*, to a large and ſerious Congregation. It rained moſt of the Time; but none went away, altho' there were many genteel Hearers.

Monday 13. I preached about Noon at *Shepton-Mallet*, and in the Evening at *Coleford*: Where the Congregation is ſo increaſed, that they muſt inlarge the Houſe.

Tueſday 14. about One I preached near *Bradford*, and again in the Evening.

Wedneſday 15. I preached at *Bath*. Even here a few are joined together, and hope they ſhall be ſcattered no more.

I dined with ſome ſerious Perſons, in a large, ſtately Houſe, ſtanding on the Brow of a delightful Hill. In this Paradiſe they live, in Eaſe, in Honour, and in elegant Abundance. And this they *call retiring from the World!* What would *Gregory Lopez* have called it?

In the Evening the Society met at *Briſtol*. I had deſired again and again, that no Perſon would come, who had not calmly and deliberately reſolved, to give himſelf up to GOD. But I believe not Ten of them were wanting. And we now ſolemnly and of ſet Purpoſe, by our own free Act and Deed, jointly agreed, to take the LORD for our GOD. I think, it will not ſoon be forgotten: I hope, not to all Eternity.

Sunday 19. I preached once more in *Stokes-croft*, to a deeply ſerious Congregation.

Monday 20. I left *Briſtol*: And taking ſeveral Societies in the Way, on *Thurſday* 23. preached at *Reading*. Several Soldiers were there, and many more the next Night, when I ſet before them *the Terrors of the* LORD. And I ſcarce ever ſaw ſo much Impreſſion made, on this dull, ſenſeleſs People.

Saturday 25. I reached *London*, notwithſtanding all the Forebodings of my Friends, in at leaſt as good Health as I left it.

Sunday 26. I entered upon my *London*-Duty, reading Prayers, preaching, and giving the Sacrament, at *Snow-fields* in the Morning: Preaching and giving the Sacrament at Noon, in *Weſt-Street* Chappel: Meeting the Leaders at Three, burying a Corpſe at Four, and preaching at Five in the Afternoon. Afterwards I met the Society, and concluded the Day with a General Love-feaſt.

Monday 27. We ſet out for *Leigh* in *Eſſex*. But being hindered a little in the Morning, the Night came on without either Moon or Stars, when we were about two Miles ſhort of *Raleigh*. The Ruts were ſo Deep and uneven, that the Horſes could ſcarce ſtand, and the Chaiſe was continually in Danger of overturning: So that my Companions thought it beſt, to walk to the Town, tho' the Road was both wet and dirty. Leaving them at *Raleigh*, I took Horſe again. It was ſo throughly dark, that we could not ſee our Horſes Heads. However by the Help of Him to whom the Night ſhineth as the Day, we hit every Turning, and without going a Quarter of a Mile out of our Way, before Nine came to *Leigh*.

Wedneſday 29. I returned to *London*. In my Scraps of Time on this and two or three other Days, I read over (what I had often heard much commended) Lord *Anſon*'s Voyage. What Pity he had not a better Hiſtorian? One who had Eyes to ſee, and Courage to own, the Hand of God.

Thurſday November 5. Mr. *Whitefield* called upon me. Diſputings are now no more. We love one another and join Hand in Hand, to promote the Cauſe of our Common Maſter.

In the Afternoon I buried the Remains of *Samuel Larwood*, who died of a Fever on *Sunday* Morning: Deeply convinced of his Unfaithfulneſs, and yet hoping to find Mercy. He had lately taken and repaired a building in Southwark, called by the venerable Men who built it, *Zoar*. His Executor offering it to me, on the Evening of *Friday* 6. that ſolemn Day, which

we

we obſerved with Faſting and Prayer for our King and Country, I preached there to a large and quiet Congregation. But moſt of them appeared wild enough. And ſuch were we, till Grace made the Difference.

Monday 10. I preached at the *Wells*. And I did not wonder, that God gave an uncommon Bleſing, to thoſe who then aſſembled in his Name, conſidering the Difficulties they had broke through. The Froſt was very ſevere, accompanied with ſuch a Fog, as perhaps the oldeſt Man there never ſaw before. The Lamps could not be ſeen acroſs the Street, and hardly the Ground by thoſe who had Lights in their Hands. Many loſt their Way, when they were juſt at their own Doors. And it was almoſt as hard to breathe as to ſee. How eaſy it is for God to puniſh a ſinful Nation, even without employing an Arm of Fleſh?

Monday 17. As we were walking towards *Wapping*, the Rain poured down with ſuch Violence, that we were obliged to take Shelter till it abated. We then held on to *Gravel-lane:* In many Parts of which the Waters were like a River. However we got on pretty well, till the Rain put out the Candle in our Lantern. We then were obliged to wade thro' all, till we came to the Chappel-Yard. Juſt as we entered it, a little Streak of Lightning appeared in the South-Weſt. There was likewiſe a ſmall Clap of Thunder, and a vehement Burſt of Rain, which ruſhed ſo plentifully thro' our ſhattered Tiles, that the Veſtry was all in a float. Soon after I began reading Prayers, the Lightning flamed all round it, and the Thunder rolled juſt over our Heads. When it grew louder and louder, perceiving many of the Strangers to be much affrighted, I broke off the Prayers, after the Collect, "Lighten our Darkneſs we beſeech thee, O Lord," and began applying, *The* Lord *ſitteth above the Water-flood: the* Lord *remaineth a King for ever*. Preſently the Lightning, Thunder and Rain ceaſed, and we had a remarkably calm Evening.

It was obſerved, That exactly at this Hour, they were acting *Macbeth*, in *Drury-Lane*: And juſt as the Mock-Thunder began, the Lord began to thunder out of Heaven. For a while it put them to a ſtand.

But

But they ſoon took Courage and went on. Otherwiſe it might have been ſuſpected, that the Fear of God had crept into the very Theatre!

Tueſday 18. We had a ſolemn Watch-Night at *Zoar*.

Wedneſday 26. Being much importuned thereto, I wrote "Serious Thoughts on the Earthquake at *Liſbon*:" Directed, not as I deſigned at firſt, to the ſmall Vulgar, but the Great: To the Learned, Rich and Honourable Heathens, commonly called *Chriſtians*.

Tueſday Dec. 2. I received a remarkable Letter, Part of which I have here ſubjoined.

"It may ſeem ſtrange, Sir, that I whom you have no perſonal Knowledge of, ſhould write with the Freedom I am now going to take. But I truſt, you deſire as much to inſtruct, as I to be inſtructed. I have long laboured under a Diſeaſe, which comes the neareſt to that which is named Scepticiſm. I rejoice at one Time, in the Belief, That the Religion of my Country is true. But how tranſient my Joy! While my buſy Imagination ranges thro' Nature, Books and Men, I often drop into that horrible Pit of Deiſm, and in vain bemoan my Fall. The two main Springs which alternately move my Soul to theſe oppoſite Opinions are, Firſt, Can it be, that the great God of the boundleſs Univerſe, containing many Thouſand better Worlds than This, ſhould become incarnate here, and die on a Piece of Wood?" There I loſe my Belief of Chriſtianity.

But on the other Hand I think, Well, let me examine the Fitneſs of Things which Deiſm boaſts of. And certain it is, I diſcern nothing but Beauty and Wiſdom in the inanimate Parts of the Creation. But how is the animate Side of Nature! It ſhocks me with powerful Cruelty, and bleeding Innocence. I cannot call the Earth (as *Fontenelle* does) "A great rolling Globe, covered over with Fools:" But rather, a great rolling Globe, covered over with Slaughter-houſes: Where few Beings can eſcape but thoſe of the Butcher-kind, the Lion, Wolf or Tyger. And as to Man himſelf, He is undoubtedly the Supreme Lord, nay, the uncontrollable Tyrant of this Globe. Yet ſurvey him in a State of Deiſm, and I muſt pronounce him a very poor Creature.

Creature. He is then a Kind of Jack-catch, an Executioner-general. He may, nay he must destroy, for his own Subsistence, Multitudes of Beings that have done him no wrong. He has none of that heavenly Power to restore Life. And can he be fond of the Permission to take it away? One who like me, is subject to the tender Passions, will never be proud of this.

"No dying Brute I view in Anguish here,
But from my melting Eye descends a Tear.

The very Beasts are entitled to my Compassion: But who can express the Anxieties I feel, for the Afflictions sustained by virtuous Men, and my Abhorrence of the Cruel? Yet in Deism I can discern no Reward for the one, or Punishment for the other. On this View of Things, the *Castilian* King might well say, "He could have directed God to amend his Creation."

I think upon the whole, the God of Wisdom would not have made a World, so much in want of a Redeemer as this, and not give it one: Therefore at present, I am again a Christian. O that the Son of God would confirm me His! As yet my Soul is like a Weather-beaten Bird, that hovers over the great Ocean, tired and afraid of dropping: Death and Eternity are ready to receive it, the pleasant Land is out of Sight, hid by Fogs and Mists, and the Way unknown, to gain the happy Groves.

I was formerly apt to mention my Scepticism, both to Clergymen and Laymen, with a View of lessening the Evil. But they rather increased it. Few Clergymen cared to discourse on the Subject: And if they did, they generally expected, that a few weak Reasons should eradicate at once strong and deep-rooted Prejudices. And most Laymen discovered an utter Ignorance of the Religion they pretended to believe; and looked upon me as if I had the Plague, for owning I did not believe it. What Method could I take? I long avoided speaking of Religion to any but its great Author: Who I hope, has at last led me to one that is capable of removing my Spiritual Darkness. May the Giver of all Goodness reward you in that Day, when (according to the Prophet *Daniel*) *The wise shall*

ſhall ſhine as the Brightneſs of the Firmament, and they that turn many to Righteouſneſs, as the Stars for ever!"

Friday 12. As I was returning from *Zoar*, I came, as well as uſual to *Moorfields*, but there my Strength entirely failed, and ſuch a Faintneſs and Wearineſs ſeized me, that it was with Difficulty I got home. I could not but think, how happy it would be (ſuppoſe we were ready for the Bridegroom) to ſink down and ſteal away at once, without any of the Hurry and Pomp of Dying! Yet it is happier ſtill, to glorify GOD, in our Death, as well as our Life.

About this Time I received a ſerious, ſenſible Letter, the Subſtance of which was as follows.

" Scarce any Nation paſſes a Century, without ſome remarkable Fluctuation. How ſhould it be otherwiſe? For how can that be perpetually ſtable, wherein Man, full of Inſtability, is principally concerned? It is certain therefore, that all the Quiet in a Nation is ordered by Divine Wiſdom: As all the Confuſions and Convulſions are permitted by Divine Juſtice. Let us view the preſent State of *Great-Britain* in this Light: Reſting aſſured, that all which befalls us, is intended to promote our Good, in this World, and that which is to come.

" This Land is ripe for Judgments. How few are there herein, who even *intend* to pleaſe GOD in *all* they do? And all beſides are Subjects of Divine Wrath. For all who live without ony Regard to GOD, are wilful Sinners againſt GOD, and every Hour liable to the Stroke of his offended Juſtice.

" And what ſhall theſe do, when viſited by the Sword, the Plague, the Famine, or the furious Elements? O that they would turn to GOD, thro' the Saviour of Sinners! Surely then they would find Mercy! Yea, and probably ſee the Salvation of GOD, even in the Land of the Living.

" But what ſhall the *Chriſtians* do in the Time of public Calamities? Be ſtill, look up, and follow Providence. *Be ſtill*, O my Soul, in the Midſt of Tumults and the Diſtreſs of Nations. Take no Comfort in any Thing but in the Conſciouſneſs of Divine Love. Liſten to his Voice, and quietly wait to ſee the Hand of

of God over all. If you are uncertain what to do, *look up*, and expect Wisdom from above. If you fear, look up for Courage and Faith, to act well on all Occasions. If the Sword is at your Throat, look up for Submission to the wise and gracious Will of God. Look up for Power to pray without ceasing, and in every Thing to give Thanks. *Follow Providence.* Do not run *before*, but *after* the Hand that leads the simple-hearted, with a steddy Attention, and a determinate Purpose to do what is pleasing to Him.

"But what shall the Christians do, if the Storm come, if our Country be actually *invaded?* The general Answer must be the same, Be still; Look up; Follow Providence. A particular Answer is hard to give yet. Only so far one may say, 1. We must take great Care of our Spirits. If we sink into the World's Fears or Joys, we shall lose our hold on God. The Spirit of the Christians and the Spirit of the World are entirely different. They can never agree in what appertains to the Work of God, either in his Dispensations of Grace or Justice. 2. Every one should deeply consider, what he is called to. Some may think it would be a Sin to defend themselves. Happy are they, if they can refrain from judging or condemning those that are of a different Persuasion. Certain it is, some have fought and died in a just Cause, with a Conscience void of Offence. To some therefore it may be Matter of Duty, to repel the Common Enemy. 3. They who believe they are called to this, should proceed in all Things in a Christian Spirit. They should if possible join in one Body. They should endeavour to avoid trifling Company and Conversation. They should learn the Exercise with Prayers and Hymns. But who of us is sufficient for these Things?"

Sunday 14. The Minds of many People being deeply affected with a Prospect of public Calamities, I explained those comfortable Words in the first Lesson, *Isa.* xxvi. 20. *Come, my People, enter thou into thy Chambers, and shut thy Doors about thee: Hide thyself as it were for a little Moment, until the Indignation be overpast.*

Tuesday 16. I set out for *Lewisham*, apointing one to meet me with my Horse at the *Stones End.* But he mistook

miſtook his Way, and ſo left me to walk on, in my Boots and great Coat. When I came within a Quarter of a Mile of *Lewiſham Bridge*, a Coach drove ſwiftly by me. I wondered why the Coachman ſtopped, 'till he called, and deſired me to come up to him. The Reaſon then appeared: The Low Grounds were quite covered with Water, ſo that I could not have attempted to reach the Bridge, without hazarding my Life.

Tueſday 23. I was in the Robe-Chamber, adjoining to the Houſe of Lords, when the King put on his Robes. His Brow was much furrowed with Age, and quite clouded with Care. And is this all the World can give even to a King? All the Grandeur it can afford? A Blanket of Ermin round his Shoulders, ſo heavy and cumberſome he can ſcarce move under it! An huge Heap of borrowed Hair, with a few Plates of Gold and glittering Stones upon his Head! Alas, what Bauble is Human Greatneſs? And even this will not endure! Cover the Head with ever ſo much Hair and Gold: Yet

Scit te Proſerpina canum;
Perſonam capiti detrahet illa tuo.

January 1, 1756. We had a large Congregation at Four in the Morning. How much are Men divided in their Expectations, concerning the enſuing Year? Will it bring a large Harveſt of temporal Calamities? or of ſpiritual Bleſſings? Perhaps of Both: Of Temporal Afflictions preparatory to ſpiritual Bleſſings.

Monday 5. This Week I wrote "An Addreſs to the Clergy;" Which, conſidering the Situation of Public Affairs, I judged would be more ſeaſonable and more eaſily borne, at this Time than at any other.

Wedneſday 14. Mr. *Walſh* wrote to me as Follows:

Rev. and very Dear Sir,

"In Mr. *B*——'s Letter are many palpable Falſhoods. But what exaſperated him ſo, he does not tell. It was my oppoſing his Arian Principles: My telling him, I had the ſame Arguments to prove the Divinity of CHRIST, as to prove the Godhead of the Father. 1. The Father is called GOD אל: So is the Son, *Iſ.* ix. 6. 2. The Father is called אלהים. So is the Son, *Hoſ.* i. 7. The Father is called יהוה: So is the Son

Son, *Jer.* xxiii. 6. The Father is ſaid to b *e from everlaſting*. So the Son is called אב עד, *Iſ.* ix. 6. Not, the *everlaſting Father*; but *the Father* or *Author of Eternity*. 4. The Father is ſaid to create all Things. So is the Son, *Jo.* i. and *Col.* i. 5. The Father is ſaid to be Almighty: So is the Son. 6. The Father is Omnipreſent: So is the Son, *Mat.* xx. 18. 7. The Father is Omniſcient: So is the Son. *Rev.* ii. 7. The Father forgives Sins: So does the Son, *Mark* ii. 8. The Father is Judge of all: So is the Son.

"But ſtill he diſputed, Whether any Man ſhould pray to CHRIST? I gave theſe Reaſons for it. 1. All Men are bound to *honour* the Son, *as they honour the Father*. But we are to honour the Father, by praying to him. Therefore we ſhould ſo honour the Son. 2. GOD commands, *Let all the Angels of* GOD *worſhip him*. This is done *Rev.* v. And it is certain Praiſe and Thankſgiving, are ſuperior rather than inferior to Prayer. 3. St. *Paul* prayed to him, 2 *Cor.* xii. 8, 9. 4. St. *Stephen* prayed to him, *Acts* vii. 59. (The Word, GOD, is not in the Original.) 5. All Believers in the Apoſtolic Age prayed to him, 1 *Cor.* i. 2. For what is, to *call upon his Name*, but to pray to him?

"When he could not anſwer theſe Reaſons, he called them *Cant*, and ſaid "Much Learning has made thee mad." What he calls "Contempt," was confronting him with Scripture and Reaſon, in Defence of the Godhead of CHRIST. I acknowledge, I have been an oppoſer of Arianiſm, ever ſince I knew what it was: But eſpecially ſince my late Illneſs, during which I had ſuch glorious Evidence of the eternal Power and Godhead of my great Redeemer. I bleſs GOD, I love Mr. *B*—— as well as all Mankind. But it grieves me to ſee the People led in the High Road to Hell, inſtead of Heaven: Eſpecially at a Time which calls upon all, to awake and *prepare to meet their* GOD."

Saturday 17. And in the ſpare Hours of the following Days I read over Mr. *Pike's Pholoſophia Sacra*, a Treatiſe admirably well wrote, by an ingenious Man, who ſays all that can be ſaid, for Mr. *Hutchinſon*'s Hypotheſis. But it is only an Hypotheſis ſtill: Much *Suppoſition*, and little *Proof*.

Monday 26. I rode to *Canterbury* and preached in the Evening to ſuch a Congregation as I never ſaw there before. In which were abundance of the Soldiers, and not a few of their Officers.

Wedneſday 28. I preached about Noon at *Dover*, to a very ſerious, but ſmall Congregation. We afterwards walked up to the Caſtle, on the Top of a Mountain. It is an amazingly fine Situation. And from hence we had a clear view of that vaſt Piece of the Cliff, which a few Days ago divided from the reſt, and fell down upon the Beach.

Friday 30. In returning to *London* I read the Life of the late Czar, *Peter* the Great. Undoubtedly he was a Soldier, a General and a Stateſman, ſcarce inferior to any. But why was he called a *Chriſtian?* What has Chriſtianity to do either with deep Diſſimulation or Savage Cruelty?

Friday February 6. TheFaſt-Day was a gloriousDay: Such as *London* has ſcarce ſeen ſince the Reſtoration. Every Church in the City was more than full: And a ſolemn Serioufneſs ſat on every Face. Surely God heareth the Prayer: And there will yet be *a lengthening of our Tranquility.*

Even the Jews obſerved this Day with a peculiar Solemnity. The Form of Prayer which was uſed in their Synagogue, began, "Come, and let us return unto the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us:" And concluded with thoſe remarkable Words: "Incline the Heart of our Sovereign Lord King *George*, as well as the Hearts of his Lords and Counſellors, to uſe us kindly, and all our Brethren, the Children of *Iſrael:* That in his Days and in our Days we may ſee the Reſtoration of *Judah*, and that *Iſrael* may dwell in Safety, and theRedeemer may come to *Zion*. May it be thy Will! And we all ſay, *Amen.*"

Monday 23. I paid another Viſit to *Canterbury*, but came in too late to preach.

Tueſday 24. Abundance of Soldiers and many Officers came to the preaching. And ſurely the Fear and the Love of God will prepare them either for Death or Victory.

Wedneſday 25. I dined with Col. ——— who ſaid, "No Men Fight like thoſe who fear God: I had rather

ther command five Hundred ſuch, than any Regiment in his Majeſty's Army."

Thurſday 22. I had ſo ſevere a Cold, that I could hardly ſpeak to be heard. However I preached Morning and Evening as I could, and the next Day returned to *London*.

Monday March 1. I ſet out for *Briſtol*. Some Time after, I received the Copy of another Letter, dated *March* 2. from the Rev. Mr. *Davies* in *Virginia*, Part of which I have ſubjoined.

" When the Books arrived, I gave public Notice after Sermon, and deſired ſuch Negroes as could read, and ſuch white People as would make good Uſe of them, and were not able to buy, to come to my Houſe. For ſome Time after, the poor Slaves, whenever they they could get an Hour's Leiſure, hurried away to me, and received them with all the genuine Indications of paſſionate Gratitude. All the Books were very acceptable, but none more ſo than the Pſalms and Hymns, which enabled them to gratify their peculiar Taſte for Pſalmody. Sundry of them lodged all Night in my Kitchen. And ſometimes when I have awaked, at Two or Three in the Morning, a Torrent of ſacred Pſalmody has poured into my Chamber. In this Exerciſe ſome of them ſpend the whole Night.

" The Good Effects of this Charity are already apparent. It convinces the Heathen, that however careleſs about Religion, the Generality of the white People are, yet there are ſome, who think it a Matter of Importance. It has excited ſome of their Maſters to Emulation, and they are aſhamed, that Strangers on the other Side the *Atlantic* Ocean, ſhould be at ſuch Pains to teach their Domeſtics, while themſelves are negligent about it. Such of the Negroes as can read already, are evidently improving in Knowledge. It has excited others to learn to read: For as I give Books to none but ſuch as can read, they conſider them as a Reward for their Induſtry. And I am told, that in almoſt every Houſe in my Congregation, and in many other Places they ſpend every leiſure Hour, in endeavouring to learn. Many do this, from a ſincere Deſire to know the Will of God. And if ſome ſhould do it

from the meaner Principle of Vanity or Curiosity, yet I cannot but rejoice, that it renders them the more capable of receiving Instruction. To all this I may add, that the very distributing these Books, gives me an Opportunity of speaking seriously, and with particular Application to many who would not otherwise come in my Way.

"There are Thousands of Negroes in this Colony, who still continue in the grossest Ignorance, and are as rank Pagans now, as they were in the Wilds of *Africa*. Not a few of these are within the Bounds of my Congregation. But all are not of this Character. Upon some my Ministry of late has been successful. Two *Sunday*'s ago I had the Pleasure of seeing forty of their Black Faces at the LORD'sTable, several of whom give unusual Evidence of their Sincerity in Religion. Last Sunday, I baptized Seven or Eight, who had been catechized for some Time. Indeed many of them appear determined to press into the Kingdom, and I am perswaded will find an abundant Entrance, when many of the Children of the Kingdom are shut out.

"I have distributed some of the Books among the poor white People, with a Charge to circulate them among such of their Neighbours, as would seriously read them, that they might be as extensively serviceable as possible. And some of them have since discovered to me, what solemn Impressions they received in reading them.

"I sent a few of each Sort to my Friend Mr. *Wright*, Minister of *Cumberland*, about Ninety Miles hence, where there are not a few Negroes thoughtful about Christianity, and sundry real Converts. And he informs me they have met with a very agreeable and promising Reception. He takes much Pains in instructing them, and has set up two or three Schools among them: Where they attend on Sundays, before and after Sermon; for they have no other leisure Time."

Wednesday 3. I found *Bristol* all in a Flame, Voters and Non-Voters being ready to tear each other in Pieces. I had not recovered my Voice, so as either to preach, or speak to the whole Society: But I desired those Members who were Freemen, to meet me by themselves

themſelves: Whom I mildly and lovingly informed how they ought to act, in this Hour of Temptation. And I believe the far greater Part of them received, and profited by the Advice.

Thurſday 11. I rode to *Pill*, and preached to a large and attentive Congregation. A great Part of them were ſeafaring Men. In the Middle of my Diſcourſe, a Preſs-Gang landed from a Man of War, and came up to the Place. But after they had liſtened a while, they went quietly by, and moleſted no body.

Monday 15. I rode to the *Old-Paſſage*. But finding we could not paſs, we went to *Purton*, which we reached about Four in the Afternoon. But we were no nearer ſtill: For the Boat-Men lived the other Side, and the Wind was ſo high, we could not poſſibly make them hear. However we determined to wait a while: and in a Quarter of an Hour, they came of their own accord. We reached *Coleford* before Seven, and found a plain, loving People, who received the Word of God with all Gladneſs.

Tueſday 16. Examining the little Society, I found them grievouſly harraſt by diſputatious Baptiſts on one Side and Quakers on the other. And hereby five or ſix Perſons have been confuſed. But the reſt cleave ſo much the cloſer together. Nor does it appear, that there is now one Trifler, much leſs a diſorderly Walker among them.

Wedneſday 17. I learned the Particulars of that ſurprizing Storm, which was here the Year before laſt. It began near *Cheltenham*, on *June* 14, 1754, and paſſed on over *Coleford*, in a Line about Three Miles broad. It was Rain mixt with Hail. The Hail broke all the Windows it had acceſs to, ſtript all the Trees both of Fruit and Leaves, and deſtroyed every green Thing. Many of the Stones were as large as Hen-Eggs; ſome were fourteen or fifteen Inches round. The Rain occaſioned ſuch a Torrent of Water in the Street, as bore away Man and Beaſt A Mile or two farther it joined with the Waters of a Mill-dam, which it broke down, and carried away ſeveral Houſes. How frequent would *Accidents* of this Kind be, if Chance, not God, governed the World?

Thursday 18. We rode thro' hard Rain to *Brecknock*, and came just at the Hour appointed for Preaching. The Town-hall, in which I was desired to preach, is a large and commodious Place: And the whole Congregation (one poor Gentleman excepted) behaved with Seriousness and Decency.

Friday 19. I rode over to *Howell Harris* at *Trevecka*, tho' not knowing how to get any further. But he helped us out of our Difficulties, offering to send one with us, who would shew us the Way, and bring our Horses back. So I then determined to go on to *Holyhead*, after spending a Day or two at *Brecknock*.

Saturday 20. It being the Day appointed for the Justices and Commissioners to meet, the Town was extremely full. And Curiosity (if no better Motive) brought most of the Gentlemen to the Preaching. Such another Opportunity could not have been, of speaking to all the Rich and Great of the County. And they all appeared to be serious and attentive. Perhaps one or two may lay it to Heart.

Sunday 21. I delayed Preaching 'till Nine, for the Sake of the tender and delicate Ones. At Two we had near the whole Town, and God reserved the great Blessing for the last. Afterward we rode to *Trevecka*. But our Guide was ill. So in the Morning we set out without him.

Before I talked with him myself, I wondered *H. Harris* did not go out and preach as usual. But he now informed me, He preached 'till he could preach no longer, his Constitution being entirely broken. While he was thus confined, he was prest in Spirit, to build a large House, tho' he knew not why or for whom. But as soon as it was built, Men, Women and Children, without his seeking, came to it from all Parts of *Wales*. And except in the Case of the Orphan-house at *Hall*, I never heard of so many signal Interpositions of Divine Providence.

Monday 22. It continued fair, till we came to *Builth*, where I preached to the usual Congregation. Mr. *Phillips* then guided us to *Royader*, about fourteen *English* Miles. It snowed hard behind us and on both Sides, but not at all where we were.

Tuesday 23. When we took Horse, there was nothing

thing to be ſeen but a Waſte of White, the Snow covering both Hills and Vales. As we could ſee no Path, it was not without much Difficulty, as well as Danger, that we went on. But between Seven and Eight the Sun broke out, and the Snow began to melt. So we thought all our Difficulty was over, 'till about Nine the Snow fell faſter than ever. In an Hour, it changed into Hail, which as we rode over the Mountains drove violently in our Face. About Twelve this turned into hard Rain, followed by an impetuous Wind. However we puſhed on thro' all, and before Sunſet came to *Dollygelle.*

Here we found every Thing we wanted except Sleep, of which we were deprived by a Company of drunken, roaring Sea-Captains, who kept Poſſeſſion of the Room beneath us, 'till between Two and Three in the Morning. So that we did not take Horſe 'till after Six: And then we could make no great Speed, the Froſt being exceeding ſharp, and much Ice in the Road. Hence we were not able to reach *Tannabull*, 'till between Eleven and Twelve. An honeſt *Welchman* here gave us to know (tho' he ſpoke no *Engliſh*) that he was juſt going over the Sands. So we haſtened on with him, and by that Means came in good Time to *Carnarvon.*

Here we paſt a quiet and comfortable Night, and took Horſe about Six in the Morning. Suppoſing after we had rode near an Hour, that a little Houſe on the other Side was the Ferry-houſe, we went down to the Water, and called amain: But we could not procure any Anſwer. In the mean Time it began to rain hard, tho' the Wind was extremely high. Finding none would come over, we went to a little Church which ſtood near for Shelter. We had waited about an Hour, when a Woman and Girl came into the Church-Yard, whom I did not mind, ſuppoſing they could ſpeak no *Engliſh.* They were following a Sheep, which ran cloſe to us. I then aſked, "Is not this *Baldon Ferry?*" The Girl anſwered, "*Baldon Ferry!* No. The Ferry is two Miles further." So we might have called long enough. When we came to *Baldon*, the Wind fell, the Sky cleared up, the Boat came over without Delay, and ſoon landed us in *Angleſey.* On our Way to *Holyhead*, one met and informed us,

The

The Pacquet ſailed the Night before. I ſaid, "Perhaps it may carry me, for all that." So we puſhed on and came thither in the Afternoon. The Pacquet did ſail the Night before, and got more than half Seas over. But the Wind turning againſt them and blowing hard, they were glad to get back this Afternoon.

I ſcarce ever remember ſo violent a Storm as blew all the Night long. The Wind continued contrary the next Day.

Sunday 27. About Nine in the Morning, I ſpent ſome Time with a few ſerious People, and gave Notice of Preaching at Four in the Afternoon, as ſoon as the Evening Service was ended. It began ſoon after Three: Ten Minutes before Four, Mr. *E.* began catechizing the Children in *Welch*. I ſtayed 'till after Five. As there was no Sign of his concluding, I then went home, and found the People waiting: To whom I expounded thoſe ſolemn Words, *Watch and pray always, that ye may be counted worthy to eſcape all theſe Things which are coming upon the Earth.*

Monday 29. We left the Harbour about Twelve, having Six or Seven Officers, and Abundance of Paſſengers on board. The Wind was full Weſt, and there was great Probability of a ſtormy Night. So it was judged beſt, to put back: But one Gentleman making a Motion, To try a little longer, in a ſhort Time brought all over to his Opinion. So they agreed, to go out, and "look for a Wind."

The Wind continued Weſterly all the Night. Nevertheleſs in the Morning we were within two Leagues of *Ireland!* Between Nine and Ten I landed at *Hoath*, and walked on for *Dublin*. The Congregation in the Evening was ſuch as I never ſaw here before. I hope this alſo is a Token for good.

Wedneſday 31. In converſing with many, I was ſurpriſed to find, That all *Ireland* is in perfect Safety! None here has any more Apprehenſion of an Invaſion, than of being ſwallow'd up in the Sea: Every one being abſolutely aſſured, That the *French dare not* attempt any ſuch thing!

Thurſday April 1. I bought one or two Books at Mr. *Smiths*, on the *Blind Quay*. I wanted Change for a Guinea, but he could not give it; So I borrowed ſome

ſome Silver of my Companion. The next Evening a young Gentleman came from Mr. *Smith's*, to tell me, I had left a Guinea on his Counter. Such an Inſtance of Honeſty I have rarely met with, either in *Briſtol* or *London*.

Saturday 4. I went to the College Chappel, at which about forty Perſons were preſent Dr. *K.* preached a plain, practical Sermon, after which the Sacrament was adminiſtered. I never ſaw ſo much Decency at any Chappel in *Oxford*, no, not even at *Lincoln College*. Scarce any Perſon ſtirred, or coughed, or ſpit, from the Beginning to the End of the Service.

In the Evening our Houſe was crowded above and below: Yet many were obliged to ſtand without. The whole Congregation appeared ſtayed and ſolid. Do even the People of *Dublin* know the Day of their Viſitation?

Monday 5. Enquiring for one whom I ſaw three or four Days ago in the height of a violent Pleuriſy, I found he was perfectly recovered, and returned into the Country. * A Brimſtone-Plaiſter in a few Minutes took away both the Pain and the Fever. O why will Phyſicians play with the Lives of their Patients! Do not others (as well as old Dr. *Cockburn*) know, That "no End is anſwered by *Bleeding* in a Pleuriſy, which may not be *much better* anſwered without it?"

To Night the Sleepers here began to open their Eyes, it being rumoured, That an Expreſs was come to the Lord Lieutenant, to inform him, "The *French* were haſtening their Preparation, being determined to land in *Ireland*." And ſo they will—if God gives them leave. But he has the Reins in his own Hand.

Tueſday 6. One was informing me of an eminent Inſtance of the Power of Faith. "Many Years ago, ſaid ſhe, I fell and ſprained my Ankle, ſo that I never expected it would be quite well. Seven Years ſince laſt *September*, I was coming home from the Preaching in a very dark Night, and ſtumbling over a Piece of Wood, fell with the whole Weight of my Body upon my lame Foot. I thought, O Lord, I ſhall not be able to hear thy Word again for many Weeks. Immediately a Voice went thro' my Heart, Name the Name of

* I have cured the Pleuriſy in much shorter Time than this Relapſe.

of CHRIST, and thou ſhalt ſtand. "I leaped up, and ſtretched out my Foot and ſaid, "LORD, JESUS CHRIST, I name thy Name, Let me ſtand." And my Pain ceaſed. And I ſtood up. And my Foot was as ſtrong as ever."

Friday 9. I ſpent an Hour with Dr.——, a ſenſible, agreeable Man. He ſaid, "Six Weeks ago, the—— informed the——, That he had expreſs Orders from his Majeſty, to put this Kingdom into a Poſture of Defence, againſt the intended invaſion. And he was impowered to raiſe what Men he pleaſed. And nothing has ever been done ſince. So that we conclude the whole to be a Grimace, a mere Trick of State."

Sunday 11. I met about an Hundred Children, who are catechized publickly twice a Week. *Tho. Walſh* began this ſome Months ago; and the Fruit of it appears already. What a pity, that all our Preachers in every Place, have not the Zeal and Wiſdom to follow his Example?

Tueſday 13. I breakfaſted with one of the moſt lovely old Men I ever ſaw, *John Garret*, a Dutchman, by Birth, and a Speaker among the Quakers.

Thence we went to a poor, dying Backſlider. When we came in, he was crying to GOD out of the Deep. But before we left him, his Heavineſs was gone, and he deſired nothing but to be with CHRIST.

Wedneſday 14. I looked over a celebrated Book, *The Fable of the Bees*. Till now I imagined, there had never appeared in the World ſuch a Book as the Works of *Machiavel*. But Dr. *Mandevile* goes far beyond it. The *Italian* only recommends *a few* Vices, as uſeful to *ſome* particular *Men*, and on *ſome* particular *Occaſions*. But the Engliſhman loves and cordially recommends Vice of every kind: Not only as uſeful now and then, but as abſolutely *neceſſary*, at *all* times for *all* Communities! Surely *Voltaire* would hardly have ſaid ſo much! And even Mr. *Sandiman* could not have ſaid more!

April 16 being *Good-friday*, near Four Hundred of the Society met, to follow the Example of their Brethren in *England*, and renew their Covenant with

GOD

GOD. It was a ſolemn Hour. Many mourned before GOD, and many were comforted.

In the following Week all our Preachers met. I never before found ſuch Unanimity among them. They appeared now to be not only of One Heart, but likewiſe of One Mind and Judgment.

Sunday 25. One of the *Germans* ſtumbled in, while I was expounding, *Is Chriſt the Miniſter of ſin?* For a time ſhe ſeemed greatly diverted. But the Application ſpoiled her Mirth. She ſoon hung down her Head, and *felt* the Difference between the Chaff and the Wheat.

Monday 26. I ſet out for *Corke*, purpoſing to ſee as many Societies as I could in my way. In the Afternoon I came to *Edinderry*, where the little Society have built a commodious Preaching-houſe. I had deſigned to preach abroad; but the keen North Wind drove us into the Houſe. The Congregation (tho' they had no previous Notice) filled it from End to End. But ſome of them found it too hot, and hurried out, while I applied, *Ye muſt be born again.*

About this time I received the following Letter:

Reverend Sir,

I once through the Influence of thoſe about me was ready to join the common Cry againſt you, not knowing what I did. But ſince, by hearing your Diſcourſes with ſome of Mr. *Walſh's*; and by reading your *Sermons* and *Appeals*, I have learned a better Leſſon. I have learned, that true Chriſtianity conſiſts, not in a ſet of Opinions, or of Forms and Ceremonies, but in Holineſs of Heart and Life, in a thorough Imitation of our Divine Maſter. And this I take to be the Doctrine of the Church of *England*, nor do I apprehend you differ from her at all in Doctrine. And I am grieved to know, you have too much Cauſe to differ from many of her preſent Clergy. Why then ſhould I cavil at you, for feeding thoſe Sheep, that are ſtarved their own Shepherds? For endeavouring to recover them from that ſtupid Lethargy and open Wickedneſs, which involve the Generality of Mankind? This is your Happineſs: would to God it could be mine! I have often had a ſtrong Deſire for it; And would now gladly dedicate my Life to it, if my poor Abilities and mean Education, together with the twenty-third Article of our Church, did not cruſh the Thought. However, as I do not ſee, you

vary

wary from the Doctrine of the Church, I ſhould not ſcruple to join with you. My chief Motives (beſide that ſtrong Deſire) are, Firſt, I reflect, there is ſcarce a Station in Life, at leaſt in the trading World, without its attendant Frauds or Vices, which are now ſcarce ſeparable from it. Secondly, I am at preſent of no Uſe in Society: So that on account of any Advantage which now accrues from me to the Public, I need not ſcruple giving myſelf to my darling Employment. Thirdly, I am convinced, A Man may instruct and reform himſelf, by inſtructing and reforming others. But may I attempt this, otherwiſe than by the *ordinary* Method of admitting Labourers into the Lord's Vineyard? Your Thoughts on this Subject would be received as a ſingular Favour: For which I ſhall impatiently wait, who am, Reverend Sir,

Your Affectionate and ready Servant.

Wedneſday 28. I rode to *Tullamore:* where One of the Society, *Edward Wallis*, gave me a very ſurprizing Account of himſelf. He ſaid, "When I was about twenty Years old, I went to *Waterford* for Buſineſs. After a few Weeks I reſolved to leave it, and packed up my things, in order to ſet out the next Morning. This was Sunday; but my Landlord preſt me much not to go till the next Day. In the Afternoon we walked out together, and went into the River. After a while, leaving him near the Shore, I ſtruck out into the Deep. I ſoon heard a Cry, and turning ſaw him riſing and ſinking in the Channel of the River. I ſwam back with all Speed, and ſeeing him ſink again, dived down after him. When I was near the Bottom, he claſped his Arm round my Neck, and held me ſo faſt that I could not riſe. Seeing Death before me, all my Sins came into my Mind, and I faintly called for Mercy. In a while my Senſes went away, and I thought I was in a Place full of Light and Glory, with Abundance of People. While I was thus, he who held me died, and I floated up to the Top of the Water. I then immediately came to myſelf, and ſwam to the Shore, where ſeveral ſtood who had ſeen us ſink, and ſaid, "They never knew ſuch a Deliverance before: For I had been under the Water full Twenty Minutes. It made me more ſerious for two or three Months. Then I returned to all my Sins."

But

" But in the Midſt of all, I had a Voice following me every where, " When an able Miniſter of the Goſpel come, it will be well with thee?" Some Years after I entered into the Army: Our Troop lay at *Philips-Town*, when Mr. *W.* came. I was much affected by his Preaching, but not ſo as to leave my Sins. The Voice followed me ſtill: And when Mr. *J. W.* came, before I ſaw him I had an unſpeakable Conviction, that he was the Man I looked for. And ſoon after I found Peace with God, and it was well with me indeed."

Thurſday 29. I preached on one Side the Market-place, to a numerous Congregation. I was afterwards invited by ſome of the Officers, to ſpend an Hour with them at the Barracks. It at leaſt freed them from Prejudice againſt the preſent Work of God, if it anſwered no farther End.

Friday 30. I was preſt to turn aſide to *Athlone*, a Gentlewoman of *Barbadoes*, who was obliged to return thither ſhortly, having a great Deſire to ſee me. So I went to *Athlone*, and ſpent one or two Hours in cloſe Converſation with her and her Huſband. We had a comfortable Meeting in the Evening; and moſt of the Gentry in the Town were preſent: But who can warn them to flee from the Wrath to come? They are *increaſed in Goods, and need nothing!*

Saturday May 1. I rode to *Birr* thro' Rain, Hail and Snow, ſuch as is uſual on the Firſt of *January*. I had deſigned to preach abroad; but the Wind was two ſharp to be borne either by me or the People.

Sunday 2. We rode to *Mountmelick*. About Five I preached in the Market-place. I was on the Point of concluding when a violent Storm came. 'Till then *the Bottles of Heaven* were *ſtayed*.

Tueſday 4. We rode to *Portarlington*: where on Wedneſday 5. at the Deſire of ſeveral which could not attend the early Preaching, I preached in the Aſſembly Room at Ten, on *ye muſt be born again*. Many of *the beſt in the Town* (ſo called) were preſent, and ſeemed not a little amazed. Many more came in the Evening, among whom I found an unuſual Liberty of Spirit. For the preſent moſt of them ſeemed much affected. But how ſoon will the Thorns grow up?

Thurſday 6. I rode to *Killkenny*. One of the Dragoons who were quartered here, ſoon found us out. A few both of

the Army and of the Town, are joined and conſtantly meet together. I preached in the Barracks, in One of the Officer's Rooms. Still, in *Ireland*, the Firſt Call is to the Soldiery.

Friday 7. We rode to *Waterford*, where after preaching I earneſtly exhorted the Society, To *love as Brethren*. On the ſame Subject I preached in the Morning, and ſpent great Part of the Day, in Striving to remove Miſunderſtandings and Offences. It was not loſt Labour. Six and twenty were left in the Morning: Before Night Seven and fifty were joined together.

T. Walſh preached at 5: but the Room being too ſmall they were obliged to go into the Yard. In the Evening we had high and low, rich and poor, both in the Yard and adjoining Gardens. There ſeemed now to be a General Call to this City. So I thought it beſt the next Morning, Monday 10. to leave Mr *Walſh* there, while I went forward to *Clonmell*, the pleaſanteſt Town beyond all compariſon which I have yet ſeen in *Ireland*. It has four broad, ſtrait Streets of well-built Houſes, which croſs each other in the Center of the Town. Cloſe to the Walls, on the South Side, runs a broad, clear River. Beyond this riſes a green and fruitful Mountain, and hangs over the Town. The Vale runs many Miles both Eaſt and Weſt, and is well cultivated throughout.

I preached at Five in a large Loft, capable of containing 5 or 600 People. But it was not full: Many being afraid of its falling, as another did ſome Years before: By which ſeveral of the Hearers were much hurt, and one ſo bruiſed, that ſhe died in a few Days.

Tueſday 11. I was at a Loſs, where to preach, the Perſon who owned the Loft, refuſing to let me preach there, or even in the Yard below. And the Commanding Officer being aſked for the Uſe of the Barrack Yard, anſwered, "It was not a proper Place. Not, ſaid he, that I have any Objection to Mr. *Weſley*. I will hear him if he preaches under the Gallows." It remained, to preach in the Street: And by this Means the Congregation was more than doubled. Both the Officers and Soldiers gave great Attention, till a poor Man, ſpecial drunk, came marching down the Street, attended by a Popiſh Mob, with a Club in one Hand, and a large Cleaver in the other, grievouſly Curſing and Blaſpheming, and Swearing "He would cut off the Preacher's Head." It was with

Difficulty

Difficulty that I restrained the Troopers, especially them that were not of the Society. When he came nearer, the Mayor stept out of the Congregation, and strove by good Words to make him quiet. But he could not prevail; on which he went into his House, and returned with his white Wand. At the same Time he sent for two Constables, who presently came with their Staves. He charged them, not to strike the Man, unless he struck first: But this he did immediately, as soon as they came within his Reach, and wounded one of them in the Wrist. On this the other knocked him down, which he did three Times, before he would submit. The Mayor then walked before, the Constables on either Hand, and conducted him to the Goal.

Wednesday 12. In the Evening I preached in the new House at *Corke*, very near as large as that in *Dublin*; and far better finished in every Respect, tho' at four Hundred Pounds less Expence.

Monday 17. Walking up the *Red-house Walk* (which runs between two Rows of Meadows, with the River winding thro' them, and a Chain of fruitful Hills on the Right Hand and on the Left) I saw the plain Reason, why Strangers usually complain, of the unwholesomness of the Water in *Corke*. Many Women were filling Vessels with River Water, (which is That commonly used in the City, for Tea and most other Purposes) when the Tide was at the Height. Now altho' this is not Salt, yet it cannot but affect both the Stomach and Bowels of tender Persons.

Wednesday 19. I preached in the Evening on *Christ crucified, to the Jews a Stumbling-block and to the Greeks Foolishness:* While I was speaking, a Gentleman in the Gallery, cried out with a loud Voice, and swore to it, "I am of the Church: I stand up for the Church: I will shed my Blood for the Church." But finding none to contradict him, he sat down, and I finished my Discourse.

Thursday 20. One came in a great Consternation, to inform us, Capt. *F.* (the Gentleman who spoke) was raising a Mob against the Evening. This Report spread up and down, and greatly increased the Evening Congregation. But no Mob appeared, nor was there any Disturbance, but such a Blessing as we have seldom found: I

 suppose,

ſuppoſe, in anſwer to the Prayers of many, who had been earneſtly crying unto God.

On *Sunday* laſt I was deſired by one to call on her dying Father, tho' ſhe ſaid he was ſpeechleſs and ſenſeleſs. But as ſoon as I ſpoke, he appeared ſenſible: While we prayed, he recovered his Speech. The next Day he was able to walk abroad, but continued deeply ſerious. On *Friday* 21. his Illneſs returned, and he lay down and died in Peace.

Monday 24. I preached in the Market-place at *Kinſale*.

Tueſday 25. I walked to the Fort. It commands the Entrance of the Harbour, and has three Tier of Guns, one over the other. It is built upon the Firm Rock, is of a large Extent, and the upper Part of a great Height from the Water. But all is out of Repair: Many of the Cannon are diſmounted; moſt of them unfit for Service; So that many think a Second Rate Man of War, might take it in a few Hours Time.

At One I preached in the Exchange. Abundance of Soldiers, and the Colonel with ſeveral Officers were preſent. So that I conceived ſome hopes that the Seed ſown even at *Kinſale*, will not all be loſt.

At five I preached in the Market-houſe at *Inniſhannon*, to a very large and well-behaved Congregation, and then went on to *Bandon*.

Friday 28. I rode out with Mrs. *Jones*, as I did every Day, to ſave her Life, if poſſible. From the Hill we had a fair View of *Caſtle Barnard*, with the Park adjoining: In which, a few Years ago, Judge *Barnard* uſed to take ſuch Delight. Indeed it is a beautiful Place in every reſpect. The Houſe is one of the moſt elegant I have ſeen in the Kingdom, both as to the Structure and the Situation, ſtanding on the ſide of a fruitful Hill, and having a full Command of the Vale, the River and the oppoſite Mountain. The Ground near the Houſe is laid out with the fineſt Taſte, in Gardens of every kind, with a Wilderneſs, Canals, Fiſh-ponds, Water-works, and Rows of Trees in various Forms. The Park includes Part of each Hill, with the River between, running thro' the Meadow and Lawns, which are tufted over with Trees of every kind, and every now and then a Thicket or Grove. The Judge finiſhed his Plan, *called the Land after his Name*, and dropt into the Duſt.

Sunday

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Sunday 30. I returned to *Corke*. About that time received a Letter from Mr. *Gillies*, Part of which follows.

" The Lord hath been pleased to inflict a heavy Stroke upon us, by calling home his faithful Servant Mr. *Wardrobe*. Concerning his Death, a Christian Friend writes thus, " May 7, Four in the Morning.

" I am just come from witnessing the last Sighs of One dear to you, to me and to all that knew him. Mr. *Wardrobe* died last night. He was seized on Sabbath last, just as he was going to the Kirk, with a most violent Cholic, which terminated in a Mortification of his Bowels. The Circumstances of his Death are worthy to be recorded. With what Pleasure he received the Message, and went off in all the Triumph of a Conqueror! Crying out, " *My Warfare is accomplished: I have fought the good Fight:* My Victory is compleated. Crowns of Grace shall adorn this Head (taking off his Cap) and Palms be put into these Hands. Yet a little while and I shall sing for ever. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" When he was within a few Moments of his last, he gave me his Hand, and a little after said, " *Now lettest thou thy Servant depart in Peace; for mine Eyes have seen thy Salvation.*" Were I to repeat half what he spoke I should write you three Hours. It shall suffice at this Time to say, that as he lived the Life, so he died the Death of a Christian. We weep not for him: We weep for ourselves. I wish we may know how to improve this awful Judgment, so as to be also ready, not knowing when our LORD cometh."

Mr. *Adams*, Minister of *Falkirk* writes thus: " On *Friday* Night, about Ten, I witnessed Mr. *Wardrobe* of *Bathgate*'s Entrance into the Joy of his LORD. But ah! Who can help mourning the Loss to the Church of *Christ*? His amiable Character gave him a distinguished Weight and Influence; which his LORD had given him to value, only for its Subservency to his Honour and Glory. He was suddenly taken ill on the last LORD's-Day, and from his first Moment believed it was for Death. I went to see him on *Thursday* Evening, and heard some of the liveliest Expressions of triumphant Faith, Zeal for the Glory of *Christ* and the Salvation of Souls, mixt with the most amiable Humility and Modesty. *Yet a little while*, said he, *and this Mortal shall put on Immortality. Mortality shall be swallowed up of Life: This vile*

Body fashioned like to his glorious Body! O for the Victory! I shall get the Victory. I know in whom I have believed. Then with a remarkable audible Voice, lifting up his Hands he cried out, *O for a Draught of the Well of the Water of Life, that I may begin the Song before I go off to the Church triumphant! I go forth in thy Name, making mention of thy Righteousness, even thine only. I die at the Feet of Mercy.*" Then stretching out his Arms, he put his Hand upon his Head, and with the most serene and steddy, majestic Eye I ever saw, looking upward, he said, *Crowns of Grace, Crowns of Grace, and Palms in their Hands! O* LORD GOD *of Truth, into thy Hands I commend my Spirit!* After an unexpected Revival, he said, O, *I fear his tarrying, lest the Prospect become more dark. I sometimes fear He may spare me to live, and be less faithful than He has helped me to be hitherto.* He says to me, *You that are Ministers, bear a proper Testimony, against the Professors of this Age, who have a Form of Godliness without the Power.* Observing some of his People about his Bed, he said, *May I have some Seals among you! O where will, the Ungodly and Sinners of* Bathgate *appear? Labour all to be in* Christ. Then he stretched out his Hand to several and said, *Farewell, farewell, farewell! And now,* O LORD, *what wait I for? My Hope is in Thee!* Once or twice he said, *Let me be laid across the Bed to expire, where I have sometimes prayed and sometimes meditated with Pleasure.*" He expreft his grateful Sense of the assiduous Care which Mr. *Wardrobe* of *Cult* had taken of him: And on his replying, "Too much could not be done for so valuable a Life," said, *O speak not so, or you will provoke* GOD. *Glory be to* GOD, *that I have ever had any Regard paid me, for* Christ's *Sake.*" I am greatly sunk under the Event. O help by your Prayers, to get the proper Submission and Improvement."

Thursday June 3. I received a remarkable Letter from a Clergyman, with whom I had been a Day or two before. Part of it ran thus.

"I had the following Account from the Gentlewoman herself, a Person of Piety and Veracity. She is now the Wife of Mr. *J— B—*, Silversmith in *Corke.*

"About thirty Years I was addressed by Way of Marriage, by Mr. *Richard Mercier*, then a Volunteer in the Army. The young Gentleman was quartered at that Time

Time in *Charleville*, where my Father lived, which approved of his Addresses, and directed me to look upon him as my future Husband. When the Regiment left the Town, he promised to return in two Months, and marry me. From *Charleville* he went to *Dublin*, thence to his Father's, and from thence to *England*: Where his Father having bought him a Cornetry of Horse, he purchased many Ornaments for the Wedding; and returning to *Ireland* let us know, that he would be at our House in *Charleville*, in a few Days: On this the Family was busied to prepare for his Reception, and the ensuing Marriage: When one Night, my Sister Molly and I being asleep in our Bed, I was awakened by the sudden Opening of the Side-Curtain, and starting up saw Mr. *Mercier*, standing by the Bedside. He was wrapt up in a loose Sheet, and had a Napkin folded like a Night-Cap on his Head. He looked at me very earnesty, and lifting up the Napkin which much shaded his Face, shewed me the left Side of his Head, all bloody and covered with his Brains. The Room mean Time was quite light. My Terror was excessive, which was still increased by his stooping over the Bed, and embracing me in his Arms. My Cries alarmed the whole Family, who came crowding into the Room. Upon their Entrance, he gently withdrew his Arms, and ascended as it were thro' the Ceiling. I continued for some Time in strong Fits. When I could speak, I told them what I had seen. One of them a Day or two after, going to the Post-master for Letters, found him reading the New's-Papers, in which was an Account, That Cornet *Mercier*, going into Christ-Church Belfry, in *Dublin*, just after the Bells had been ringing, and standing under the Bells, one of them which was turned Bottom upwards, suddenly turning again, struck one Side of his Head, and killed him on the Spot. On further Enquiry, we found he was struck, on the Left Side of his Head."

Sunday 6. I gave my last Exhortation to the Society in *Corke*, and setting out early on *Monday* 7, in the Evening came to *Limerick*.

Saturday 13. The Account which one of our Sisters gave of *Ann Beauchamp* was as follows:

August

August 18, 1753. I went to ſee *S. Beauchamp*, who had been ill for about a Week. I aſked her, In what State ſhe found her Soul? She anſwered, I am quite happy. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and has taken away all my Sins. And my Heart is comforted with the Preſence of God: I long to die, that I may be with Him. I aſked, But are you reſigned, either to live or die, as He ſhall ſee fit? She anſwered, I cannot ſay, I am willing to live: It would go hard with me to live now. Pray that the Lord may perfect his Work of Sanctification in my Soul.

Being aſked, if ſhe could freely part with all her Friends? She ſaid, Yes: And as to my Children, I have caſt them upon the Lord. I know he will take Care of them, and I give them freely up to Him, without one anxious Thought. She then prayed for her Friends and Acquaintance, one by one, and afterward fervently and with Tears, for each Perſon in her Band: Then for Mr. *John Weſley*, deſiring ſhe might be found at his feet in the Day of the Lord.

"Soon after ſhe called her Mother, deſired Forgiveneſs for any thing wherein ſhe had ignorantly offended her, and exhorted her, Not to grieve; adding God will comfort you, and give you Strength to bear your Trial. It is your Loſs: But it is my everlaſting Gain; and I am going but a little before you. She then prayed over her, and kiſſing her, took her Leave. In the ſame manner ſhe took Leave of all about her, exhorting, praying for, and kiſſing them, one by one. Afterward ſhe called for, and took her Leave of her Servants.

Seeing one of her Neighbours in the Room, ſhe called her and ſaid, O *Mary*, you are old in Years, and old in Sin. The Lord has borne long with you, and you know not the Day or the Hour when he will call you. I am young, and he is calling me away: And what ſhould I do without an Intereſt in Chriſt? Was my Work now to do, it would never be done: but bleſſed be God, it is not. I know the Lord hath waſhed me from my Sins in his own Blood, and is preparing me for Himſelf. O fly from the Wrath to come, and never reſt, till you reſt in the Wounds of Jeſus! I am almoſt ſpent: but had I Strength, I could exhort you all 'till Morning.

To

To another ſhe ſaid, Martha, Martha! Thou art careful and troubled about many Things. But One Thing is needful. And this One Thing you have neglected: O ſeek God, and he will ſupply all your Wants. It is time for you to begin: Your Glaſs is almoſt run, and what will all your Toil profit, when you come to be as I am now? Find Time for this, whatever goes undone. My Neighbours uſed to wonder, how I could find Time, and think me fooliſh for ſpending it ſo. But now I know it was not Fooliſhneſs. Soon I ſhall receive an exceeding great Reward.

Perhaps ſome of you will ſay, you was never called. Then remember, I call you now. I exhort every one of you, to ſeek the Lord, while he may be found. Think not to make Excuſes in that Day: God will have his Witneſſes. And I ſhall appear as a Witneſs againſt you. If you repent not, theſe my dying Words will riſe up in Judgment againſt you.

To her —— ſhe ſaid, I forgive you all that you have done againſt me. And I have prayed the Lord to forgive you. Return to him now, and He will receive you: For He deſires not the Death of a Sinner. I am a Witneſs of this: For He has forgiven all my Sins. O! I want Strength to ſing his Praiſe! But I am going where I ſhall ſing his Praiſe for ever.

Then calling for her Huſband ſhe ſaid, My Dear, God has given you many Calls even in Dreams. And when we will not hear his Call, it is often his Way to make us feel his Rod by removing our Darling from us. I was *your* Darling. And ſeeing you refuſed the many Calls of God, He is now taking me away from you, if by any Means he may bring you to Himſelf. She then prayed for, and took her Leave of him.

The next Day when I came in, and aſked, How do you find yourſelf now? She anſwered, Bleſſed be God, very well. I know that my Redeemer lives. He is dear to me, and I am dear to Him. I know he is preparing me for Himſelf, and I ſhall ſoon be with Him.

She then prayed earneſtly for entire Sanctification; 'till a Friend coming in, ſhe ſaid, The Lord has brought You and all my dear Friends to my Remembrance: I have not forgotten you in my Prayers. You

muſt

muſt come and pray my laſt Prayer. When you ſee me near my Deliverance, go all to Prayer, and continue therein, 'till my Spirit is gone. Let there be no Crying over *me*, but all of you ſing Praiſes and rejoice over me.

She never once complained of her Pain; but behaved from the Beginning with that Patience, Sweetneſs and Love to all, that beſpoke a Soul which knew herſelf juſt entering into the Joy of her LORD. This ſhe did the next Morning, *Auguſt* the 20th, after crying out as in an Extacy.

"Bold I approach the eternal Throne,
And claim the Crown thro' CHRIST my own."

Wedneſday 16. I rode over to *New-Market* and preached to an earneſt Congregation of poor People. In the Morning, at the Requeſt of ſome of the neighbouring Gentry, I deferred Preaching 'till Ten o'Clock. Many of them were then preſent and ſeemed not a little aſtoniſhed: Perhaps they may remember it——a Week.

In the Afternoon I rode to *Ballygarrane*, a Town of *Palatines*, which came over in Queen *Ann*'s Time. They retain much of the Temper and Manner of their own Country, having no Reſemblance of thoſe among whom they live. I found much Life among this plain, artleſs, ſerious People. The whole Town came together in the Evening, and praiſed GOD for the Conſolation. Many of thoſe who are not outwardly joined with us, walk in the Light of GOD's Countenance: Yea, and have divided themſelves into Claſſes, in imitation of our Brethren, with whom they live in perfect Harmony.

Friday 18. In examining the Society, I was obliged to pauſe ſeveral Times. The Words of the plain, honeſt People, came with ſo much Weight, as frequently to ſtop me for a while, and raiſe a general Cry among the Hearers. I rode back thro' *Adare*, once a ſtrong and flouriſhing Town, well-walled and full of People: Now without Walls and almoſt without Inhabitants: Only a few poor Huts remain. At a ſmall Diſtance from theſe are the ample Ruins of three or four

four Convents, delightfully ſituated by the River, which runs thro' a moſt fruitful Vale.

Monday 21. I talked with one who was in deep Diſtreſs. She had been repreſented to me, as in Deſpair. But I ſoon found her Diſorder (natural or preternatural) had nothing to do with Religion. She was greatly troubled, but knew not why: Not for her Sins, they ſcarce came into her Mind. I know not that Prayer will avail for Her, 'till ſhe is troubled in quite another Manner: 'Till ſhe cries out from her inmoſt Soul, "God be merciful to me a Sinner!"

Tueſday 22. I called on Mrs. *F.* whom I ſaw ſome Years ſince in Deſpair of quite another Kind. Between nine and ten Years ago, her Daughter married without her Conſent. This was followed by other diſtreſſing Circumſtances, in the midſt of which ſhe cried out, "God has forſaken me." She was immediately ſeized with violent Pain. She could not ſee the Sun, or the Light, only a dim Twilight. She could not taſte her Meat or Drink, any more than the White of an Egg. She had a conſtant Impulſe to kill herſelf, which ſhe believed ſhe muſt do, and attempted ſeveral Times. After having continued thus three Years and an half, She reſolved to endure it no longer. Accordingly ſhe procured a Knife to cut her Throat, and did cut thro' the Skin, but could get no further. It ſeemed to her as if the Fleſh were Iron. She threw down the Knife, burſt into Tears, fell upon her Knees, and began (what ſhe had not done all the Time) to pour out her Soul before God. Fear and Sorrow fled away. She rejoiced in God. She ſaw the Light of the Sun. Her natural Taſte returned. And ſhe has been ever ſince in Health of Body and Peace of Mind.

Wedneſday 23. I took my Leave of *Limerick*, and rode to *Six Mile Bridge*. There I left *T. Walſh* to preach in *Iriſh*, and went on to *Rathlahine*.

Thurſday 24. I went on to *Ennis*, a Town conſiſting almoſt wholly of Papiſts, except a few Proteſtant Gentlemen. One of theſe, (the chief Perſon in the Town) had invited me to his Houſe, and walked with me to to the Court-Houſe, where I preached to an huge, wild, unawakened Multitude, Proteſtants and Papiſts,

Papiſts, many of whom would have been rude enough, if they duriſt.

Friday 25. Mr. *Walſh* preached at Six, firſt in *Iriſh* and then in *Engliſh*. The Papiſh Prieſt had contrived to have his Service juſt at the ſame Hour. And his Man came again and again with his Bell; but not one in ten of his People would ſtir. At Eight I preached to a far more ſerious Congregation. And the Word ſeemed to ſink into their Hearts.

We took Horſe about Ten, and rode thro' the fruitful and pleaſant Country of *Galway*. After having heard ſo much of the Barrenneſs of this County, I was ſurprized to obſerve, in riding almoſt the whole Length of it, from South Eaſt, to North Weſt, to find only four or five Miles of rocky Ground, like the Weſt of *Cornwall:* All the reſt exceeded moſt that I have ſeen in *Ireland*. We came to *Galway* pretty well tired, and would willingly have reſted at the Inn where we alighted from our Horſes: But the Landlord informed us, He haſt no Room; both his Houſe and Stables were full. Two Regiments of Soldiers paſſing thro' the Town had taken up all the Inns. However we procured a private Lodging which was full as agreeable.

The Town is not ill built, moſt of the Houſes being of Stone, and ſeveral Stories high. It is incompaſt with an old, bad Wall, and is in no Poſture of Defence, either toward the Land, or toward the Sea. Such is the ſupine Negligence of both *Engliſh* and *Iriſh!*

Five or ſix Perſons, who ſeemed to fear God, came to us at our Lodgings. We ſpent a little Time with them in Prayer, and early in the Morning ſet out for *Caſtlebarr*.

This Day likewiſe I was agreeably ſurpriſed at the Pleaſantneſs and Fruitfulneſs of the Country. About Noon two or three Friends met us, and begged us to turn aſide to *Hollymount*, a Town twelve Miles from *Caſtlebarr*, where the Miniſter readily conſented to my preaching in the Church. Many Papiſts as well as Proteſtants were there, and my Heart was much inlarged toward them. Through a delightful Mixture of

of Vales and gentle-rising Hills, we then rode on to *Castlebarr*.

Sunday 27. The Rector having left Word, that I should have the Use of the Church, I preached there Morning and Afternoon, to such a Congregation as (they said) was never there before. And surely the Word of God had free Course: I saw not one light or inattentive Hearer. Mr. *Walsh* afterward preached in the Session's House, to another large and serious Congregation. And *Tuesday* 29. being St. *Peter's* Day, I read Prayers and preached to as large a Congregation as on Sunday. In the Afternoon I rode over to *Newport*, eleven Miles from *Castlebarr*. About thirty Years ago, a little Company of Protestants settled here, by a River-side, on the very extremity of the Land, and built a small Town. It has a fruitful Hill on each Side, and a large Bay to the West, full of small fertile Islands, containing from One to several Thousand Acres. Of these they compute above three Hundred; and near an Hundred are inhabited: But by Papists alone, there not being so much as a single Protestant among them! I went directly to the Rector's, who had before given me an Invitation. Between Seven and Eight I preached to (I suppose) more than all the Protestants in the Town. Deep Attention sat on every Face. Perhaps God touched some Hearts.

Wednesday 30. At Eleven Mr. *H.* read Prayers, and I preached on *Gal.* vi. 14. The Church stands at a Distance from the Town, and it rained hard; but that could not stop the Congregation. In the Afternoon. I returned to *Castlebarr*.

Thursday July 1. There is just such a Work here as was some Years since at *Athlone*. The whole Town is *pleased*, but few are *convinced*. The Stream runs very wide, but very shallow.

Sunday 4. I read Prayers and preached at *Ballybean*, Mr. *E*—'s other Church. The Congregation at *Castlebarr* in the Afternoon, was larger than ever before. In the Morning, *Monday* 5. The greater Half of them were present, and we had a solemn Parting. In the Afternoon we came to *Hollymount*, some Years since one of the pleasantest Places in *Ireland*. Dr. *Vesey*, then

Archbiſhop of *Tuam*, fixt on this Spot, nine Miles from his See, built a neat commodious Houſe on a little Eminence, laid out Fruit and Flower-Gardens round it, brought a River to run thro' them, and incompaſſed the whole with Walks and Groves of ſtately Trees. When he had finiſhed his Plan, round a Stone-Pillar which ſtands in a Baſon ſurrounded by a ſmall green Plat of Ground, he placed the following Inſcription:

Linquenda tellus, and domus, and placens
Uxor, cum numeroſâ et Speciosâ prole,
Charâ charæ Matris ſobole:
Neque harum quas colis arborum
Te præter invisam cupreſſum
Ulla brevem dominum ſequetur!

I was juſt going to preach in the Church Yard: when Mr. *C.* ſent his Son with the Key of the Church. Almoſt half the Congregation were Papiſts, whom all the Threats of their Prieſt could not keep away. Not expecting to ſee any of them again, I ſpake very plain once for all.

In the Morning we rode thro' *Tuam*, a neat little Town, ſcarce half ſo large as *Iſlington:* Nor is the Cathedral half ſo large as *Iſlington* Church. The Old Church at *Killconnel*, two Miles from *Aghrim*, is abundantly larger. If one may judge by the vaſt Ruins that remain (over all which we walked in the Afternoon) it was a far more ſtately Pile of Building, than any that is now ſtanding in *Ireland*. Adjoining to it are the Ruins of a large Monaſtery; many of the Cells and Apartments are pretty entire. At the Weſt End of the Church lie abundance of Sculls, piled one upon an other; with innumerable Bones round about, ſcattered as Dung upon the Earth. O Sin, what haſt thou done?

Wedneſday 7. I preached at *Aghrim*, Morning and Evening, and then rode on to *Caſtlegarr*. Mr. *M.* has now loſt both his Brother and his two Daughters, two of the moſt agreeable Women in the Kingdom, caught away in the full Bloom of Youth and Beauty: If they can be termed *loſt*, who all committed their Souls unto him they loved, in the full Triumph of Faith.

Tueſday

Thursday 8. A Coach-full of us, with several Horsemen, and others on foot, went to *Abaskra* in the Morning. The rest of the Congregation were mostly Papists. But all heard with earnest Attention. I preached in the Evening at *Athlone*, where on *Friday* 9. We had a solemn Watch-night.

Sunday 11. We had a blessed Opportunity in the Evening on the *Connaught* Side of the River. Almost all the Protestants in the Town were present, with abundance of Papists. And many of them acknowledged the Doctrine of CHRIST *crucified* to be the Power of GOD and the Wisdom of GOD.

Monday 12. After preaching at *Abidarrig* about Noon I went on to *Longford*. Many supposed the Mob would be too violent there, to allow me a peaceable Hearing. I began at five in the Yard of the *Old Barrack*. An huge Croud soon flocked in: But most of the Papists stood at the Gate, or just without the Wall. They were all still as Night: Nor did I hear an uncivil Word while we afterwards walked from one End of the Town to the other.

Tuesday 13. A large Congregation was present at Five, and stood unmoved, notwithstanding some heavy Showers. At Noon I preached at *Cleg-hill*: At 5 in the Barrack-Yard again, where the Concourse of People was greater than before. Mr. *P*. the Minister of a neighbouring Parish, and another Clergyman who came with him, received the Truth in Love: Mrs. *P*. (his Wife) found Rest to her Soul.

But how is it, that almost in every Place, even where there is no lasting Fruit, there is so great an Impression made at first, upon a considerable Number of People? The Fact is this. Every where the Work of GOD rises higher and higher, till it comes to a Point. Here it seems for a short Time to be at a Stay. And then it gradually sinks again.

All this may easily be accounted for. At first Curiosity brings many Hearers: At the same Time GOD draws many by his preventing Grace to hear his Word, and comforts them in hearing. One then tells another. By this Means on the one Hand Curiosity spreads and increases: And on the other Drawings of GOD's Spirit touch more Hearts;

 and

and many of them more powerfully than before. He now offers Grace to all that hear; moſt of whom are in ſome meaſure affected, and more or leſs moved with Approbation of what they hear. Deſire to pleaſe God, and Good-will to his Meſſenger, Theſe Principles variouſly combined and increaſing, raiſe the General Work to its higheſt Point. But it cannot ſtand here For in the nature of things Curioſity muſt ſoon decline. Again, the Drawings of God are not followed, and thereby the Spirit of God is grieved. The Conſequence is, He ſtrives with this and this Man, no more, and ſo his Drawings end. Thus both the Natural and Supernatural Power declining, moſt of the Hearers will be leſs and leſs affected. Add to this, that in the Proceſs of the Work, *it muſt be, that Offences will come.* Some of the Hearers, if not Preachers alſo, will act contrary to their Profeſſion. Either their Follies or Faults will be told from one to another, and loſe nothing in the telling. Men once curious to hear, will now draw back: Men once drawn, having ſtifled their good Deſires, will diſapprove what they approved before, and feel Diſlike inſtead of Good-will, to the Preacher. Others who were more or leſs convinced, will be afraid or aſhamed to acknowledge that Conviction. And all theſe will catch at ill Stories (true or falſe) in order to juſtify their Change. When by this means, all who do not ſavingly believe, have quenched the Spirit of God, the little Flock goes on from Faith to Faith; the reſt ſleep on and take their reſt. And thus the Number of Hearers in every Place, may be expected, firſt to increaſe, and then decreaſe.

Wedneſday 14. At Noon I preached at *Coolylough*, where the Preachers and Stewards met.

Thurſday 15. In the Evening I preached at *Tullamore* in Barrack Street. And many who never had ſo much Curioſity, as to walk an hundred Yards to hear the Preaching, vouchſafed to bear it at their own Doors. In the middle of the Sermon came a Quarter maſter very drunk, and ruſhed in among the People. In a ſhort time, he ſlipped off his Hat, and gave all the Attention of which he was capable. So did many of the Soldiers and many Officers. O let ſome lay it to Heart!

Friday

Friday 16. We walked down to Lord *Tullamore's*, (That was his title then) an old Mile from the Town. His Gardens are extremely pleasant. They contain Groves, little Meadows, Kitchen Gardens, Plats of Flowers, and little Orchards intermixt with fine Canals and Pieces of Water. And will not all these make their Owner happy! Not if he has One unholy Temper! Not unless he has in himself a Fountain of Water, springing up into everlasting Life.

About this time I received a Letter without a Name, Part of which I have subjoined.

Sir

"Having observed your Christian Condescension in those Labours of Love, so truly calculated for the Use of *Common People*, I presume to beg your Pen in behalf of the *next Class* of God's Creatures. And I would ask, If Nature, Reason and Revelation do not all plead in favour even of the *Brute Creation?* Is it not *unnatural* and inhuman, to put them to more Pain than is necessary for the Service of Man? Can *Reason* consent to the making sport with the Life or Misery of any Creature? May not the great Law of Equity, Doing as we would be done to, be extended even to Them? May we not suppose ourselves in *their* Place, and thence determine, what they may fairly expect from Us? Hath not the Supreme Being given Injunctions against Cruelty toward them, and commanded, that they should enjoy the Rest of his Day? Did he not rebuke the Prophet, for smiting his Beast without cause? And mention the *much Cattle*, as one Motive to the divine Compassion, in sparing the *great City?* The Scripture saith, *a good Man is mercifull to his Beast.* And can he be a good Man that is not so, if Goodness consists in imitating Him, whose *Mercy is over all his Works?* For *he openeth his Hand, and satisfieth the Desire of every living thing.*

If Tenderness, Mercy and Compassion to the brute Creatures were impressed on the Infant Breast, and conducted into Action according to its little Power, would it not be confirmed in the Human Heart? And might not this early Prepossession be for ever established there, and thro' an happy Bias extend its Benevolence to the whole Creation?

Does not Experience ſhew the ſad Effects of a contrary Education? While Children inſtead of being taught Benevolence to Irrationals, are ſuffered to torment firſt poor, little Inſects, and then every helpleſs Creature that comes in their way: Can it be expected, that being thus inured to Cruelty and Oppreſſion even in their tender Years, they ſhould relent when they come to Age, and be ſuſceptible of Compaſſion, even to Rationals? It cannot. For is Pity ſhewn to Man, only becauſe he has Reaſon? If ſo, thoſe would loſe their claim to our Compaſſion who ſtand in the greateſt need of it, namely, Children, Ideots and Lunatics. But if Pity is ſhewn to all that are capable of Pain, then may it juſtly be expected that we ſhould ſympathize with every thing that has Life.

I am perſuaded you are not inſenſible of the Pain given to every Chriſtian, every humane Heart, by thoſe ſavage Diverſions, Bull-baiting, Cock fighting, Horſe-racing and Hunting. Can any of theſe irrational and unnatural Sports appear otherwiſe than cruel, unleſs through early Prejudice, or entire want of Conſideration and Reflection? And if Man is void of theſe, does he deſerve the Name of Man? Or is he fit for Society? And beſides; how dreadful are the concomitant and the conſequent Vices of theſe ſavage Routs? Yet ſuch Cowards are we grown, that ſcarce any Man has Courage to draw his Pen againſt them!"

Saturday 17. I preached in *Tyrrels-paſs* at Five, and *T. Walſh* at Eight. Hence we rode to *Bally-beg*, near *Drumcree*, where we found a little Company of earneſt People, moſt of them rejoicing in the Love of God. To theſe were added a few from the County of *Cavan*. *Joſeph Charles* going thither, ſome Time ſince, on temporal Buſineſs, occaſionally ſpoke of the things of God. Many believed his Report: And ſome found his Words *the Power of* God *unto Salvation*.

Sunday 18. A little before Twelve (the uſual Hour in *Ireland)* the Morning Service began at *Roſmead* Church, where Mr. *Booker* preached an uſeful Sermon. I preached at Five to abundance of plain Country People, and two Coach-full's of Gentry. O how

how hard is it for thefe to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven ?

Monday 19. No fooner did we enter *Ulfter*, than we obferved the Difference. The Ground was cultivated juft as in *England*, and the Cottages not only neat, but with Doors, Chimneys and Windows. *Newry*, the firft Town we came to (allowing for the Size) is built much after the Manner of *Liverpool*. I preached foon after Seven to a large Congregation, and to great Part of them at Five in the Morning. Afterwards I fpoke to the Members of the Society, confifting of Churchmen, Diffenters, and Papifts (that were). ¶But there is no ftriving among them, unlefs to *enter in at the ftrait Gate*.

Wednefday 21. In the Morning there was fuch violent Lightning, Thunder and Rain, that the very Beafts ran out of the Fields, and the Birds flew from their ufual Coverts, to take Shelter in the Houfes. But before we took Horfe, the Sky cleared up, and we had a pleafant Ride to *Terryhugan*, near *Scarva*. The Road lay on the Edge of a fmooth Canal, with fruitful, gently-rifing Hills on either Side. We were at a lone Houfe : But the People found their Way thither in the Evening from all Quarters. I preached in a Meadow near the Houfe, the Congregation fitting on the Grafs. And furely they had Ears to hear. God give them Hearts to underftand !

Thurfday 22. We rode through heavy Rain to *Lifburn*. I preached in the Market-houfe at Seven. One Man only gainfaid : But the By-ftanders ufed him fo roughly, that he was foon glad to hold his Peace.

Friday 23. The Rector with his Curate called upon me, candidly propofed their Objections, and fpent about two Hours, in free, ferious, friendly Converfation. How much Evil might be prevented or removed, would other Clergymen follow their Example ?

I rode in the Afternoon to *Belfaft*, the largeft Town in *Ulfter*. Some think, it contains near as many People as *Limerick* : It is far cleaner and pleafanter. At Seven I preached in the Market-houfe to as large a Congregation

gation as at *Lisburn:* And to near the same Number in the Morning. But some of them did not stay 'till I concluded. They went away in Haste when I shewed, how *Christ crucified* is *to the Greeks Foolishness.*

Hence we rode along the Shore to *Carrickfergus*, said to be the most antient Town in *Ulster.* The Walls are still, as it were, standing; and the Castle, built upon a Rock. But it is little more than a heap of Ruins, with eight or nine old, dismounted, rusty Cannon. What it was, in the Reign of its Founder, King *Fergus*, does not much concern us to know.

I preached in the Session-house at Seven, to most of the Inhabitants of the Town. But Satan had prepared one of his Instruments when I had done, to catch the Seed out of their Hearts. A poor Enthusiast began a dull, pointless Harangue, about Hirelings and false Prophets. But the Door-keeper crying out, "I am going to lock the Doors," cut his Discourse short.

Sunday 25. I preached at Nine in the upper Court-house, which was considerably larger than the other. *James Rely* began his bad Work again, as soon as I had done speaking. But I walked quietly away; as did also the Congregation.

At Eleven I went to Church, to the Surprize of many, and heard a lively, useful Sermon. After Dinner one of our Brethren asked, "If I was ready to go to the Meeting"? I told him, "I never go to a Meeting." He seemed as much astonished as the old *Scot* at *Newcastle*, who left us, "Because we were mere *Church of England* Men." We are so: Altho' we condemn none, *who have been brought up* in another Way.

About Five, even the larger Court-house being too small to contain the Congregation, I the more readily complied with the Desire of the Prisoners, to preach in the Street, near the Prison Door. I spoke as plain and home as ever in my Life, on *Ye must be born again.* Poor *James* was now resolved to speak, and got on a little Eminence on purpose. And what could hinder him? Why

Vox faucibus hæsit!

He cawed and cawed, but could utter nothing, hardly

hardly three Words together. This alſo hath God wrought. He hath ſtopped the Mouth of the Gainſayer, and preſerved the weak from being offended.

Monday 26. Mr. *Walſh* met me at *Belfaſt*, and informed me, That the Day before he was at *Newtown*, intending to preach. But while he was at Prayer, Mr. *M*——*r* came with a drunken Mob, ſeized him by the Throat and dragged him along, till a ſtout Man ſeized him, and conſtrained him to quit his Hold. Mr. *W.* having refreſhed himſelf at a Friend's Houſe, began a ſecond Time. But in a quarter of an Hour, Mr. *M.* having rallied his Mob, came again: On which Mr. *W.* gave him the Ground, and walked away over the Fields.

In the Evening I ſpoke very plain at *Liſburn*, both to the great, vulgar and the ſmall. But between Seceders, old ſelf-conceited Preſbyterians, New-light Men, *Moravians*, *Cameronians*, and formal Church-Men, it is a Miracle of Miracles if any here bring forth Fruit to Perfection.

The County between *Liſburn* and *Moyra*, is much like *Berkſhire*, having fruitful Vales on each Side the Road, and well-wooded Hills running even with them, at a ſmall Diſtance. At Seven I preached in the Market-houſe at *Lurgan*. Many of the Gentry were met in the Room over it, it being the Time of the Aſſembly. The Violins were juſt tuning. But they ceaſed till I had done: And the Novelty (at leaſt) drew and fixt the Attention of the whole Company.

Wedneſday 28. I read Mr. *Barton*'s ingenious Lectures on *Lough Neagh*, near *Lurgan*, which turns Wood into Stone, and cures the King's Evil, and moſt cutaneous Diſtempers. Under Part of this Lake, there is firſt a Stratum of firm Clay, and under that a Stratum of Trees four foot thick all compacted into one Maſs, doubtleſs by the Preſſure of the incumbent Earth (perhaps Water too) which it has probably ſuſtained ever ſince the General Dluge.

In the Evening we had the largeſt Congregation which I have ſeen ſince we left *Corke*. It was almoſt as large at Five in the Morning. Why ſhould we deſpair of doing Good at *Lurgan* alſo?

Thurſday

Thurſday 29. I preached at *Newry*, and the three following Days; On *Monday Auguſt* 1. I returned to *Roſmide*.

Tueſday 3. We rode to *Tullamore* thro' heavy Rain, which a ſtrong Wind drove full in our Face. The only *wild Iriſh* whom I have ſeen yet, a Knot of Officers, were preſent at Preaching in the Evening, and behaved tolerably well.

Wedneſd 4. I preached at *Portarlington* in the Evening, and was going to take Horſe in the Morning, when a Gentleman came and ſaid, he was juſt ſetting out for *Dublin*, and would be glad of my Company in his Chariot. I accompanied him to *Johnſtown* where we dined; and then took Horſe and rode on to *Dublin*.

Friday 6. On this and the next Day I finiſhed my Buſineſs in *Ireland*, ſo as to be ready to ſail at an Hours Warning.

Sunday 8. We were to ſail, the Wind being fair; but as we were going aboard, it turned full Eaſt. I find it of great uſe, to be in Suſpenſe. It is an excellent Means of breaking our Will. May we be ready, either to ſtay longer on this Shore, as to lanch into Eternity.

On *Tueſday* Evening I preached my Farewell-Sermon. M. *Walſh* did the ſame in the Morning. We then walked to the Key. But it was ſtill a Doubt, Whether we were to ſail or no: Sir *T. P.* having ſent word to the Captain of the Pacquet, that if the Wind was fair, he would go over; and it being his Cuſtom *(Hominis Magnificentiam!)* to keep the whole Ship to himſelf. But the Wind coming to the Eaſt, he would not go: So about Noon we went on board. In two or three Hours we reached the *Mouth* of the *Harbour*. It then fell calm. We had Five Cabbin Paſſengers, beſide Mr. *Walſh*, *Haughton*, *Morgan* and me. They were all civil, and tolerably ſerious; the Sailors likewiſe behaved uncommonly well.

Thurſday 12. About Eight we begun ſinging on the Quarter-deck, which ſoon drew all our Fellow-Paſſengers, as well as the Captain, with the greateſt Part of his Men. I afterwards gave an Exhortation. We then

then ſpent ſome Time in Prayer. They all kneeled down with us. Nor did their Serioufneſs wear off all the Day About Nine we landed at *Holy-Head*, after a pleaſant Paſſage of twenty three Hours.

Friday 13. Having hired Horſes for *Cheſter*, we ſet out about Seven. Before One we reached *Bangor*, the Situation of which is delightful beyond Expreſſion. Here we ſaw a large and handſome Cathedral, but no Trace of the Good, old Monks of *Bangor*, ſo many hundreds of whom fell a Sacrifice at once to Cruelty and Revenge. The Country from hence to *Penmenmaur* is far pleaſanter than any Garden. Mountains of every Shape and Size, Vales clothed with Graſs or Corn, Woods and ſmaller Tufts of Trees, were continually varying on the one Hand, as was the Sea Proſpect on the other. *Penmenmaur* itſelf riſes almoſt perpendicular to an enormous Height from the Sea. The Road runs along the Side of it, ſo far above the Beach, that one could not venture to look down, but that there is a Wall built all along, about four Foot high. Mean Time the ragged Cliff hangs over ones Head, as if it would fall every Moment. An Hour after we had left this awfull Place, we came to the antient Town of *Conway*. It is walled round. And the Walls are in tolerably good repair. The Caſtle is the nobleſt Ruin I ever ſaw. It is four Square, and has four large round Towers, on each Side, the inſide of which have been ſtately Apartments. One Side of the Caſtle is a large Church, the Windows and Arches of which have been curiouſly wrought. An Arm of the Sea runs round two Sides of the Hill on which the Caſtle ſtands: Once the Delight of Kings, now overgrown with Thorns, and inhabited by doleful Birds only.

About Eight we reached *Place-bagh*, where as ſoon as I named my Name, *William Roberts* received us with all Gladneſs. But neither he nor any of his Family could ſpeak one Sentence of *Engliſh*. Yet our Guide helped us out pretty well: After Supper we ſung and went to Prayers. Tho' they could not ſpeak it, moſt of them underſtood *Engliſh*. And God, ſpoke to their Hearts.

Saturday

Saturday 14. Several of the Neighbours came early in the Morning, and gladly received a few Words of Exhortation. We then rode on, thro' one of the pleasantest Countries in the World, by *Holywell*, to *Chester*. Here we had a comfortable Meeting in the Evening; as well as the next Day, both in the Room, and in the Square.

Monday 16. The Rain was suspended, while I preached to a large and quiet Congregaation.

Tuesday 17. I rode to *Bolton*. Tho' I came unexpected, the House was well filled. After resting a Day, On *Thursday* 19. I went on to *Manchester*, and preached in the Evening to a large Congregation, without the least Disturbance. The Tumults here are now at an end; chiefly thro' the Courage and Activity of a single Constable.

Friday 20. I rode to *Chelmorton* in *the Peak*. Altho' the poor People had no previous Notice, they supplied the want of it, by sending quickly to the neighbouring Villages. Between Seven and Eight the House was pretty well filled. And many of them were extremely thankful.

Saturday 21. We set out early and after spending an Hour at *Ashbourn*, hastened on to *Litchfield*. But it was not without Difficulty, the Waters being out, to a very uncommon Degree in many Places. About Eight we reached *Wednesbury*, tired enough. There we stayed the next Day.

Monday 23. We rode forward to *Redditch*. It had rained all the Way, so that Mr. *Walsh* was obliged to go to Bed, as soon as we came in. Having dried some of our Cloaths, Mr. *Bruce* and I took Horse again about Two: Having One with us who knew the By-roads, the Common Road being unpassable thro' the Floods. About Five we came to a broad Water, which our Guide did not care to pass. Mr. *Bruce* seeing a Foot Bridge, walked over it, leading his Horse by a long Rein thro' the Water. But in an instant the Horse disappeared. However he soon emerged and gained the Bank. I rode thro' at a small

Distance

diſtance very ſafely, and in the Evening preached at *Evesham.*

Tueſday 24. Finding we could not ride the uſual Way, we procured another Guide and rode by *Andover Ford* to *Stroud.* Mr. *Jones* and my Brother met us here.

Wedneſday 25. we rode on to *Briſtol.*

Thurſday 26. About Fifty of us being met, the *Rules* of the *Society* were read over, and carefully conſidered One by One. But we did not find any that could be ſpared. So we all agreed, to abide by them all, and to recommend them with our might.

We then largely conſidered, the Neceſſity of keeping in the Church, and uſing the Clergy with Tenderneſs. And there was no diſſenting Voice. God gave us all to be of one Mind and of one Judgment.

Friday 27. The Rules of the Bands were read over and conſidered, One by One: Which after ſome Verbal Alterations, we all agreed to obſerve and inforce.

Saturday 28. The Rules of *Kingſwood* School were read and conſidered, One by One. And we were all convinced, they were agreeable to Scripture and Reaſon. In conſequence of which it was agreed;

1. That a ſhort Account of the Deſign and preſent State of the School, be read by every Aſſiſtant in every Society: And

2. That a Subſcription for it be begun in every Place, and (if Need be) a Collection made every Year.

My Brother and I cloſed the Conference by a ſolemn Declaration; of our Purpoſe, never to ſeparate from the Church. And all our Brethren concurred therein.

For a few Days I was laid up with a Flux. But on *Sunday September* 5. I crept out again and preached at *Kingſwood* in the Morning, and *Stokeſcroft* in the Afternoon.

Monday 6. I ſet out in the Machine, and on *Tueſday* Evening came to London.

Wedneſday and *Thurſday* I ſettled my Temporal Buſineſs. It is now about Eighteen Years, ſince I began writing and printing Books. And how much in that

Time have I gained by Printing? Why, on ſumming up my Accounts, I found that on *March* 1, 1756, (the Day I left *London* laſt) I had gained by Printing and Preaching together, a Debt of Twelve Hundred and Thirty Six Pounds.

Friday 10. I preached at a famous Place, commonly called *The Bull and Mouth Meeting*, which had belonged, I ſuppoſe, near an hundred Years, to the People called Quakers. As much of real Religion as was ever preached there, I truſt, will be preached there ſtill: And perhaps in a more Rational, Scriptural and intelligible Manner.

Saturday 11. I read over Mr. *Fry*'s "Caſe of Marriage between near Relations, conſidered" And two Points, I think, he has fully proved, 1. That many Marriages commonly ſuppoſed to be unlawful, are neither contrary to the Law of Nature, nor the revealed Law of God, nor the Law of the Land: 2 That Eccleſiaſtical Courts have no Right to meddle with any Caſe of this Kind.

Thurſday 16. I walked over to *Biſhop Bonner*'s, and preached to a large and ſerious Congregation. I found ſome Faintneſs, the Sun being extreamly hot; but more in walking from thence to *Weſtminſter*, where I preached at Seven. In the Night my old Diſorder returned, and gradually increaſed, in ſpite of all Medicines. However on *Sunday* and *Monday* it was ſo far ſuſpended, that I abated nothing of my uſual Employment.

Wedneſday 22. I was conſidering I had not yet aſked Help of the Great Phyſician, and I reſolved to delay no longer. In that Hour I felt a Change. I ſlept ſound that Night, and was well the next Day.

Sunday October 3. My Diſorder returned as violent as ever. But I regarded it not, while I was performing the Service at *Snow-fields* in the Morning, or afterward at *Spittle-fields*, 'till I went to the Lord's Table in order to adminiſter. A Thought then came into my Mind. "Why do I not apply to God, in the Beginning rather than the End of an Illneſs"? I did ſo, and found immediate Relief, ſo that I needed no farther Medicines.

Tueſday

Tuesday 5. I wrote a second Letter to the Authors of the *Monthly Review*: Ingenious Men, but no Friends to the Godhead of CHRIST. Yet upon farther Consideration, I judged it best, to drop the Controversy. It is enough that I have delivered my own Soul: *If they scorn, they alone shall bear it.*

Sunday 10. I preached to an huge Multitude in *Moorfields*, on *Why will ye die, O House of Israel?* It is Field-preaching which does the Execution still. For Usefulness there is none comparable to it.

Monday 11. I went to *Leigh*. Where we dined, a poor Woman came to the Door, with two little Children. They seemed to be half starved, as well as their Mother, who was also shivering with an Ague. She was extremely thankful for a little Food, and still more so for a few Pills, which seldom fail to cure that Disorder.

In this little Journey I read over a Curiosity indeed, a *French* Heroic Poem: *Voltaire's Henriade*. He is a very lively Writer, of a fine Imagination; and allowed, I suppose, by all competent Judges, to be a perfect Master of the *French* Language. And by Him I was more than ever convinced, That the *French* is the poorest, meanest Language in *Europe*: That it is no more comparable to the *German* or *Spanish*, than a Bag-pipe is to an Organ: And that with regard to Poetry in particular, considering the incorrigible Uncouthness of their Measure, and their always writing in Rhyme, (to say nothing of their vile double Rhymes, nay and frequent false Rhymes) it is as impossible to write a fine Poem in *French*, as to make fine Music upon a Jews-harp.

Saturday 16. I baptized *Hannah C*——, late a Quaker. GOD, as usual, bore Witness to his Ordinance. A solemn Awe spread over the whole Congregation, and many could not refrain from Tears.

Wednesday 20. I received the following Letter.

Rev. Sir,

"The Glory of GOD and the Good of Mankind are the Motives that induce me to write the following——

As it is our Duty to do all we can to make all around us happy, I think there is one Thing which

may be done to promote ſo bleſſed an End, which will at the ſame Time be very advantageous to them that practiſe it, namely, To efface all the obſcene Words which are written on Houſes, Doors or Walls, by evil-minded Men. This which I recommend to others I conſtantly practiſe myſelf: And if ever I omit doing it, I am ſeverely checked, unleſs I can produce ſome good Reaſon for that Omiſſion. I do it with a Spunge which for that Purpoſe I carry in my Pocket. The Advantages I reap from hence are, 1. Peace of Conſcience in doing my Duty, 2. It helps me to conquer the Fear of Man, which is one of my greateſt Trials, 3. It is Matter of Joy, that I can do any, the leaſt Service to any one. And as all Perſons, eſpecially the Young, are liable to Temptations to Impurity, I can't do too much to remove ſuch Temptations, either from myſelf or others. Perhaps too, when the unhappy Writers paſs by, and ſee their bad Labours ſoon effaced, they may be diſcouraged from purſuing ſo ſhameful a Work, yea, and brought to a better Mind.

" Perhaps in ſome Places it might not be amiſs in the Room of what is effaced, to write ſome ſerious Sentence, or ſhort Text of Scripture. And wherever we do this, would it not be well to lift up our Heart to God, in behalf of thoſe Sinners, in this or the like Manner, " Lord, lay not this Sin to their Charge: Father, forgive them: For they know not what they do."

Monday 25. I began reading that excellent Book, *The Goſpel-Glaſs*, to the Morning Congregation: A Method which I find more profitable for *Inſtruction in Righteouſneſs*, than any other Manner of Preaching.

Tueſday 26. I began reading over with the Preachers that were in Town, Mr. *Pike's Philoſophia Sacra.* It contains the Marrow of Mr. *Hutchinſon*'s Philoſophy clearly and modeſtly propoſed. But upon a cloſe Examination, I found the Proofs were grievouſly defective. I ſhall never receive Mr. *Hu*—'s Creed, unleſs *ipſe dixit* paſs for Evidence.

Saturday 30. I yielded to Importunity, and ſpent an Hour with poor Mr. *V*———, who was awakened and found Peace in attending our Preaching, and ſoon after

after turned Quaker. I did wonder at it once, but I do not now. One so full of himself might turn Papist or Mahometan.

Monday November 1. Was a Day of triumphant Joy, as *All Saints* Day generally is. How superstitious are they who scruple giving God solemn Thanks for the Lives and Deaths of his Saints!

Tuesday 9. Having procured an Apparatus on purpose, I ordered several Persons to be electrified, who were ill of various Disorders: Some of whom found an immediate, some a gradual Cure. From this Time I appointed, first some Hours in every Week, and afterward some Hours in every Day, wherein any that desired it, might try the Virtue of this surprising Medicine. Two or three Years after our Patients were so numerous, that we were obliged to divide them: So Part were electrified in *Southwark*, Part at the *Foundery*: Others, near St. *Pauls*; and the rest, near the *Seven-dials*: The same Method we have taken ever since. And to this Day, while Hundreds, perhaps Thousands, have received unspeakable Good, I have not known One Man, Woman or Child, who has received any Hurt thereby. So that when I hear any Talk of the Danger of being electrified, (especially if they are Medical Men who talk so) I cannot but impute it to great Want, either of Sense or Honesty.

Friday 12. I read over *Leusden*'s Dissertation, in Defence of the *Hebrew* Points, and was fully convinced, there is at least as much to be said, on this as on the other Side of the Question. But how is it, that Men are so *Positive* on both Sides, while Demonstration is to be had on neither? Certainly to be *peremptory* and *dogmatical* can never be so inexcusable, as in a Point so doubtful as this!

Monday 22. I read with the Preachers this Week the *Glasgow Abridgment* of Mr. *Hutchinson*'s Works: Wherein the Abridgers have expressed with surprizing Exactness, not only his Sense, but his very Spirit. But in Truth I cannot admire either: Nay, I admire his Hypothesis less and less: As I see the whole is unsupported by Scripture; very ingenious, but quite precarious.

Wednesday December 1. One or two remarkable Letters were put into my Hands. Part of the First ran thus.

" Blessed be God, who desireth not the Death of a Sinner! It pleased him, not to cut off my Son in his Sins. He gave him Time to repent, and not only so, but a Heart to repent. He shewed him his lost Estate by Nature, and that unless he was reconciled to God by his Son, and washed in his Blood from all his Sins, he could never be saved. After he was condemned at *York* for a Robbery on the Highway, I attended him in the condemned Room. And blessed be God, he enabled me to preach the everlasting Gospel to him. It was on *Saturday* he was condemned. It was on the *Saturday* following the Lord touched his Heart. He then began to wrestle with God in Prayer, and left not off 'till *Sunday* in the Afternoon, when God who is rich in Mercy, applied the Blood of his Son, and convinced him, He had forgiven him all his Sins. He felt his Soul at Peace with God, and longed to depart and to be with Christ. The following Week his Peace increased daily, 'till on *Saturday*, the Day he was to die, he came out of the condemn'd Room, cloathed in his Shroud, and went into the Cart. As he went on, the Chearfulness and Composure of his Countenance were amazing to all the Spectators. At the Place of Execution, after he had spent some Time in Prayer, he rose up, took a chearful Leave of his Friends, and said, " Glory be to God for free Grace." His last Words were, " Lord Jesus receive my Soul."

Part of the other Letter wrote by himself to his Wife, was as follows.

" My Dear,

Righteous is the Lord, and just are his Judgments! His Hand of Justice cuts my Life short, but his Hand of Mercy saves my Soul. You for One are a Witness of the Course of Life I led. Were it in my Power I would gladly make Amends, to you and every one else that I have wronged. But seeing it is not, I hope that God and and you and every one else, will accept of my willing Mind. In a few Hours now I shall be delivered out of this miserable World.

But

ut Glory be to God, he has given Repentance and emiſſion of Sins to me, the worſt of Sinners. He is taken away the Sting of Death, and I am prepared to meet my God. Let my Example encourage every Sinner, to forſake Sin and come unto God thro' *Jeſus Chriſt*. As a dying Man I give you this Advice, give yourſelf wholly up to God. Pray to him and never reſt, 'till you have ſecured an Intereſt in the Blood of *Chriſt*. Live in his Fear, and you (as well as I) ſhall die in his Favour. So no more from,

York Caſtle, Your dying Huſband,
Auguſt 20. *Richard Varley*."

Monday 6. I began reading to our Preachers the late Biſhop of *Corke*'s excellent Treatiſe on *Human Underſtanding*: In moſt Points far clearer and more judicious than Mr. *Locke*'s, as well as deſigned to advance a better Cauſe.

Friday 10. A Perſon who was dying of a Cancer in her Breaſt, and deeply convinced of Sin, ſent a Poſt-chaiſe in which I went to her at *Epſom*. I left her on *Saturday* Morning, in ſtrong Hope, ſhe ſhould not go hence, 'till her Eyes had ſeen his Salvation.

In my Fragments of Time in the following Week I read Mr. *Hanway*'s accurate Hiſtory of *Shah Nadir*, commonly called *Kouli Khan*: A Scourge of God indeed! A Prodigy of Valour and Conduct, but an unparallelled Monſter of Rapine and Cruelty. *Alexander the Great*, yea *Nero* or *Domitian*, was an Innocent in Compariſon of him.

Sunday 26. I buried the Remains of *Joſeph Varner*, an Iſraelite indeed. The Peace which filled his Heart during his laſt Hours, gave ſuch a Bloom to his very Countenance, as remained after Death, to the Surprize of all, who remembered the Cloud that uſed to hang upon it.

Monday, *January* 3, 1757. I viſited a poor dying backſlider, full of good Reſolutions. But who can tell, when theſe imply a real Change of Heart? And when they do not, when they ſpring from Fear only, what will they avail before God?

Monday 10. I walked to Biſhop *Bonner*'s, with Mr. —, lately entered at *Cambridge*, full of good Reſolutions

ſolutions. May God continue him humble and ſimple of Heart! Then his Senſe and Learning will do him good. But how great are the Odds againſt him?

Saturday 22. I called upon one, who did run well for ſeveral Years. But for a conſiderable Time he had caſt off the very Form of Religion. Yet his Heart was not utterly hardened. He determined to ſet out once more. And ſince that Time, he has been more confirmed in walking ſuitably to the Goſpel.

Friday 28. Mr. *Meier*, Chaplain to one of the *Hanoverian* Regiments, called and ſpent an Hour with me. I am ſurprized at the Serioufneſs of all the *German* Miniſters, with whom I have had Occaſion to converſe: Entirely different from that Pertneſs and Affectation of Wit, which is too common in our own Country.

The following Letter (which I received two or three Months after) was dated on this Day.

"Tho' you and I may differ in ſome little Things I have long loved you and your Brother, and wiſhed and prayed for your Succeſs, as zealous Revivers of experimental Chriſtianity. If I differ from you in Temper and Deſign, or in the Eſſentials of Religion, I am ſure the Error muſt lie on my Side. Bleſſed be God for Hearts to love one another!

As I knew your Correſpondence muſt be very extenſive, and your Labours various and inceſſant, I intended to have kept my peculiar Love for you a Secret, 'till we arrived where Seas ſhall no more roll between us. But your late pious Charity conſtrains me to give you the Trouble of a Letter. I am confident God will attend it with his Bleſſing, and render you uſeful at the Diſtance of near 4000 Miles.

How great is the Honour God has conferred upon you, in making you a Reſtorer of declining Religion? And after ſtruggling thro' ſo much Oppoſition, and ſtanding almoſt ſingle, with what Pleaſure muſt you behold ſo many raiſed up, zealous in the ſame Cauſe, tho' perhaps not ranked under the ſame Name, nor openly connected with you!

I am endeavouring in my poor manner to promote the ſame Cauſe in this Part of our guilty Globe. My

Succeſs

cceſs is not equal to my Wiſhes; but it vaſtly ſur-
ſes both my Deſerts and my Expectation. I have
ptized near an hundred and fifty adult Negroes, of
om about Sixty are Communicants. Unpoliſhed
they are, I find ſome of them have the Art to diſ-
nble. But, bleſſed be God, the Generality of
em, as far as I can learn, are real Chriſtians. And
have no Doubt, but ſundry of them are genuine
ildren of *Abraham*. Among them, in the firſt Place,
d then among the Poor white People, I have diſ-
buted the Books you ſent me.

I deſire you to communicate this to your Brother,
equally intended for him. And let me and my
ongregation, particularly my poor Negro-Converts,
favoured with your Prayers. In return for which,
hope neither you nor your Cauſe will be forgotten,

Reverend Sir,

Your affectionate Fellow-labourer,

nover (in *Virginia*) and obliged Servant,

Jan. 28, 1757. *Samuel Davis.*

Sunday 30. Knowing God was able to ſtrengthen
e for his own Work, I officiated at *Snow-fields* as
ual, before I went to *Weſt-ſtreet*, where the Service
ok me up between four and five Hours. I preached
the Evening and met the Society: And my Strength
as as my Day. I felt no more Wearineſs at Night,
an at Eight in the Morning.

Sunday, *February* 6. The Number of Communicants
Spittlefields, made this Lord's-Day a little more la-
rious than the former. But God added proportio-
bly to my Strength. So I felt no Difference.

Thurſday 10. At the Requeſt of the Author, I took
me Pains, in correcting an ingenious Book, ſhortly
be publiſhed. But the more I conſider them, the
ore I doubt, of all Syſtems of Aſtronomy. I doubt
hether we can certainly know, either the Diſtance
Magnitude of any Star in the Firmament. Elſe
hy do Aſtronomers ſo immenſely differ, even with
gard to the Diſtance of the Sun from the Earth?
me affirming it to be only twelve, other ninety
illions of Miles!

About

About this Time the following Note was given in my Hand at *Wapping*.

" *John White*, Maſter at Arms, aboard his M j eſty's Ship *Tartar*, now at *Plymouth*, deſires to retu Almighty God Thanks, for himſelf and all the Ship Company, for their Preſervation in four different E gagements they have had with four Privateers whi they have taken: Particularly the laſt, wherein t Enemy firſt boarded them. They cleared the Dec boarded in their Turn, and took the Ship, thirty the Enemy being killed, and fifty more wounde Only two of our Crew were wounded, who, it hoped, will recover."

Wedneſday 16. Calling on a Friend, I found hi juſt ſeized with all the Symptoms of a Pleuriſy. I a viſed him to apply a Brimſtone-Plaiſter, and in a fe Hours he was perfectly well. Now, to what En ſhould this Patient have taken a heap of Drugs, an loſt twenty Ounces of Blood? "To what End? Wh to oblige the Doctor and Apothecary." Enough Reaſon good!

Tueſday 22. I preached at *Deptford*. Even this Wi derneſs does at length *bloſſom and bud as the Roſe*. Neve was there ſuch Life in this little Flock before, n ſuch an Increaſe in the number of Hearers.

The following Letter was wrote on *Saturday* 28.

" Reverend and dear Sir,

" When I was at *Freſhford*, on *January* 30, in th Morning, I ſcrupled ſinging thoſe Words,

Ye now afflicted are,
And hated for his Name,
And in your Bodies bear
The Tokens of the Lamb.

I thought I was not afflicted or hated for the Name o Chriſt. But this Scruple was ſoon removed. For a *Bradford*, in the Evening, I was preſt for a Soldie and carried to an Inn, where the Gentlemen were Mr. *Pearſe* hearing of it, came, and offered Bail fo my Appearance the next Day. They ſaid, " The would take his Word for ten thouſand Pound: Bu not for me: I muſt go to the Round-houſe:" Th

litt

le Stone-Room on the Side of the Bridge. So ther I was conveyed by five Soldiers. There I nd nothing to ſit on but a Stone, and nothing to on but a little Straw. But ſoon after a Friend ſent a Chair, on which I ſat all Night. I had a double ard, twelve Soldiers in all: Two without, one in Door, and the reſt within. I paſſed the Night thout Sleep, but not without Reſt; for, bleſſed be od, my Peace was not broken a Moment. My Body s in Priſon; but I was *Chriſt*'s Free-man: My Soul s at Liberty. And even there I found ſome Work do for God: I had fair Opportunity, of ſpeaking them who durſt not leave me. And I hope it was t in vain.

In the Morning I had Leave to go to a private Houſe, th only one Soldier to guard me. About three in the fternoon I was carried before the Commiſſioners, and rt of the Act read, which impowered them to take Such able-bodied Men, as followed no Buſineſs, d had no lawful or ſufficient Maintenance." Then ſaid, "If theſe are the Men you are to take, I am t a proper Perſon. For I do follow a lawful Call-g in Partnerſhip with my Brother, and have alſo an ſtate." The Juſtice ſaid, "If you will make Oath of at, I think, we muſt let you go." But the Commiſ-oners ſaid," no Man could ſwear for himſelf." I ſaid, Gentlemen, give me Time and you ſhall have full roof." After a long Debate they took a fifty Pound ond, for my Appearance on that Day three Weeks. ll the Time I could bleſs God that he counted me orthy to ſuffer for his Name's Sake.

"The next Day I ſet out for *Cornwall*. I tarried t home four Days, and then ſetting out with my rother *James*, came to *Bradford* laſt *Saturday*. On *Monday* in the Afternoon I appeared before the Com-iſſioners, with the Writings of my Eſtate. When e Juſtice had peruſed them, and my Brother had aken his Oath, I was ſet at Liberty. So the Fierce-eſs of Man turns to God's Praiſe, and all this is for he Furtherance of the Goſpel. I hope you will re-urn God Thanks for my Deliverance out of the Hands of unreaſonable and wicked Men.

William Hitchens."

Sunday 27. After the Service at *Snow-fields*, I found myſelf much weaker than uſual, and feared I ſhould not be able to go thro' the Work of the Day, which is equal to preaching eight Times. I therefore prayed, that God would ſend me Help: And as ſoon as I had done preaching at *Weſt-ſtreet*, a Clergyman who was come to Town for a few Days, came and offered me his Service. So when I aſked for Strength, God gave me Strength: When for Help, he gave this alſo.

I had been long deſired to ſee the little Flock at *Norwich*. But this I could not decently do, 'till I was able to re-build Part of the Foundery there, to which I was engaged by my Leaſe. A Sum ſufficient for that End was now unexpectedly given me, by one of whom I had no perſonal Knowledge. So I ſet out on *Monday* 28, and preached in *Norwich* on *Tueſday* Evening. Mr. *Walſh* had been there twelve or fourteen Days; and not without a Bleſſing. After preaching I entered into Contract with a Builder, and gave him part of the Money in Hand. On *Wedneſday* and *Thurſday* I ſettled all our ſpiritual and temporal Buſineſs, and on *Friday* and *Saturday* returned with Mr. *Walſh* to *London*.

Sunday 6. I had no Help, and I wanted none; for God renewed my Strength. But on *Sunday* 13, finding myſelf weak at *Snow-fields*, I prayed (if he ſaw good) that God would ſend me Help at the Chappel. And I had it. A Clergyman whom I never ſaw before, came and offered me his Aſſiſtance. And as ſoon as I had done preaching, Mr. *Fletcher* came, who had juſt then been ordained Prieſt, and haſtened to the Chappel, on purpoſe to aſſiſt, as he ſuppoſed me to be alone.

Monday 14. I went with *T. Walſh* to *Canterbury*, where I preached in the Evening with great Enlargement of Spirit: But with greater in the Morning, being much refreſhed at the Sight of ſo large a Number of Soldiers. And is not God able to kindle the ſame Fire in the Fleet, which he has already begun to kindle in the Army?

Wedneſday 16. I had the Satisfaction to find an old ſtout-hearted Sinner, who had been defying God for

near

near four ſcore Years, now become as a little Child, and complaining of his own Ignorance and Ingratitude to God.

Friday 18. I returned to *London*.

Sunday 20. Mr. *Fletcher* helped me again. How wonderfull are the Ways of God! When my Bodily Strength failed, and none in *England* were able and willing to aſſiſt me, He ſent me Help from the Mountains of *Swiſſerland!* And an Help meet for me in every reſpect: Where could I have found ſuch another?

Friday 25. After I had read to a ſerious Clergyman the Concluſion of "The Doctrine of Original Sin, he moved, that we might ſpend ſome Time in Prayer." And I found great Liberty of Spirit, in praying for Dr. *Taylor*, and a ſtrong Hope, that God would ſhew him *the truth as it is in* Jesus.

About this Time, many of the Children of God reſted from their Labours.

On *Sunday* 13. I buried *Elizabeth Langdon*, who after ſevere Inward Trials, was for ſeveral Days in great Pain, but in great Peace.

On *Sunday* 25. I buried *Hannah Lee*, a Pattern of Induſtry, Meekneſs and Patience.

And on *Sunday* 27. I buried *Mary Naylor*, who for ſeveral Years was a moſt eminent Pattern, of truly Chriſtian Courage, Plainneſs of Speech, and Plainneſs of Apparel. A Week before, I had an Opportunity of telling her all that was in my Heart, concerning her Change, (not for the better) in all theſe Particulars. In the beginning of her Illneſs, ſhe was in great Darkneſs and Diſtreſs of Soul. But while Prayer was made for her, her Bodily Pain ceaſed, and her Soul received Comfort.

And on *Monday*, 21. juſt at Midnight, ſhe quietly fell aſleep.

Wedneſday 30. I rode to a Gentleman's near *Beconſfield* and preached at Six in the Evening, in a large, convenient Place, filled with ſerious Hearers, ſeveral of whom had come five or ſix Miles.

Saturday 31. I was earneſtly importuned, to go over to *High Wycombe*. I went and preached there at Noon, on *the Parable of the Sower*. Perhaps ſome of the Seed which

which has been ſown here for many Years, will at length bring forth fruit.

At Six it ſeemed as if the whole Town of *Beconsfield* was aſſembled together. And I bear them witneſs, they gave earneſt heed, high and low, to the things which were ſpoken. A large number of them were preſent in the Morning.

On *Friday April* 1. Fair Beginnings theſe ! But *he that endureth to the end, the ſame ſhall be ſaved.*

In returning to *London*, I read a Tract on " the Law of Nature, " wrote by a Counſellor of *Geneva*. I am ſorry to find Dr. *Taylor*'s Poiſon, ſpread to the *Alps* alſo ! And even printed and publiſhed at *Genoa*, without any Hindrance or Animadverſion !

Sunday 3. I paid one more viſit to *Thomas Singleton* an amiable young Man, called away at five and twenty, in the Dawn of a flouriſhing Buſineſs. The next Day his Spirit returned to God.

On Good-friday in the Evening at the Meeting of the Society, God was eminently preſent with us. I read over and enlarged upon *Joſeph Alleyne*'s Directons for a thorough Converſion to God ; and deſired, all who were able would meet me on *Monday* that we might *perform our Vows unto the* Lord.

Monday 11. at five in the Evening about Twelve Hundred of the Society met me, at Spittlefields. I expected Two to help me, but none came. I held out till between Seven and Eight. I was then ſcarce able to walk or ſpeak : But I looked up and received Strength. At half Hour after Nine, God broke in mightily upon the Congregation. *Great* indeed *was our glorying* in Him : We were *filled with Conſolation.* And when I returned home between Ten and Eleven, I was no more tired than at Ten in the Morning.

Monday 12. I ſet out at Five for *Bedford.* About Seven the Rain began. It did not intermit till Noon, and was driven upon us by a moſt furious Wind. In the Afternoon we had ſome Intervals of fair Weather, and before Five we reached *Bedford.*

Mr. *Parker*, now Mayor, received us gladly. He hath not borne the Sword in vain. There is no Curſing or Swearing heard in theſe Streets : No Work done

done on the Lord's Day. Indeed there is no open Wickedneſs of any kind now to be ſeen in *Bedford*. O what may not one Magiſtrate do, who has a ſingle Eye and a Confidence in God ?

Both in the Evening and the following Morning, I preached the Law, as well as the Goſpel. The next Evening I preached on, *All Things are ready : Come ye to the Marriage*. And God eminently confirmed his Word. It ſeemed as if not One would be left behind.

Wedneſday 14. We rode to *Leiceſter*, where *John Brandan* has gathered a ſmall Society. I preached at Seven. The Houſe (ſuppoſed to contain a thouſand People) was throughly filled. I believe there were forty or fifty Solidiers : And all heard, as for Life.

Thurſday 15. Being informed the ſtrait Road to *Birmingham* was ſcarce paſſable, we went round by *Coventry*. Before ſix we reached *Birmingham*.

Saturday 16. I ſpoke to each Member of the Society. What havock have the two oppoſite Extreams, Myſticiſm and Antinomianiſm made, among this once-earneſt and ſimple People ! Had it not been good for thoſe Men, not to have been born, by whom theſe little ones have been offended ?

In the Afternoon I rode to *Dudley*, where the Work of God increaſes greatly, notwithſtanding the immenſe Scandal which has been given, by thoſe who once rejoiced in the Love of God. One of theſe has lately killed his own Child, by a Blow upon the Head. After preaching I talked with M. B. who has been long *a Mother in Iſrael*. "I was under ſtrong Convictions, ſaid ſhe, when twelve or thirteen Years old, and ſoon after found Peace with God. But I loſt it by degrees, and then contented my ſelf with living a quiet, harmleſs Life, till Mr. *Charles Weſley* came to *Wenſbury*, in the Year 1742. Soon after this my Convictions returned tho' not with Terror, as before, but with ſtrong Hope, and in a little Time, I recovered Peace and Joy in believing. This I never loſt ſince, but for 48 Hours (by ſpeaking angrily to my Child). Not long after, Mr. *Jones* talked particularly with me, about the Wickedneſs of my Heart. I went home in great Trouble, which did not ceaſe, 'till one Day,

ſitting in my Houſe, I heard a Voice ſay, in my inmoſt Soul, "Be ye holy; for I am holy." From that Hour for a Year and a Quarter, (tho' I never loſt my Peace) I did nothing but long, and weep, and pray, for Inward Holineſs. I was then ſitting one Day, *Aug.* 23, 1744, about Eight in the Morning, muſing and praying as uſual, when I ſeemed to hear a loud Voice, ſaying at once to my Heart and to my outward Ears, "This Day ſhall Salvation come to this Houſe." I ran up Stairs, and preſently the Power of God, came upon me, ſo that I ſhook all over like a Leaf. Then a Voice ſaid, "This Day is Salvation come to this Houſe." At the Inſtant I felt an entire Change. I was full of Love, and full of God. I had the Witneſs in myſelf, That he had made an End of Sin, and taken my whole Heart for ever. And from that Moment, I have never loſt the Witneſs, nor felt any Thing in my Heart but pure Love."

Sunday 17. The Rain conſtrained me to preach within at Eight, though the Houſe would ill contain the Congregation: But we prayed, that God, if he ſaw good, would *ſtay the Bottles of Heaven*, for the Sake of that at *Wedneſbury*. And before we came thither, the Rain ſtay'd, ſo that I proclaimed Christ crucified, in the open Air, to ſuch a Congregation as no Houſe could have contained. At Five I preached to a ſtill larger Congregation, on *He that believeth ſhall be ſaved.* As ſoon as I had done, the Rain returned, and continued great Part of the Night.

Monday 18. In the Evening I preached at *Bilbrook* to an earneſt Congregation, and joined Twenty of them in a Society: One of whom had Christ clearly revealed in him, thirty Years ago. But he could find none who underſtood what he ſaid, till the *Methodiſts* (ſo called) came. He clave to them immediately, rejoicing with them and over them, who were Partakers of like precious Faith.

Tueſday 19. Between *Nantwiche* and *Poole*, a thick, black Cloud came acroſs us, out of which iſſued ſuch a violent Wind, as was ready to bear us off our Horſes. But in five Minutes Time, the Wind fell, and the Cloud bore clear away.

Wednesday

Wednesday 20. The Congregation at *Chester* in the Evening was as quiet and serious as that at the Foundery: And the Society was near a third Part larger, than when I was here in Autumn.

Thursday 21. I rode to *Liverpool*, where I found about Half of those I left in the Society. *James S*——, had swept away the rest, in order to which he had told Lies innumerable. But none who make Lies their Refuge will prosper. A little while and his Building will moulder away.

Sunday 24. We had two very useful Sermons at St. *Thomas* Church: The One, on *counting the Cost*, before we *begin to build*; the other on, *Be ye angry, and sin not*. And both of them were exactly suitable to the present Case of many in the Congregation.

The upper Part of the high Spire of the Church, was blown down in the late Storm. The Stones being bound together by strong iron-Cramps, hung waving in the Air for some time. Then they broke thro' Roof, Gallery, Pews and Pavement, and made a deep Dint in the Ground.

Monday 25. I walked to the Infirmary, standing on an Hill, at the North-End of the Town. The Seamens Hospital is joined to it, on each side, by semicircular Piazzas. All is extremely clean and neat, at least equal to any thing in *London*. The old Seamen have smaller or larger Allowance, according to their Families. So that nothing is wanting to make their Lives easy and comfortable—but the Love of God.

I afterward spent an hour with Mr. *Peter Whitfield*, a man of strong Understanding and various Learning. His Dissertation in Defence of the *Hebrew* Points (which he sent me the next Morning) is far more satisfactory than any thing, which I ever heard or read upon the Subject.

Thursday 28. I talked with one, who by the Advice of his Pastor, had very calmly and deliberately, beat his Wife with a large Stick, till she was black and blue, almost from Head to Foot. And he insisted, "It was his Duty so to do, because she was surly and ill natured. And that he was full of Faith all the time he was doing it, and had been so ever since!"

Saturday 30. I took a view of the Free-school, a truly noble Benefaction. Here Seventy Boys and 30 Girls are

intirely provided for. The Building forms 3 Sides of a Square, and is rather elegant than magnificent. The Children are taught to work, in their ſeveral ways, as well as to read and write. The School, the Dining-Rooms and the Lodgings are all plain and clean. The whole was the Gift of one Man, Mr. *Blundell*, a Merchant of *Liverpool*.

Monday May 2. I preached at *Warrington* about Noon, to a wild, ſtaring People (very few excepted) who ſeemed juſt ripe for Miſchief. But the *Bridle* was *in their Jaws*. In the Evening I preached at *Mancheſter*.

Wedneſday 4. I rode over to *Hayfield*, and preached at One in the Church, to a Congregation, gathered from all Parts.

Thurſday 5. I enquired of *John Johnſon*, concerning Miſs *Berreſford*. The Sum of his Account was this. She was always an innocent, ſober young Woman, having the Form of Godlineſs, till ſhe was convinced of Sin, and ſoon after juſtified. She was a Pattern both of Piety and Induſtry. Notwithſtanding her Fortune and her Sicklineſs, ſhe was never unemployed; when ſhe had no other Work, working for the poor. And the whole tenor of her Converſation was ſuch, that it is ſtill a common Saying, "If Miſs *Berreſford* is not gone to Heaven, no body ever will."

She had a vehement Love to the Word of God, and ſpared no Pains in order to hear it. Frequently ſhe would not go to bed all night, leſt ſhe ſhould miſs the Morning Preaching. She loſt no Opportunity of meeting with her Brethren, to whom her Heart was cloſely united: Nor was ſhe afraid or aſhamed to own the pooreſt of them, wherever ſhe met them, and whatever Company ſhe was in. The very Sight of them occaſioned a Joy in her Soul, which ſhe neither could, nor deſired to hide.

When her Weakneſs confined her to her Room, ſhe rejoiced with Joy unſpeakable: More eſpecially when ſhe was delivered from all her Doubts, concerning Chriſtian Perfection. Never was any one more athirſt for this, for the whole Mind that was in *Chriſt*. And ſhe earneſtly exhorted all her Brethren, vehemently to preſs after it.

The more her bodily Strength decayed, the more ſhe was ſtrengthened in Spirit. She called upon all that were

with

with her, "Help me to rejoice; Help me to praiſe God." Having no Fear, but a Jealouſy over herſelf, leſt ſhe ſhould exceed in her Deſire to be with Christ.

As ſoon as I came to *Aſhbourn*, ſhe ſent for me and broke out, "I am juſt at my Journeys End. What a mercy, that I who have done ſo little for God, ſhould be ſo ſoon taken up to him! O, I am full of the Love of God. I dare not exerciſe my Faith fully upon God: the Glory of the Lord is ſo great, that I cannot bear it. I am overwhelmed. My Natural Life is almoſt gone, with the brightneſs of his Preſence. Sometimes I am even forced to cry out, "Lord, ſtay thy hand, till I come into Glory." I aſked, "Have you lately felt any Remains of Sin in you?" She ſaid, I felt Pride ſome Weeks ago." And it ſeems, This was the laſt time. She added, I have now no Will: The will of God is mine. I can bring my deareſt Friends before the Lord. And while I am praying for them, the Glory of the Lord ſo overpowers me, that I am loſt, and adore in ſilence the God of Heaven." She cried out, "Tell all from me, That Perfection is attainable, and exhort all to preſs after it. What a Bleſſing is it, that I have no weary Hours? Tho' I am confined to my Bed, night and day, and can take ſcarce any thing but Water to refreſh me, yet I am like a Giant refreſhed with Wine."

Afterward ſhe broke out, If I had lived in what the world calls Pleaſure, what a miſerable Creature ſhould I have been now? What ſhould I be, if I had no God on my ſide? When the Fire has made me bright, then I ſhall go to my God."

She prayed largely for all States of Mankind; but particularly, for the Proſperity of the Church; and for the Society at *Aſhbourn*, that God would continue and increaſe his Work among them.

When ſhe altered for Death, ſhe called for her Mother and Brothers, to each of whom ſhe gave an earneſt Exhortation. Then ſhe ſaid, "Now I have no more to do here. I am ready to die. Send to Mr. *W.* and tell him, I am ſorry, I did not ſooner believe the Doctrine of perfect Holineſs. Bleſſed be God, I now *know* it to be the Truth!" After greatly rejoicing in God for two days more, She ſaid one Morning, "I dreamed laſt night, I heard

heard a Voice, "CHRIST will come to day for his Bric
It is for *me*. He will come for me to day." And a fe
Hours after, without one Struggle, or Sigh, or Groa
ſhe ſweetly fell aſleep.

One who was intimately acquainted with her writ
thus: "Glory be to GOD for the bleſſed Privilege I en
joyed, of being with her, night and day, for a mon
before ſhe died. When I went to her firſt, ſhe had kep
her bed ſome days, and was extremely weak. And ye
ſhe ſpoke conſiderably plainner, than ever I heard her i
my Life. She called as ſoon as I entered the Room
"MyDear Friend, give me your Hand. Let us rejoic
that my time is ſo near approaching. Do not mourn
You know it is what we expected." I was ſoon brough
to wiſh her ſafe on the happy Shore. She ſaid, "Thi
is true Friendſhip. But how is it that I do not feel greater
Tranſports of Love, now I am ſo near the time of ſeeing
my LORD face to face? Indeed I am aſhamed to approach
Him, before whom the Angels veil their Faces!" She
often ſaid, "I take it as a freſh Token of his Love, that
he ſent *You* to me at this time." Her Pains were great:
But ſhe bore all with invincible Patience and Reſignation,
and often ſaid, "I find it good for me to be afflicted:
In his time I ſhall come out throughly purified." Af-
terward ſhe ſaid, "I experience more upon this Bed, of
my own Nothingneſs, and the free Grace of GOD in
CHRIST than ever I did in all my life." The beſt of my
Performances would be damnable without CHRIST.

Several Days before her Death, her Love was ſo great
that ſhe cried, "I am overcome, I am overcome, I am
overcome." And when ſhe had ſcarce Strength to ſpeak,
ſhe praiſed GOD in a wonderful manner. Even when
ſhe was light-headed, her Talk was wholly concerning
the things of GOD. She called to Mr. *Weſley*, as if he
had been by her, and ſaid, "O Sir, how hard it is for
the rich to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven? I am
ſaved. But I am but juſt ſaved." When her Fever abat-
ed, ſhe told me, "She had dreamed that ſhe was with
him." And ſometimes I could ſcarce perſuade her but he
had been there.

She after aſked, "If I ſaw no more Appearance of
Death in her face yet?" When I told her, There was,
ſhe

e begged I would indulge her with a Looking-glaſs. nd looking earneſtly into it, ſhe ſaid with Tranſport, I never ſaw myſelf with ſo much Pleaſure in my Life." On Saturday Morning at Six ſhe ſaid, " My Saviour ll come to day, and fetch his Bride." Yet about Eight e ſaid, " If *you* had felt what I have done this Morning, would have killed you. I had loſt Sight of God." erhaps in the laſt Conflict *with Principalities and Pow-* s) From this time ſhe was filled with Joy, but ſpoke tle. Her Eyes were ſtill lifted up to Heaven, till her ul was releaſed, with ſo much Eaſe, that I did not ow when ſhe drew her laſt Breath.

So died *Judith Berresford*, as it were an hundred Years d, at the Age of four and twenty. A little more of r Life and of her Spirit, may be learned from one or o of her Letters.

" How can you love me, ſince there is ſtill ſuch a lixture of Evil in all I ſay and do? But why ſhould I aſk is Queſtion? The Lord himſelf loves me: And in the te Diſpenſation of his Providence, he has mercifully diſ- vered to me ſome Sins of a refined Nature, which be- re I was almoſt ignorant of, and now wait and pray to e delivered from. And I can joyfully add, the Lord is igh to all that call upon him. He will fulfil my Deſire, o' not *as* I deſired—His Way and his Will are beſt. ut how long ſhall I acknowledge this, without implicitly bmitting to it? My own Will I am apt to think good ſuch Caſes, and to grieve when it is croſt. So that I ſily diſcern, how needful it is for me to be tried, and ade to ſacrifice to the Lord of that which coſts me ſome- ing. I need not ſay, for the above, alas! will ll you, that I cannot anſwer all your Queſtions in the ffirmative. For did I continually find God preſent ith me, and always walk in the Light of his Countenance, oſt ſurely there could be no Part dark in me. Yet his I can ſay, that I ſee his Hand ſtretched out to ſave nd to deliver. And my Truſt is, that before I go hence, ſhall behold all his Salvation. And if it can ſerve any ood purpoſe, he will open my lips to declare his Praiſe, nd let a poor Creature glorify him in her Death. For his I pray, and rejoice in hope, knowing the God whom

I ſerve

I ſerve is able to fulfil in me all the good pleaſure of Will, and the work of Faith with Power.

As to the Shadows of this World, I think I n truly ſay, they are as nothing to me. The Evil (certainly it muſt be *ſome*) that at times interpo between God and my Soul, is I believe of a m Spiritual Nature. The Stirrings of Pride I ſometin feel, and I truſt, ſhall bewail as long as one Spa remains.

My dear Frend, adieu! I truſt we ſhall have a happy meeting at laſt. In the mean Time I am p ſuaded, a few Lines from you would add greatly to r Peace and Comfort. I am

Your very Loving, and (I hope)

Sept. 7, 1756. Obedient Child *I. B.*

In anſwer to a Letter wherein I deſired ſome accou of her Experience, ſhe wrote as follows.

"How does it add to the Glory of the Almigh Saviour, that from my very Infancy, this rebel Hea has felt the Drawings of his Love? Therefore fin you deſire to know, how I was firſt convinced, that was a poor, guilty Sinner, I muſt begin with ſayin that Goodneſs and Mercy have followd me all m Days. But I know not how to proceed, the Worl ings of Sin and Grace that I have felt are beyon Deſcription. Yet out of the Mouth of Babes an Sucklings the Lord can perfect Praiſe.

My Childhood was ſpent in much Simplicity an Peace. The Lord drew me to him ſelf with th Cords of love and I found great Joy, in pouring ou my Soul before him. Original Sin I was quit ignorant of; but Actual Sins I felt and bewailed, an after ſome Time ſpent in weeping for them I fel Peace, and renewed my Reſolutions. But they coul not laſt long: For Pride, Envy, and all manner o Evil, now ſprung up in my Heart. Yet at times had ſtrong Convictons, and often reſolved, to b very ſerious when I was older.

So I went on from Eight or Ten Years old til Seventeen. Then I was indeed as bad as bad coul be; deſired nothing but to be admired, and was filled with all that fooliſh Vanity, which poor young Wo-

men

n are moſt prone to. Chriſtmas 1750, I was ad-
:d, to partake of the LORD's Supper. I knew it
s right but was conſcious of my Ignorance and Un-
eſs for it. However I endeavoured to prepare my-
, and was pretty well ſatisfied, after I had made a
mal Confeſſion of my Sins, and ſhed ſome Tears
them.

About this Time there was a great Talk of *Metho-
n*, and a Couſin of mine was brought to ſeek the
RD. I went to viſit her in *January* 1751. and told
r before I came away, "I knew I was not what I
ght to be, and ſhould be glad to be inſtructed."
om this Time we carried on a Correſpodence,
d by degrees Light broke in upon my Heart. But
as! tho' I well knew, that in me was no good thing,
d ſeemed to diſclaim my own Righteouſneſs, yet the
ol lurked within, and I really truſted in my own
rayers and other Duties. In this manner I went on
at whole Year, toward the end of which my Corrupti-
ns were more violent. Sin took occaſion by the Com-
andment, and I was often ready to be carried away
y the Torrent.

Februry 1752, it pleaſed GOD to take my dear Friend.
his appeared to me a heavy Judgment. Yet I after-
vards ſaw how it was tempered with Mercy, as it
aught me, to truſt in none but the everlſting Arm.
Ier Death happily proved the Occaſion of her Elder
iſter's Converſion. The Bleſſing of a Chriſtian Friend
vas reſtored to me, and we received each other as
rom the LORD.

In 53 and 54 I had great Outward Affliction, and
t Times ſtrong Inward Conflicts, tho' bleſſed be
GOD, I generally found Comfort in pouring out my
Complaints before him. But towards the end of 1754
began to feel my Hope decline: And for ſeveral
Nights in ſecret Prayer I was in ſtrong Agony of Spirit.
The LORD then, while I was upon my Knees ſtriped
ff all my Fig-leaves. At the ſame Time He ſhewed me
he All ſufficiency of JESUS CHRIST to ſave Sinners,
o ſave *me*, the Chief, and I was enabled to cry out,
"My LORD, and my GOD! I have redemption in thy
lood." From this happy Time I went on my way
rejoicing,

rejoicing, tho' I was at Times grievouſly aſſaulted both by the Stirrings of my old Corruptions, and Temptations, from the Devil, blaſphemous Thoughts in particular. I always experienced ſomething of this before the Sacrament: But the LORD made a way for me to eſcape.

In the beginning of the year 1755 we had Preaching near *Aſhbourn*. This I had wiſhed for long. And now I was honoured with ſuffering a little for the Name of CHRIST. At firſt I was rather aſhamed: But the LORD ſtrengthened me. And ſo great a Bleſſing did I find, by converſing with theſe dear People, that I feared none of thoſe Things, which I did, or might ſuffer. My Acquaintance were now leſs fond of my Company, and they that looked upon me ſhaked their Heads. This proved an unſpeakable Bleſſing: For often had I cauſe to fear the Love of Men.

From the Time of my becoming ſerious, or rather beginning to aim at it, my Health viſibly declined. This at firſt occaſioned me ſome Trouble; becauſe all cried out, "It was being too Religious." But afterwards I ſaw great Mercy in this Chaſtiſement and the Conſequences of it: One of which was, that I had a *juſt Excuſe*, even in the Judgment of Others, for refraining from many Things which in my Circumſtances could not otherwiſe have been avoided, without great Oppoſition from thoſe who were near and dear unto me. Not that I ever faſted: GOD knows I have been deficient in this as well as every other Duty. But I had an happy Liberty of uſing ſome little Self-denial: For which the LORD be praiſed!

O how has he led me and carried me in his Boſom! Is it not wonderful? And yet I have not told you a Tenth Part. But the Time Fails. And my Strength fails. Praiſe GOD with me, and let us magnify his Name together.

Oct. 1, 1756.

I believe, This was one of the laſt Letters ſhe wrote. Shortly after ſhe was called hence.

"So unaffected, ſo compos'd a Mind,
So firm, yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd,

Heaven

Heaven as it's pureſt Gold with Torture try'd:
The Saint ſuſtain'd it; but the Woman dy'd."

An Account of a widely different Nature I received about this Time from *Ireland*, "*Thomas B.* about three Miles from *Tyrrel's Paſs*, was at the Point of Death, by a violent Rupture. While they were praying for him in the Society, he was at once reſtored to perfect Health. He continued in Health for ſeveral Years, and in the Knowledge and love of God. But no ſooner did he return to Folly, than his Diſorder returned. And in ſome Months it put an End to his Life. He died as ſtupid as an Ox."

Monday 9. I rode over the Mountains to *Huddersfield*. A wilder People I never ſaw in *England*. The Men, Women and Children, filled the Street as we rode along, and appeared juſt ready to devour us. They were however tolerably quiet while I preached: Only, a few Pieces of Dirt were thrown: And the Bellman came in the Middle of the Sermon; but was ſtopped by a Gentleman of the Town. I had almoſt done, when they began to ring the Bells; ſo that it did us ſmall Diſſervice. How intolerable a Thing is the Goſpel of Christ, to them who are reſolved to ſerve the Devil!

Wedneſday 11. I preached about One at *Wakefield*, in a ſmall Meadow near the Town. When I began, the Sun ſhone exceeding hot: But in a few Minutes it was covered with Clouds. The Congregation was more quiet and ſerious than ever I ſaw there before. Almoſt as ſoon as I had done ſpeaking, the Sun broke out again.

Thurſday 12. I finiſhed Dr. *Roger's* "Eſſay on the Learning of the Antients." I think he has clearly proved, that they had Microſcopes and Teleſcopes, and knew all that is valuable in the Modern Aſtronomy. But indeed he has fully ſhewn the whole Frame of this, to be quite uncertain, if not ſelf contradictory.

The latter End of the Week I ſpent at *Bradford*.

Sunday 15. At Five the Houſe contained the Congregation: But at Eight they covered the Plain adjoining to it. The Sun was hot, 'till the Clouds interpoſed: It was a ſolemn and comfortable Seaſon. As ſoon as

the Service of the Church was ended, I began at the End of the Houſe again and exhorted a willing Multitude, to *follow after Charity*. A Shower of Rain and Hail fell as I drew to a Concluſion; but it did not diſturb the Congregation.

Soon after I took Horſe for *Birſtal*. The Congregation here was treble to that at *Bradford*. But as they ſtood one above another, on the circular Slope of the Hill, my Voice commanded them all. Tho' I ſpoke longer than I uſually do, I found no Wearineſs or Weakneſs. Shall not *they that truſt in the* LORD *renew their Strength?* Yea, as long as the Sun and Moon endureth.

On *Monday* and *Tueſday* I preached in the Neighbouring Towns.

Wedneſday 18. I rode in the Afternoon from *Halifax*, over the huge, but extremley pleaſant and fruitful Mountains to *Heptonſtall*. A large Congregation was waiting for us, not only on the Ground, but on the Side and tops of the neighbouring Houſes. But no Scoffer or Trifler was ſeen among them. It rained in the adjoining Valley, all or moſt of the Time that I was preaching. But it was fair with us, on the Top of the Mountain. What an Emblem of GOD's taking up his People into a Place of Safety, while the Storm falls on all below?

Here I was informed of the Earthquake the Day before. On *Tueſday*, *May* 17. many Perſons in ſeveral Parts within five or ſix Miles, heard a ſtrange Noiſe under the Ground, which ſome compared to Thunder, others to the rumbling of Carts: Quickly after they felt the Earth rock under them, and wave to and fro. Many which were within Doors heard their Pewter and Glaſs clatter, many in the Fields felt the Ground ſhake under their Feet: And all agreed as to the Time, tho' they knew nothing of each others Account.

Thurſday 19. I preached at *Ewood* about Seven, not intending to preach again 'till the Evening. But Mr. *Grimſhaw* begged I would give them one Sermon at *Gawkſham*, after which we climbed up the enormous Mountain, I think equal to any I ſaw in *Germany*, on the Brow of which we were ſaluted,

by

by a ſevere Shower, which an high Wind drove full in our Faces, almoſt 'till we came to *Haſſenden*. Here I learned, that the Earthquake obſerved near *Hepton-ſtal*, had been ſenſibly felt by very many Perſons, from *Bingley*, three Miles Eaſtward of *Kighley*, to the Neighbourhood of *Preſton*. It was every where preceded by an hoarſe, rumbling, about three o'Clock: So that in a few Minutes it had run from Eaſt to Weſt, between fifty and ſixty Miles.

Friday 20. I preached near *Paddiham* at Eight, to a large, wild Congregation: About Noon at *Rough Lee*, where thoſe who ſtood firm in the Storm, had melted away in the Calm. At *Kighley* I had neither Voice nor Strength left. But while I was preaching my Strength returned.

Saturday 21. I had a little Conference with our Preachers. In the Afternoon I preached at *Bingley*. I have not lately ſeen ſo genteel a Congregation: Yet the Word of God fell heavy upon them.

Sunday 22. After preaching at Five, I took Horſe for *Haworth*. A December Storm met us upon the Mountain. But this did not hinder ſuch a Congregation, as the Church could not contain, I ſuppoſe we had near a Thouſand Communicants, and ſcarce a Trifler among them. In the Afternoon, the Church not containing more than a Third of the People, I was conſtrained to be in the Church Yard. The Rain began as ſoon as I began to ſpeak. But they regarded it not. For God ſent into their Hearts

The former and the latter Rain:
The Love of God, and Love of Man.

Monday 23. I took Horſe at Four. It rained 'till Noon without any Intermiſſion. And we had heavy Showers in the Afternoon. However we reached *Ambleſide* in the Evening.

Tueſday 24. We rode by *Keſwick* to *Whitehaven*. Within a few Miles of the Town, I was ſo tired that I could ſcarce either ride or walk. But all Wearineſs was gone before I had preached a Quarter of an Hour.

Wedneſday 25. I was ſurpriſed to ſee not only Hedges and Shrubs without a green Leaf upon them, but abundance of Trees likewiſe naked as in the Depth of

Winter. Upon enquiring I found That on the 23d of *October* a violent Wind had gone thro' all these Parts, which not only threw down Chimneys, Walls and Barns, and tore up Trees by the Roots, but scorched every green Thing that it touched, as with Fire, so that all the Leaves immediately fell off, and not only Bushes and Fruit-trees, but Elms, Oaks and Firs, withered away to the very Roots.

Friday 27. I preached at *Braithwait* about Noon. Many of the Congregation came from far. The Rain was suspended from Ten 'till Evening, so that they had Opportunity both of coming and returning. This also was an Answer to Prayer. And is any such too little to be remembred?

Whit-Sunday May 29. After preaching at Eight and at Two, I hastened to *Cockermouth*. I began without Delay, and cried to a listening Multitude, *If any Man thirst, let him come unto me and drink*. The Word had free Course. Even the Gentry desired to drink of the *living Water*.

Monday 30. I rode to *Wigton*, a neat, well built Town, on the Edge of *Cumberland*. I preached in the Market-place at Twelve. The Congregation was large and heavily attentive. Between Four and Five we crossed *Solway* Frith, and before Seven reached an ill looking House, called *The Brow*, which we came to by Mistake, having passed the House we were directed to. I believe God directed us better than Man. Two Young Women, we found, kept the House, who had lost both their Parents; their Mother very lately. I had great Liberty in praying with them and for them. Who knows but God will fasten something upon them, which they will not easily shake off?

Tuesday 31. I breakfasted at *Dumfries*, and spent an Hour with a poor Backslider of *London*, who had been for some Years settled there. We then rode thro' an uncommonly-pleasant Country, (so widely distant is Common Report from Truth) to *Thorny-hill*, two or three Miles from the Duke of *Queensborough*'s Seat, an antient and noble Pile of Building, delightfully situated, on the Side of a pleasant and fruitful Hill. But it gives no Pleasure to it's Owner: For he does not even behold

behold it with his Eyes. Surely this is a ſore Evil under the Sun: A Man *has* all Things, and *enjoys* Nothing.

We rode afterward partly over, and partly between ſome of the fineſt Mountains, I believe, in *Europe*, higher than moſt, if not, than any in *England*, and cloathed with Graſs to the very Top. Soon after Four we came to *Lead-hill*, a little Town at the Foot of the Mountains, wholly inhabited by Miners.

Wednesday June 1. We rode on to *Glaſgow*: A Mile ſhort of which, we met Mr. *Gillies*, riding out to meet us

In the Evening the Tent (ſo they call a covered Pulpit) was placed in the Yard of the Poor-houſe, a very large and commodious Place. Fronting the Pulpit was the Infirmary, with moſt of the Patients at or near the Windows. Adjoining to this was the Hoſpital for Lunatics: Several of them gave deep Attention. And cannot God give them alſo the Spirit of a Sound Mind? After Sermon, they brought four Children to baptize. I was at the Kirk in the Morning, while the Miniſter baptized ſeveral, immediately after Sermon. So I was not at a Loſs, as to their *Manner* of Baptizing. I believe this removed much Prejudice.

Friday 3. At Seven the Congregation was increaſed, and earneſt Attention ſat on every Face. In the Afternoon we walked to the College and ſaw the New Library, with the Collection of Pictures. Many of them are by *Raphael*, *Rubens*, *Vandyke*, and other eminent Hands. But they have not room to place them to advantage, their whole Building being very ſmall.

Saturday 4. I walked through all Parts of the old Cathedral, a very large and once beautiful Structure; I think, more lofty than that at *Canterbury*, and of nearly the ſame Length and Breadth. We then went up the Main Steeple, which gave us a fine Proſpect, both of the City and the adjacent Country. A more fruitful and better cultivated Plain, is ſcarce to be ſeen in *England*. Indeed nothing is wanting but more Trade (which would naturally bring more People) to

make a great part of *Scotland* no way inferior to the beſt Counties in *England.*

I was much pleaſed with the ſerioufneſs of the People in the Evening. But ſtill I prefer the *Engliſh* Congregation. I cannot be reconciled to Men ſitting at Prayer, or covering their Heads while they are ſinging Praiſe to GOD.

Sunday 5. At Seven the Congregation was juſt as large as my Voice could reach. And I did not ſpare them at all. So if any *will* deceive himſelf I am clear of his Blood. In the Afternoon, it was judged Two Thouſand, at leaſt, went away, not being able to hear. But ſeveral Thouſands heard very diſtinctly, the Evening being calm and ſtill. After preaching I met as many as deſired it, of the Members of the praying Societies. I earneſtly, adviſed them, to meet Mr. *Gillies* every Week: And at their other Meetings, not to talk looſely and in general (as their manner had been) on ſome Head of Religion, but to examine each others Hearts and Lives.

Monday 6. We took Horſe early, and in three Hours reached the *Kirk of Shots:* Where the Landlord ſeem'd to be unuſually affected, by a few Minutes Converſation. As did alſo the Woman of the Houſe where we dined. We came to *Muſſelborough* at Five. I went to an Inn, and ſent for Mr. *Bailiff Lindſey*, whom I had ſeen ſeveral Years ago. He came immediately, and deſired me, to make his Houſe my home. At Seven I preached in the Poor-houſe to a large and deeply attentive Congregation. But the number of People making the Room extremely hot I preached in the Morning before the Door. Speaking afterwards to the Members of the Society, I was agreeably ſurprized, to find more than two Thirds knew in whom they had believed, And the Tree was known by its Fruits. The National Shyneſs and Stubbornneſs were gone, and they were as open and teachable as little Children. At Seven five or ſix and Forty of the Fifty Dragoons, and Multitudes of the Towns-people attended. Is the Time come, that even theſe wiſe *Scots* ſhould become Fools for CHRIST's Sake?

Wedneſday

Wednesday 8. I rode to *Dunbar*. Here also I found a little Society, most of them rejoicing in God their Saviour. At Eleven I went out into the main Street, and began speaking to a Congregation of Two Men and Two Women. These were soon joined by above Twenty little Children, and not long after by a large Number of Young and Old. On a sudden the Sun broke out and shone full in my Face: But in a few Moments I felt it not. In the Afternoon I rode to *Berwick upon Tweed*. They did not expect me till the next Day: However a Congregation quickly assembled: And one as large, if not larger, at Five in the Morning.

Thursday 9. To Day, *Douglas*, the Play which has made so much Noise, was put into my Hands. I was astonished to find, it is one of the finest Tragedies I ever read. What pity, that a few Lines were not left out! And that it was ever acted at *Edinburgh!*

Friday 10. I found my self much out of order, till the Flux stopt at once, without any Medicine. But being still weak, and the Sun shining extremely hot, I was afraid, I should not be able to go round by *Kelso*. Vain Fear! God took care for this also. The Wind which had been full East for several Days, turned this Morning full West; and blew just in our Face. And about Ten the Clouds rose, and kept us cool till we came to *Kelso*.

At Six *William Coward* and I went to the Market-house. We stayed some Time, and neither Man, Woman nor Child came near us. At length I began singing a Scotch Psalm, and fifteen or twenty People came within Hearing, but with great Circumspection, keeping their Distance, as tho' they knew not what might follow. But while I prayed, their Number increased, so that in a few Minutes there was a pretty large Congregation. I suppose the Chief Men of the Town were there: And I spared neither rich nor poor. I almost wondered at myself, it not being usual with me to use so keen and cutting Expressions. And I believe, many felt, that for all their Form, they were but Heathens still.

Saturday 11. Near as many were present at Five, to

to whom I ſpoke full as plain as before. Many looked, as if they would look us thro': But the Shyneſs peculiar to this Nation, prevented their ſaying any thing to me, good or bad, while I walked thro' them to our Inn.

About Noon I preached at *Woller*, a pretty large Town, Eighteen Miles from *Kelſo*. I ſtood on One Side of the main Street, near the middle of the Town. And I *might* ſtand. For no Creature came near me, till I had ſung Part of a Pſalm. Then a Row of Children ſtood before me, and in ſome Time, about an Hundred Men and Women. I ſpoke full as plain as I did at *Kelſo*. And Phariſees themſelves are not out of God's reach.

In the Afternoon we came to *Alnwick*, and at Six I preached in the Court-houſe to a Congregation of another Spirit.

Sunday 12. At Seven they were gathered from all Parts, and I was greatly refreſhed among them. At Five the Court-houſe being too ſmall, I was obliged to go out into the Market-place. O what a Difference is there between theſe living Stones, and the dead, unfeeling Multitudes in *Scotland*?

Monday 13. I proclaimed the Love of CHRIST to Sinners, in the Market-place at *Morpeth*. Thence we rode to *Placey*. The Society of Colliers here may be a Pattern to all the Societies in *England*. No Perſon ever miſſes his Band or Claſs: They have no Jar of any kind among them, but with one Heart and one Mind provoke one another to Love and to good Works. After Preaching I met the Society in a Room as warm as any in *Georgia*: This, with the ſcorching Heat of the Sun, when we rode on, quite exhauſted my Strength. But after we came to *Newcaſtle* I ſoon recovered, and preached with as much Eaſe as in the Morning.

Thurſday 16. In the Evening I preached at *Sunderland*. I then met the Society, and told them plain, None could ſtay with us, unleſs he would part with all Sin: Particularly robbing the King, ſelling or buying Run Goods, which I could no more ſuffer than robbing on the Highway. This I inforced on every Member

the

the next Day. A few would not promiſe to refrain. So theſe I was forced to cut off. About Two Hundred and Fifty were of a better Mind.

Saturday 18. The Deſk was placed in the Evening juſt oppoſite to the Sun, which when I begun was covered with a Cloud. But it broke out in a few Minutes, and ſhone full in my Face, for three Quarters of an Hour. But it was no Inconvenience at all: Nor were my Eyes any more dazled, than if it had been under the Earth.

Sunday 19. I preached at Eight to the uſual Congregation, and haſtened to *Shields*, leſt I ſhould be too late for the Church. Between Twelve and One I preached in a kind of Square. But here we had a new Kind of Inconvenience. Every four or five Minutes, a ſtrong Wind covered us over with a Shower of Duſt: So that it was not eaſy to look up, or to keep ones Eyes open. The Rain conſtrained me to preach within, at *Newcaſtle*. I took the Opportunity of making a Collection for the Poor: Many of whom can very hardly ſupport Life, in the preſent Scarcity.

Wedneſday 22. In the Evening and the following Morning I preached at *Cheſter on the Street*. Obſerving ſome very fine but not very modeſt Pictures in the Parlour where we ſupped, I deſired my Companion when the Company was gone, to put them where they could do no hurt. He piled them on an heap in a Corner of the Room, and they have not appeared ſince.

Thurſday 23. I preached at *Southbiddick* about Noon, on *I will heal thy backſliding:* God was with us at *Sunderland* in the Evening, in an uncommon manner. And the next Day I left the People there more in earneſt than they have been for ſome Years.

Saturday 25. We walked to *Swalwell* about Noon. The Sun was ſcorching hot, and there was no Wind or Cloud. But it did us no hurt, the Congregation was ſuch as I never ſaw there before. And I believe God bleſſed his Word to them that were nigh, and them that had been far from Him.

Sunday

Sunday 26. I preached at *Gateſhead* at Eight, at *Sheephill* about Noon, and at Five in the Evening at *Newcaſtle*, near *Pandon* Gate. The Rain only threatened till I had done, but ſoon after, poured down. How well does God *Time* great and ſmall Events, for the Furtherance of his Kingdom!

Monday 27. I preached at *Horſeley*, and found ſome Life even there. Thence we rode acroſs the *Tyne* to *Prudhoe*, a little Town on the Top of an high Hill. I preached at the Side of Mr. *H*'s Houſe, and I ſuppoſe, all the Town who could get out were preſent, and moſt of them at Five in the Morning. At both Times it pleaſed God to make bare his Arm not only to wound but to heal.

Tueſday 28. I returned to *Newcaſtle*, hoarſe and weak. But who can be ſpent in a better cauſe?

Thurſday 30. I read Mr. *Baxter*'s Account of his own Life and Times. It ſeems to be the moſt impartial Account of thoſe Times which has yet ever appeared And none that I have ſeen, ſo accurately Points out the real Springs of thoſe Public Calamities.

Sunday July 3. The high Wind obliged me to ſtand on the Weſtern Side of *Gateſhead*. By this Means the Sun was juſt in my Face. But it was not long before the Clouds covered it. As I began ſpeaking in the Afternoon near *Pandon* Gate, the Rain began, ſcattered the careleſs Hearers, and ceaſed. An earneſt, attentive Multitude remained, to whom I explained Part of the Second Leſſon for the Day, concerning the *Joy* which *is in Heaven, over one Sinner that repenteth.*

Monday 4. I took my Leave of *Newcaſtle*, and about Noon preached at *Durham*, in a pleaſant Meadow, near the River's Side. The Congregation was large and wild enough. Yet in a ſhort Time they were deeply attentive. Only three or four Gentlemen put me in Mind, of the honeſt Man at *London*, who was ſo gay and unconcerned, while Dr. *Sherlock* was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment. One aſked, "Do you not hear what the Doctor ſays?" He anſwered, "Yes: But I am not of this Pariſh!" Toward the Cloſe I was conſtrained to mention the groſs Ignorance I had

had obſerved, in the Rich and Genteel People throughout the Nation. On this they drew near, and ſhewed as ſerious an Attention, as if they had been poor Colliers.

We took Horſe at Two. The Clouds and Wind in our Face kept us cool, 'till we came to *Hartlepool*. Mr. *Romaine* has been an Inſtrument of awakening ſeveral here: But for want of Help, they ſoon ſlept again. I preached in the Main Street to near all the Town. And they behaved with Serioufneſs.

Tuesday 5. At Seven in the Evening I preached in the Main Street at *Stockton*. None but two or three Gentlemen ſeemed unconcerned. I went thence to meet the Society But many others begged to ſtay with them; and ſo earneſtly that I could not refuſe. And indeed it was a Day of God's Power. I ſcarce know when we have found the like.

Wedneſday 6. At Eleven I preached near the Market-place in *Yarm*. Many Gentry were there, and all ſerious. I find in all theſe Parts, a ſolid ſerious People, quite ſimple of Heart, Strangers to various Opinions, and ſeeking only the Faith that worketh by Love. And moſt of the Believers are waiting and longing for the Fulneſs of the Promiſes.

One young Woman, late a Papiſt, I talked with at large, who laſt Night took Leave of her Prieſt Inſtead of ſtaying to be ſent for, ſhe ſent for Him, and after aſking him ſeveral Queſtions, frankly told him, "She had now found the true Religion, and by the Grace of God would continue therein." She has been concerned for her Soul from thirteen Years of Age. About two Years ago ſhe began to hear our Preachers. Soon after ſhe found the Peace of God, and has never loſt it ſince.

About Seven I preached at *Oſmotherly*.

Thurſday 7. I rode through one of the pleaſanteſt Parts of *England* to *Hornby*. Here the zealous Landlord turned all the Methodiſts out of their Houſes. This proved a ſingular Kindneſs: For they built ſome little Houſes at the End of the Town, in which Forty or Fifty of them live together. Hence with much ado I found my Way to *Robinhood*'s Bay, and preached on the

the Kay to the greateſt Part of the Town. All (except one or two, which were very Wiſe in their own Eyes) ſeemed to receive *the Truth in Love*.

This Day, between *Hemſley* and *Kirkby Moorſide*, we rode over a little River, which ſuddenly diſappears, and after running a Mile under Ground, riſes again and purſues it Courſe.

Sunday 10. I preached at Seven, on *Repent and believe the Goſpel.* At the Church, which ſtands on the Hill, a Mile from the Town, we had a ſound, uſeful Sermon. Afterward I preached at a little Village called *Normanby*; and about Five on the Kay. In the Evening, talking with the Society, I ſaw more than ever the Care of God over them that fear him. What was it which ſtopped their growing in Grace? Why they had a well-meaning Preacher among them, who was inflaming them more and more againſt the Clergy. Nor could he adviſe them to attend the Public Ordinances. For he never went either to Church or Sacrament himſelf. This I knew not; but God did: And by his wiſe Providence prevented the Conſequences which would naturally have enſued. *William Manuel* was preſt for a Soldier: So the People go to Church and Sacrament as before.

Monday 11. We ſet out early. This and the three next Days were the hotteſt I ever knew in *England*. A Gentleman who formerly traded to *Guinea*, aſſured me, That the Spirits in his Thermometer (the ſame he had when abroad) roſe as high as they did within a few Degrees of the Line. About Nine we ſhould have been glad to bait: But there being no Inn to be found, we lay down for a Quarter of an Hour under ſome Trees, and then rode on to *Slingsby*. The Miniſter, an old Acquaintance of my Fathers, having deſired to ſee me, I called at his Houſe before I preached. And I could gladly have ſtayed longer with him, but I knew the Congregation waited. One poor Drunkard made a litle Diſturbance: But after he was ſilenced, all were ſtill, and ſteadily attentive.

It continued intenſely hot. But having the Wind in our Faces, (as we generally had, all along from *Newcaſtle*; and that, which way ſo ever we rode) we received

received no Hurt, 'till we came to *York*. But the Difficulty was, How to preach there, in a Room which in Winter uſed to be as hot as an Oven? I cut the Knot, by preaching in *Blake's Square*, where (the Mob not being aware of us,) I began and ended my Diſcourſe to a numerous Congregation, without the leaſt Diſturbance.

Tueſday 12. I ſet a Subſcription on Foot for building a more commodious Room. In the Evening I preached at *Acombe*, to a calm, ſolid Congregation. The next Evening I preached at *Popleton*, where the Poor gladly received the Goſpel. The Rich *heard* it, and even ſeemed to *approve*. God give them to *underſtand* and *practiſe* it.

Thurſday 14. I reſolved to preach in the Square once more, knowing God has the Hearts of all Men in his Hands. One Egg was thrown and ſome Bits of Dirt. But this did not hinder a large Congregation, from taking earneſt Heed to what was ſpoken, of Christ *the Wiſdom of* God *and the Power of* God.

Friday 15. At Three there were all the probable Signs of a violently hot Day. But about Four God ſent a cooling Rain. It ceaſed about Seven. But the Clouds continued and ſhaded us to *Pocklington*. Yet it was too hot to bear the Houſe. So I ſtood in the Main Street and cried, *If any Man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink*. A large Mob ſoon gathered on the other Side. And for fear they ſhould not make Noiſe enough, the good Church-warden hired Men to ring the Bells. But it was loſt Labour. For ſtill the Bulk of the Congregation heard, 'till I quietly finiſhed my Diſcourſe.

Before Seven I reached *Epworth*, and preached in the Market-place to a liſtening Multitude.

Saturday 16. I rode on to *Laſeby*, about Thirty meaſured Miles. After ſo many long Journies which I hardly felt, this ſhort one quite exhauſted my Strength. However I quickly recovered, ſo as to preach at Three in a Meadow, to a large Congregation. They all kneeled when I prayed, and ſhewed ſuch a genuine Simplicity as greatly revived my Spirit. At ſeven I preached in the New Room, which they have juſt finiſhed at *Grimſby*.

Sunday 17. At ſeven in the Morning, the Houſe juſt contained the People. I deſigned to preach abroad in the Afternoon: But the Rain drove us into the Houſe again; as many as could croud in. The reſt ſtood without, tho' many, I fear, were wet to the Skin.

Tueſday 19 Before I left *Newcaſtle*, I heard a ſtrange Relation, which I knew not what to think of. I then deſired *T. Lee*, who was going to the Place, to enquire particularly concerning it. He did ſo, and in Conſequence of that Enquiry, wrote me the following Account.

"*R*—— *J*—— lived about Twelve Miles from *Newcaſtle*.

His Son ſome Time ſince married without his Conſent. At this he was ſo enraged, that he wiſhed his "Right Arm might burn off, if ever he gave or left him Sixpence."

However in March laſt, being taken ill, he made his Will, and left him all his Eſtate. The ſame Evening he died. On *Thurſday* 10. his Widow laying her Hand on his Back, found it warm. In the Evening, thoſe who were with him, went into the next Room, to take a little Refreſhment. As they were eating, they obſerved a diſagreeable Smell, but could find nothing in the Room to cauſe it. Returning into the Room where the Corps lay, they found it full of Smoke. Removing the Sheet which covered the Corpſe, they ſaw (to their no ſmall Amazement) the Body ſo burnt, that the Entrails were bare, and might be ſeen thro' the Ribs. His Right Arm was nearly burnt off, his Head ſo burnt, that the Brains appeared. And a Smoke came out of the Crown of his Head, like the Steam of boiling Water. When they caſt Water upon his Body, it hiſſed, juſt as if caſt on red-hot Iron. Yet the Sheets which was upon him was not ſinged; But that under him, with the Pillow-beers and Pillow, and the Plank on which he lay, were all burned, and looked as black as Charcoal.

They haſted to put what was left of him into the Coffin, leaving ſome to watch by it. But after it was nailed up, a Noiſe of burning and crackling was heard therein. None was permitted to look into it, 'till it

was

was carried to *Abahester* Church-Yard. It was buried near the Steeple. As soon as it was brought to the Grave, the Steeple was observed to shake. The People hastened away; and it was well they did: For presently Part of the Steeple fell. So that had they stayed two Minutes longer, they must have been crushed in Pieces. All these Circumstances were related to me and my Wife, by those who were Eye and Ear Witnesses."

I preached in a Ground adjoining to the House. Toward the Conclusion of my Sermon, the Person with whom I lodged was much offended at One, who sunk down and cried aloud for Mercy. Herself dropt down next and cried as loud as Her: So did several others quickly after. When Prayer was made for them, one was presently filled with Peace and Joy in believing. In the Morning I left the rest refusing to be comforted, 'till CHRIST should be revealed in their Hearts.

Wednesday 20. I preached at *Ferry* in my way, and in *Epworth* Market-place about Seven. The Rain began just as I began speaking. But GOD heard the Prayer and it was stayed.

Saturday 23. I preached at *Westwood Side* where the Breach of fifteen Years is now healed: All the Wanderers being returned to the Fold, with Him who led them astray.

Sunday 24. As we rode over *Haxey-Car* towards *Misterton*, one was relating a surprizing thing that happened lately. A Woman of *Stockwith* told her Sister who lived with her, "I do not think to go to Market to Day, for I dreamed, that I was drowned in riding across one of the Drains on *Haxey-Car*." But she was soon laughed out of it, and went. She rode over the *Car* with many other Market-folks, and in crossing one of the Drains, where the Water was scarce a Yard deep, slipt off of her Horse. Several looked on, but none once thought of pulling her out, till she was past Recovery.

At One I preached to the largest Congregation I have seen since I left *Newcastle*. All behaved with deep Seriousness but One Man, whom I afterwards

learnt to be a Baptiſt-Preacher. Juſt as I was taking Horſe he came again, and laboured hard to begin a Diſpute. But having neither Time nor Strength to ſpare, I gave him the Ground and rode away.

The Congregation at *Epworth* was full as large, if not larger than that at *Miſterton*. Among them was a poor gray-headed Sinner, a Mocker at all Religion. But his Mocking is paſt. He was was in Tears moſt of the Time, and is now *feeling after* God.

Monday 25. I left *Epworth* with great Satisfaction, and about One preached at *Claywerth*. I think none was unmoved, but *Michael Fennick*, who fell faſt aſleep under an adjoining Hay-ſtack. From thence we rode to *Rotherham*. When I came in, I had no Strength and no Voice left. However in an Hour I was able to preach to the largeſt Congregation that I ſuppoſe, was ever ſeen there.

Tuesday 26. I was not able to ſit up above two or three Hours together. However I preached in the Morning and Evening, and ſpoke ſeverally to the Members of the Society.

Wedneſday 27. I preached about Noon at *Barley-hall*, and in the Evening at *Sheffield*. After ſpending a ſhort Time with the Society, I lay down as ſoon as poſſible. But I could not ſleep before twelve o'Clock; and not long together after. Yet I felt no Faintneſs in the Morning, but roſe lively and well, and had my Voice more clear and ſtrong in Preaching, than it had been for ſeveral Days.

Thurſday 28. I received a ſtrange Account from *Edward Benner*'s Eldeſt Daughter. "On *Tueſday*, the 12th of this Month, I told my Huſband in the Morning, I deſire you will not go into the Water to Day; at leaſt, not into the deep Water, on the far Side of the Town. For I dreamed I ſaw you there out of your Depth, and only your Head came up juſt above the Water. He promiſed me, "he would not, and went to work." Soon after four in the Afternoon, being at *John Hanſon*'s, his Partner's Houſe, ſhe was on a ſudden extremely ſick, ſo that for ſome Minutes ſhe ſeemed juſt ready to expire. Then ſhe was well in a Moment. Juſt at that Time, *John Hanſon*, who was

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an excellent Swimmer, perſuaded her Huſband to go into the Water on the far Side of the Town. He objected, The Water was deep, and he could not ſwim; and being much importuned to go in, ſtood ſome Time after he was undreſt, and then kneeling down, prayed with an earneſt and loud Voice. When he roſe from his Knees, *John* who was ſwimming, called him again, and treading the Water, ſaid, "See, it is only Breaſt high." He ſtepped in, and ſunk. A Man who was near, cutting Fern, and had obſerved him for ſome Time, ran to the Bank, and ſaw his Head come up juſt above the Water. The ſecond or third Time he roſe, he claſped his Hands, and cried aloud, "LORD JESUS, receive my Spirit." Immediately he ſunk and roſe no more.

"One might naturally inquire, What became of *John Hanſon*? As ſoon as he ſaw his Partner ſink, he ſwum from him to the other Side, put on his Cloaths, and went ſtrait home."

About Noon I preached at *Woodſeats*; in the Evening at *Sheffield*. I do indeed *live* by preaching!

How quiet is this Country now? Since the chief Perſecutors are no more ſeen. How many of them have been ſnatched away, in an Hour when they looked not for it? Some Time ſince, a Woman of *Thorpe* often ſwore ſhe would waſh her Hands in the Heart's Blood of the next Preacher that came. But before the next Preacher came, She was carried to her long Home. A little before *John Johnſon* ſettled at *Wentworth*, a ſtout healthy Man who lived there, told his Neighbours, "After May-day, we ſhall have nothing but Praying and Preaching. But I will make Noiſe enough to ſtop it." But before May-day he was ſilent in his Grave. A Servant of Lord *R*——— was as bitter as him, and told many Lies, purpoſely to make Miſchief. But before this was done, his Mouth was ſtopped. He was drowned in one of the Fiſhponds.

Friday 29. I preached at *Nottingham*. We want nothing here but a larger Houſe.

Saturday 30. I preached in the Evening at *Leiceſter*, to a large Congregation.

Sunday 31. I rode over to *Markfield*. The Church contained us tolerably well in the Morning: But in the Afternoon, tho' many ſtayed without, it was much crouded and ſultry hot. I was quite faint and weary while I read Prayers; but in Preaching my Strength was reſtored. At ſix I preached once more at *Leiceſter*, and delivered my own Soul.

Monday Auguſt 1. I had much Converſation, with Mr.— — (whom againſt a Thouſand appearances, I *will* believe to be an honeſt, tho' irreſolute, Man) "while I was very uneaſy (ſaid he) in the Year 1741, My Brother brought me to Mr. *Spangenberg*, and then to others of the *German* Brethren, to whom I was more and more attached 'till in the Year 1743, I went over to *Marienborn*. There I ſaw many things which I could not approve; and was more and more uneaſy 'till I returned to *England*. I was afterward much employed by the Brethren. I was ordained Deacon. But ſtill I had a ſore and burdened Conſcience, and gained no ground in my Spiritual Warfare: Rather, having laid aſide Prayer, and ſearching the Scripture, I was more and more dead to God. But in 1750, I awoke again, and was under great Agonies of Mind. And from this Time I wrote to the Count again and again, and to moſt of the Labourers; but to no Purpoſe. *Andrew Frey*'s Account is true. The Spirit of Levity and Frolickſomeneſs, which he juſtly diſcribes broke in about 1746, and is not purged out yet. In *May* laſt I wrote and delivered a Declaration to the Brethren met in Conference, at *Lindſey Houſe*. That I did not dare to remain in their Connexion any longer. The ſame Declaration I made to them here, a few Days ago. What farther I am to do, I know not. But I truſt, God will direct me."

Tueſday 2 On his expreſſing a deſire to be preſent at our Conference, I invited him to it: And on *Wedneſday* 3. In the Evening, he came to the Foundery. Our Conference began the next Morning, and continued 'till the *Thurſday* following. From the Firſt Hour to the Laſt, there was no jarring String, but all was Harmony and Love.

Monday 8. I took a walk in the *Charterhouſe* I wondered,

wondered, that all the Squares and Buildings, and especially the School-boys, looked so little. But this is easily accounted for. I was little myself when I was at School, and measured all about me by myself. Accordingly the Upper Boys, being then bigger than myself, seemed to me very big and tall: Quite contrary to what they appear now, when I am taller and bigger than them. I question, if this is not the real Ground, of the common Imagination, that our Forefathers, and in general Men in past Ages, were much larger than now: An Imagination current in the World, Eighteen hundred Years ago. So *Virgil* supposes his Warrior to throw a Stone, that could scarce be wielded by Twelve Men.

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus.

So *Homer* long before. Ὁποῖοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι.
Whereas in Realit Men have been, at least, ever since the Deluge, very nearly the same as we find them now, both for Stature and Understanding.

Monday 22. I set out in the Machine, and the next Evening reached *Bristol*.

Friday 26. I preached at Nine to a small Congregation of earnest People at *Clutton*: And in the Evening at *Middlesey*. On *Saturday* 27, we rode on to *Tiverton*.

Sunday 28. I preached in the Market-house, to as large a Congregation as ever I saw here. And all were quiet. So can God make, when it is best, all our Enemies to be at Peace with us.

Monday 29. We rode through vehement Wind, and many hard Showers to *Launceston*. This gave me a violent Fit of the Tooth-ach, which however did not hinder my Preaching. Such a Night I never remember to have passed before: But all is good, which lies in the Way to Glory.

Tuesday 30. We rode to *Camelford*, where my Tooth-ach was cured, by rubbing Treacle upon my Cheek. At Six I preached in the Market-place. How are the Lions in this Town also become Lambs!

Wednesday 31. I preached about Noon at *Trewalder*, and in the Evening at *Port-Isaac*. This was long a barren Soil:

Soil: But is at length likely to bring forth much Fruit.

Friday September 2. I rode to St. *Agnes*. We found the great Man, Mr. *Donythorne* was dead. His Mother and Sister sent, to invite me to their House. After Preaching I went thither, and was received into a comfortable Lodging, with the most free and cordial Affection. So in this place the Knowledge of GOD has already travelled, *from the Least unto the Greatest*.

Saturday 3. Some who live here, gave me an Account of the Earthquake on July 15. There was first a rumbling Noise under the Ground, hoarser and deeper than common Thunder. Then followed a Trembling of the Earth, which afterward waved once or twice to and fro: so violently, that one said, He was obliged to take a back Step, or he should have fallen down: And another, that the Wall against which he was leaning, seemed to be shrinking from him.

This Morning I talked at large with old Mrs. *Donythorne* who has her Understanding entire, reads without Spectacles, walks without a Staff, and has scarce a Wrinkle, at Ninety Years of Age. But what is more than all this, she is teachable as a Child, and groaning for Salvation. In the Afternoon I spent an Hour with Mr. *Vowler*, Curate of the Parish, who rejoices in the Love of GOD, and both preaches and lives the Gospel.

Sunday 4. *I. T.* preached at Five. I could scarce have believed if I had not heard it, That few Men of Learning *write* so correctly, as an unlearned Tinner speaks *extempore*. Mr. *V.* preached two such thundering Sermons at Church, as I have scarce heard these twenty Years. O how gracious is GOD to the poor Sinners of St. *Agnes!* In the Church and out of the Church, they hear the same great Truths of the Wrath of GOD against Sin, and his Love to those that are in CHRIST JESUS!

Monday 5. I rode on to *Illuggan:* But not to the House where I used to preach. Indeed his Wife promised Mr. *P.* before he died, That she would always

ways receive the Preachers. But ſhe ſoon changed her Mind. God had juſt taken her only Son, ſuddenly killed by a Pit falling upon him. And on *Tueſday* laſt, a young, ſtrong Man, riding to his Burial, dropped off his Horſe, ſtone dead. The Concurrence of theſe awful Providences, added conſiderably to our Congregation.

Tueſday 6. I went on to *Cambourn*, and rejoiced to hear, that the Gentleman who preſſed Mr. *Maxfield*, no longer perſecutes the *Methodiſts*, nor will ſuffer any one elſe to do it. And in the late Dearth he relieved great Numbers of the Poor, and ſaved many Families from periſhing. I preached at Six, on *I will heal their backſliding*; and God applied his Word. Several who had left the Society for ſome Years, came after Sermon, and deſired to be re-admitted. O how ſhould our Bowels yearn over all, who did once run well? This is the very thing we want: Or how many Souls might we yet pluck out of the Jaws of the Lion!

Wedneſday 7. I obſerved more and more the Effects of that burning Wind which was in theſe Parts on *Sunday* the 28th of laſt Month. It not only ſcorched all the Leaves of the Trees, ſo as to bring Mid-Winter upon them in two Hours, but burnt up all the Leaves of Potatoes and Cabbage, and every green Thing which it touched. What a Mercy that it did not come a Month ſooner? Then it would have left little Work for the Reapers.

Thurſday 8. As we rode through *Gwithian* Pariſh, Mr. *Harris* pointed out the Place, where his Father and many of his Anceſtors lived. It is now only a Mountain of Sand. Within a few Years this ſo increaſed, as to bury both the Church and the whole Town.

I preached at Six to a numerous Congregation in *Ligeon*. Some Years ſince when there was a flouriſhing Society in *Gulval*, (the Pariſh adjoining) there was none at all here. But how is the Scene changed? In *Gulval* not one Claſs, not one Member remains: In *Ligeon* there is a lively Society!

Friday 9. I preached in the New Houſe at St *Juſt*, the largeſt and moſt commodious in the County.

Saturday

Saturday 10. We rode to the *Land's-End*. I know no natural Curiofity like this. The vaft, ragged Stones rife on every Side, when you are near the Point of Land, with green Turf between, as level and fmooth as if it were the Effect of Art. And the Rocks which terminate the Land, are fo torn by the Sea, that they appear like great Heaps of Ruins.

Sunday 11. I preached at St. *Juft* at Nine. At one the Congregation in *Morva*, ftood on a floping Ground, Rank above Rank, as in a Theatre. Many of them bewailed their Want of GOD. And many tafted how gracious He is.

At Five I preached in *Newlin* to an huge Multitude. And one only feemed to be offended: A very *good fort of Woman*, who took great Pains to get away, crying aloud, "Nay, if going to Church and Sacrament will not *put us to Heaven*, I know not what will."

Monday 12. I preached in *Lelant* at One. Many from St. *Ives* were prefent, from whom I learned, that Mr. *Swindells* would have preached abroad the Day before, but was hindered. 'Tis well he was: For this occafioned the Offer of a Meadow near the Town, far more convenient than the Street. At Six I ftood at the Bottom of it, the People rifing higher and higher before me. I believe, not many were left in the Town: And all behaved as in the Prefence of GOD. The next Evening the Congregation was inlarged, by the Addition of many from the Country. And *Wednefday* 14. Their Number was larger ftill. We did not open the Door of the Room, 'till juft half Hour paft Eight: By which Means the Heat was not intolerable 'till I had done Preaching. I then retired, and left the other Preachers, to perform the reft of the Service.

Thurfday 15. As we rode toward *Helfton*, I think the Sun was near as hot, as it was at Midfummer. Yet all along the Trees looked as in the Depth of Winter, that fcorching Wind having deftroyed all it touched.

Friday 16. I looked over Mr. *Borlafes Antiquities of Cornwall*. He is a fine Writer, and quite Mafter of his Subject, who has diftinguifhed with amazing Accuracy, the antient *Saxon* Monuments from the more antient

antient *Roman*, and from those of the *Druids*, the most antient of all.

Saturday 17. I preached at *Portkellis* at One, and at *Redruth* in the Evening.

Sunday 18. At Eight, Many of the *French* Prisoners were mixt with the usual Congregation. This was doubled at one; but still came nothing near to that which assembled at *Gwenap* in the Evening. It rained all the Time I preached: But none went away. A Shower of Rain will not fright experienced Soldiers.

Hear I learnt a remarkable Occurrence. A few Days ago, some hundred *English*, who had been Prisoners in *France*, were landed at *Penzance*, by a Cartel Ship. Many of these passed thro *Redruth*, going home; but in a most forlorn Condition. None shewed more Compassion to them than the *French*. They gave them Food, Cloaths, or Money, and told them, "We wish we could do more. But we have little for ourselves here." Several who had only Two Shirts, gave a naked *Englishman* one. A *French* Boy, meeting an English Boy who was half naked, took hold of him, and stopt him; cried over him a while, and then pulled off his own Coat, and put it upon him!

Monday 19. In the Evening both the House and Court at *Penryn* were more than filled. So that I willingly embraced the Offer of Mr. *H.* and preached before his Door at Twelve on *Tuesday*. It was an extremely pleasant Place, on the Side of an Hill, commanding a fruitful Vale, the opposite Hills and *Falmouth* Harbour. Tall Trees hung over me, and surrounded a Bowling Green which was behind me. A wide Door is now open at *Penryn* also. O that none may shut it!

At Six in the Evening I reached *Bezore*, and began preaching immediately. It was a Season of uncommon, Refreshment; particularly to some of *Truro*. Afterwards I met the Society in the House. A young Man was cut to the Heart, and cried aloud: Then another and another, till my Voice was quite lost. But I continued crying to God, and he heard, and gave an Answer of Peace. Many were fil'ed with Consolation;

Conſolation ; and Four, who had wandered for ſome Years, reſolved to ſet out anew.

Yet I was not quite reconciled to my Lodging. Not but the Grotto itſelf was very venerable ; but I did not like the Circumſtance of having a Man and his Wife in the ſame Room. I therefore willingly accepted an Invitation from Mr. *Painter*, and walked over with him to *Truro*.

Wedneſday 21. I walked to *Bezore* and preached at Five. Afterwards I ſpoke to each Member of the Society. They ſurprized me much. So lively and tender-hearted a People I have not lately ſeen! After ſpending an Hour with a few Friends in *Truro*, I rode forward to *Grampond*, a mean, inconſiderable, dirty Village. However it is a Borough Town ! Between Twelve and One I began preaching in a Meadow, to a numerous Congregation. While we were ſinging, I obſerved a Perſon in black on the far Side of the Meadow, who ſaid, " Come down : You have no Buſineſs there." Some Boys who were on a Wall, taking it for granted, that he ſpoke to Them, got down in all haſte. I went on, and he walked away. I afterwards underſtood, that he was the Miniſter and the Mayor of *Grampond*. Soon after two Conſtables came and ſaid, " Sir, the Mayor ſays, You ſhall not preach within his Borough." I anſwered, " The Mayor has no Authority to hinder me. But it is a Point not worth conteſting." So I went about a Muſket-ſhot farther, and left the Burough to Mr. Mayor's Diſpoſal.

A large Congregation was at St. *Ewe*'s in the Evening, many of whom were in Mr. *Walker*'s Societies. Some of them came from St. *Columb*'s, twelve Miles off. And they did not come in vain. The Flame of Love ran from Heart to Heart: And ſcarce any remained unmoved.

Thurſday 22. I rode to *Mevagizzy*, which lies on the South Sea, juſt oppoſite to *Port-Iſaac* on the North. When I was here laſt, we had no Place in the Town: I could only preach about half a Mile from it. But things are altered now. I preached juſt over the Town, to almoſt all the Inhabitants. And all were

ſtill

ſtill as Night. The next Evening a Drunken Man made ſome Noiſe behind me. But after a few words were ſpoken to him, he quietly liſtened to the reſt of the Diſcourſe.

On the South Side of the Town, there is an extremely fine Walk, broad and ſmooth, over the Top of high Rocks, from whence is a View of the Main Sea at a vaſt Diſtance below, and all the Coaſt, Eaſt and Weſt.

Saturday 24. At half Hour after Twelve, I preached once more, and took my leave of them. All the Time I ſtayed, the Wind blew from the Sea, ſo that no Boat could ſtir out. By this means all the Fiſhermen (who are the chief Part of the Town) had Opportunity of hearing.

At Six I preached at St. *Awſtle*, a neat little Town, on the ſide of a fruitful Hill.

Sunday 25. The whole Church Service was performed, by a Clergyman, above Ninety Years of Age. His Name is *Stephen Hugo*. He has been Vicar of St. *Awſtle* between Sixty and Seventy Years. O what might a Man full of Faith and Zeal have done for God in ſuch a Courſe of Time!

At Two I preached in St. *Stephen*'s near a lone Houſe, on the ſide of a barren Mountain. But neither the Houſe, nor the Court could contain the People. So we went into a Meadow, where all might kneel, (which they generally do in *Cornwall*) as well as ſtand and hear. And they did hear, and ſing, and pray as for Life. I ſaw none careleſs or inattentive among them.

About 5. I preached at St. *Awſtle* to an exceeding civil People. But when will they be wounded, that they may be healed?

Monday 26. I rode to *Luxilian*.

I have not ſeen ſo ſtately a Room in *Cornwall*, as either this Hall, or the Chamber over it. The Place likewiſe where the Gardens were, the Remains of the Terrace Walk, the ſtately Trees ſtill left, with many other Tokens, ſhew that grand Men lived here once. But they are vaniſhed like Smoke, their Eſtates torn in pieces, and well nigh their Memory periſhed.

Tueſday

Tuesday 27. We rode to *Lescard*, I think one of the largest and pleasantest Towns in *Cornwall*. I preached about the middle of the Town, in a broad, convenient Place. No Person made any Noise at all. At Six in the Morning I had nearly the same Congregation. Afterwards I examined the Society, and was agreeably surprized to hear, that every one of them had found Peace with God: And (what was still more remarkable) that none of them has left their first Love: That at this Day, not one is in Darkness!

Wednesday 28. We rode on to the *Dock*, which gave us a very different Prospect. Of those whom I joined several Years ago, hardly one half remained. Such is the Fruit of disputing! And yet the Congregations are more numerous than ever. And as deeply attentive as any in the Kingdom. So there is hope God will yet revive his Work.

Saturday October 1. I preached at *Launceston*.

Sunday 2. I rode to *Mary-Week*. A large Congregation was gathered there, many of whom came Seven or Eight Miles. The House stands in the midst of Orchards and Meadows, surrounded by gently-rising Hills. I preached on the side of a Meadow newly-mown, to a deeply attentive People.

Monday 3. I rode to *Bideford*; but did not reach it till after Five, the Hour appointed for my Preaching. So I began without delay, in an open part of the Street where we alighted. One Man made a little Noise at first: But he was easily silenced. All the rest (a large Number) quietly attended, tho' the Wind was piercing Cold, while I opened and applied, God *forbid that I should Glory save in the Cross of our* Lord Jesus Christ.

Tuesday 4. Between Twelve and One I reached *North Moulton*, and finding the Congregation ready, began immediately. There have been great Tumults here since I saw them before: But God has now rebuked the Storm. When the Gentry would neither head nor pay the Mob any more, the poor Rabble were quiet as Lambs.

We rode on to *Tiverton* in the Afternoon. On the three

three following Days I ſaw as many of the Societies as I could.

Saturday 8. We had heavy Rain for ſome Miles. Then it cleared up, and we had a pleaſant ride to *Briſtol*.

Monday 10. I roſe at my uſual Hour. But the Soreneſs and Swelling of my Face, occaſioned by my taking Cold on *Saturday*, made it impracticable for me to preach. In the Evening I applied boiled Nettles. They took away the Pain in a Moment, and the Swelling in a few Hours.

Sunday 16. I began viſiting the Claſſes at *Kingswood*, ſteddy, but not zealous It is impoſſible they ſhould ſtand here long: They muſt go on, or go back.

Monday 17. About Two I preached at *Paulton*: But no Houſe could contain us. So that I was forced to ſtand in the open Air, tho' the Wind was very high and very cold. Thence we rode to the honeſt Colliers at *Coleford*. Theſe have the Zeal which their Brethren at *Kingſwood* want: In conſequence of which, they are the moſt numerous, as well as the moſt lively Society in *Somerſetſhire*.

Tueſday 18. I preached to a very different Congregation at *Bradford*, well-dreſt and well-bred: And yet of the very ſame Spirit, hungering and thirſting after Righteouſneſs.

Wedneſday 19. After preaching at *Freſhfora*, I rode on to *Kingſwood*.

Friday 21. Being at Dinner, in a Moment I felt as if a ſmall Bone had ſtuck in the Palate of my Mouth. Nothing was to be ſeen, but the Swelling and Inflammation increaſed 'till toward Evening (notwithſtanding all Means that could be uſed) and then ſpread to both the Tonſils. In the Morning I was rather worſe than better, 'till about Half an Hour after Eight. Then as the Diſorder came in a Moment, it went in a Moment, and I was as well as ever.

Monday 24. I preached about Noon at *Bath*, and in the Evening at *Eſcot*, near *Lavington*.

Tueſday 25. In my Return, a Man met me near *Hennam*, and told me the School-houſe in *Kingſwood* was

burnt down. I felt not one Moment's Pain, knowing that God does all Things well. When I came thither, I received a fuller Account. About Eight on Monday Evening, two or three Boys went into the Gallery, up two Pair of Stairs. One of them heard a ſtrange Crackling in the Room above. Opening the Stair-caſe Door, he was beat back by Smoke, on which he cried out, "Fire, Murder, Fire." Mr. *Baynes* hearing this, ran immediately down, and brought up a Pail of Water. But when he went into the Room and ſaw the Blaze, he had not Preſence of Mind to go up to it, but threw the Water upon the Floor. Meantime one of the Boys rung the Bell; another called *John Maddern* from the next Houſe, who ran up, as did *James Burges* quickly after, and found the Room all in a Flame. The Deal-Partitions took Fire immediately, which ſpread to the Roof of the Houſe. Plenty of Water was now brought; but they could not come nigh the Place where it was wanted, the Room being ſo filled with Flame and Smoke, that none could go into it. At laſt a long Ladder which lay in the Garden was reared up againſt the Wall of the Houſe. But it was then obſerved, that one of the Sides of it was broke in two, and the other quite rotten. However *John How* (a young Man who lived next Door) ran up it, with an Axe in his Hand. But he then found, the Ladder was ſo ſhort, that as he ſtood on the Top of it, he could but juſt lay one Hand over the Battlements. How he got over to the Leads none can tell: But he did ſo, and quickly broke thro' the Roof, on which a Vent being made, the Smoke and Flame iſſued out as from a Furnace: Thoſe who were at the Foot of the Stairs with Water, being able to go no further, then went thro' the Smoke to the Door of the Leads, and poured down thro' the Tiling. By this means the Fire was quickly quenched, having only conſumed a Part of the Partition, with a Box of Cloaths, and a little damaged the Roof and the Floor beneath.

It is amazing that ſo little Hurt was done. For the Fire, which began in the middle of the Long Room (none can imagine how; for no Perſon had been

been there for ſeveral Hours before) was ſo violent, that it broke every Pane of Glaſs but two, in the Window both at the Eaſt and Weſt End. What was more amazing ſtill, was, that it did not Hurt either the Beds, (which when *James Burges* came in, ſeemed all covered with Flame) nor the Deal Partitions on the other Side of the Room, tho' it beat againſt them for a conſiderable Time. What can we ſay to theſe things, but that God had fixt the Bounds, which it could not paſs?

We obſerved *Friday* the 28th as a ſolemn Faſt. And from this Time the Work of God revived in *Briſtol*. We were indeed brought very low. A Society of nine Hundred Members was ſhrunk to little more then half the Number. But God now began to turn our Captivity, and put a new Song in our Mouth.

Thurſday November 3. I preached in the New Preaching-Houſe at *Pill*. How is the Face of things changed here! Such a Sink of Sin was ſcarce to be found! And now how many are Rejoicing in God their Saviour?

Monday 7. Leaving the Flame juſt kindling in *Briſtol*, I rode to *Newbury*, and on *Thurſday* to *London*. I found the ſame Fire kindled here alſo, and increaſing more and more.

Monday 14. I rode to *Bedford*, and talked largely with Mr.——whom God had well nigh ſet at Liberty. But his Feet are again in the Net. He did not indeed deny, nor much extenuate any of the things he had often related. But at length he told me in terms, "There are ſuch things among *the Brethren*, that I can never join them more. Yet I dare not ſpeak againſt them, and join any other People, for fear of grieving the Saviour!" O Lord, when ſhall this Witchcraft come to an End? When wilt thou maintain thine own Cauſe?

Wedneſday 16. We rode to *Newmarket*, and the next Day to *Norwich*, where I now found a Proſpect of doing Good. The Congregation daily increaſed and grew more and more ſerious. I ſpoke to many who were deeply convinced of Sin, and ſome who were

rejoicing in God, and walking in the Light of his Countenance.

Wednesday 23. I was shewn Dr. *Taylor*'s new Meeting-house, perhaps the most elegant one in *Europe*. It is Eight square, built of the finest Brick, with Sixteen Sash-windows below, as many above, and Eight Skylights in the Dome, which indeed are purely ornamental. The Inside is finished in the highest Taste, and is as clean as any Nobleman's Saloon. The Communion Table is fine Mahogany; the very Latches of the Pew-doors are polished Brass. How can it be thought, that the old, coarse Gospel should find Admission here?

Thursday 24. A Man had spoken to me the last Week, as I was going thro' *Thetford*, and desired me to preach at *Lakenheath* near *Mildenhall* in *Suffolk*: I now purposed so to do, and rode thither from *Thetford*. One Mr. *E*. had lately built a large and convenient Preaching-house there at his own Expence. It was more then filled at Six a Clock, many standing at the Door. At Five in the Morning (as uncommon a thing as this was in those Parts) the House was nearly filled again, with earnest, loving, simple People. Several of them came in to Mr. *E*'s House afterward, stood a while and then burst into Tears. I promised to call upon them again, and left them much comforted.

Saturday 26. I returned to *London*. Much Confusion had been in my Absence, occasioned by some imprudent Words, spoken by one who seemed to be strong in the Faith.

Monday 28. I heard all who were concerned Face to Face, but was utterly unable to Judge, whether there was wilful Sin, Lying, on either side, or only, Human Infirmity. For the present I leave it to the Searcher of Hearts, who will bring all things to light in due Season.

Wednesday 30. I had another long Hearing of the same intricate Cause. But with no more Success: One side flatly affirmed, the other flatly denied. This is strange! But it is more strange, that those

who

who *ſeem* ſo ſtrong in Faith, ſhould have no Union of Spirit with each other.

Friday Dec. 5. I baptized *Henriquez Judah Senior*, a *Portugueze* Jew, more than Sixty Years of Age: He ſeemed to have no Confidence in himſelf, but to be waiting for *the Conſolation of Iſrael.*

Sunday 11. In the Evening I retired to *Lewiſham*, and ſpent the following Days, in finiſhing, "A Preſervative againſt unſettled Notions in Religion:" deſigned for the Uſe of all thoſe who are under my Care, but chiefly of the young Preachers.

Sunday 17. I had an Opportunity (which I had long deſired) of ſpending an Hour or two, with the Rev. Mr. ——. I would have appointed a Time for our Meeting Weekly. But he declined it. Why? I cannot tell.

Friday 23. *John Nelſon* wrote me a Letter, Part of which I have ſubjoined.

"We have had four triumphant Deaths lately, of three Men and one Woman. The Woman was *Hannah Richardſon* of *Breſtfield.* When *Enoch Williams* preached there, ſhe was the bitterest Perſecutor in the Town, and vowed if ever he preached there again, ſhe would help to ſtone him to Death. But he never went to try. The only one *of this Way* in the Town was *Ruth Blacker.* Againſt her ſhe was violently inraged, 'till *Ruth* went to her Houſe, reaſoned the Caſe, and at length perſuaded her to go to *Dewſbury*, to hear Mr. *Charles Weſley.* That Day God begot her by his Word, ſo that ſhe could never reſt 'till ſhe found *Chriſt* in her own Heart. And for two Years ſhe has been a ſteddy Follower of Him. By her Zeal and circumſpect Walking, many have been ſince ſtirred up to ſeek the Lord. As ſoon as ſhe was taken ill, ſhe began to praiſe God more than ever, for the Work He had wrought in her Soul. She ſaid, "At firſt I thought, I had no Will, and that God's Love was all that was in my Heart. But when my little Child gave a ſudden Shriek, I found my Heart was not free. And it damped the Love of God in my Soul for two Hours. But the Lord is come again, and now I am fully aſſurred, He does take up all the Room in my Heart.

He

He has ſanctified me throughout, Body, Soul, and Spirit. I am a Witneſs for JESUS CHRIST, that He is a greater Saviour, than *Adam* was a Sinner. O watch and pray, and ye ſhall not be overcome in the Hour of Temptation. Keep cloſe to your Meetings, and the LORD will meet you. If you neglect theſe or private Prayer, you will become barren in your own Souls, and the GOD of this World will get an Advantage over you. But if you keep cloſe to GOD and one another, you will find JESUS a Saviour to the uttermoſt, as I, the moſt unworthy of Mankind, do." For ſome Time before ſhe died, her Prayer was turned into Praiſe. All her Prayer then was, "Thy Will be done." We have one by us, that we think will hardly live 'till To-morrow, who is above Seventy, and is as a Shock of Corn full ripe, crying out, "Come LORD JESUS!"

In the *Chriſtmas* Week I rode down to *Briſtol:* Where, *Sunday*, *January* 1, 1758, we began the Year with the great Congregation at Four, rejoicing and praiſing GOD.

Tueſday 3. At the Requeſt of ſeveral of my Friends, I wrote "A Letter to a Gentleman of *Briſtol*," in order to guard them from ſeeking Salvation by Works on one Hand, and Antinomianiſm on the other. From thoſe who lean to either Extreme I ſhall have no Thanks. But *Wiſdom is juſtified of her Children.*

Wedneſday 4. I rode to *Kingſwood*, and rejoiced over the School, which is at length what I have ſo long wiſhed it to be, a Bleſſing to all that are therein, and an Honour to the whole Body of *Methodiſts*.

Monday 9. I began a Letter to Mr. *Toogood*, Author of "the Diſſenting Gentleman's Reaſons." I think, the moſt ſaucy and virulent Satire on the Church of *England*, that ever my Eyes beheld. How much rather would I write practically than controverſially. But even this Talent I dare not bury in the Earth.

Friday 13. Having ended my Buſineſs at *Briſtol*, I rode to *Newbury*, and the next Day to *London*. Now if it be the Will of GOD, I ſhould be glad of a little Reſt. If not, let me rejoice to be without it.

Tueſday

Tuesday 17. I preached at *Wandsworth*. A Gentleman come from *America*, has again opened a Door in this Desolate Place. In the Morning I preached in Mr. *Gilbert*'s House. Two Negro Servants of his, and a Malatto appear to be much awakened. Shall not his saving Health be made known to all Nations?

Saturday 28. I was enquiring of *William Hurd*, Who discharged him from the Army? And he might fairly say, God discharged him: His Officers being determined not to do it. Nevertheless he stood among the Men, whom they had picked out for that Purpose. And when he came in his Turn, his Discharge was written, and no Man gainsayed.

Sunday 29. We had an uncommon Blessing at *West-Street*, and a still greater at *Spittlefields*. Some could not refrain from crying aloud to God. And he did not cast out their Prayers. Many Thanksgivings have since been offered to God, for the Blessings of that Hour.

Wednesday February 1. I talked with a Gentlewoman who had been a mighty good Christian for near seventy Years. But she now found herself out, and began to cry with many Tears to the Friend of Sinners for pardoning Mercy.

Friday 3. Mr. *Parker* (last Year Mayor of *Bedford)* preached at the Foundery. A more artless Preacher I never heard; but not destitute of Pathos. I doubt not, he may be of much Use, among honest, simple-hearted People.

Sunday 12. At the Request of the Vicar, Mr. *J*. I rode over to *Uxbridge*. I preached for him both Morning and Afternoon, to a large and serious Congregation. How uncommon a Providence is this? The Gospel was preached in the Church at *Hayes*. Several of the Parishioners ran from it, and took Pews at *Hillingdon*. It followed them into *Hillingdon* Church, where I preached twice in one Day. Some of them went to *Uxbridge*. And now it is come, to torment them at *Uxbridge* also!

Wednesday 15. I read over the "Memoirs of the House of *Brandenburgh*." *Quantâ de spe decidi!* 'Tis hard to determine from his Writing, whether the Author be a *Mahometan* or a *Christian*.

On

On *Friday* 17. the Public Faſt, I preached at *Weſt-ſtreet* in the Morning, at *Spittlefields* in the Afternoon, and *Bull and Mouth* in the Evening, every where to a crouded Audience. Indeed every Place of Worſhip throughout the City was extremely crouded all the Day long. Surely all the Prayers which have been offered up this Day, will not fall to the Ground!

Monday 20. I rode, thro' much Rain, to *Maldon* in *Eſſex*. Their new Preaching Houſe is large; but it would in no wiſe contain the Congregation, which flocked together in the Evening For a Time there was much Perſecution here; but all is now calm and quiet. And probably good will be done, if thoſe who now run well, do not draw back to perdition. We had a large Congregation at Five in the Morning, and more than we had room for in the Evening. Fair Bloſſoms! But which of theſe will bring forth Fruit? O LORD, thou knoweſt!

Wedneſday 22. It rained without ceaſing, till we came to a ſmall Inn, nineteen Miles from *Maldon*. Here we dried our Cloaths. Soon after, the Rain ceaſed, and we had a pleaſant Ride to *London*.

Monday 27. Having a Sermon to write againſt the Aſſizes at *Bedford*, I retired for a few Days to *Lewiſham*.

Friday March 3. I returned to *London*.

Monday 6. I took Horſe about Seven o'Clock. The Wind being Eaſt, I was pleaſing myſelf, that we ſhould have it on our back. But in a quarter of an Hour, it ſhifted to the North Weſt, and blew the Rain full in our face. And both increaſed, ſo that when we came to *Finchley* Common, it was hard Work to ſit our Horſes. The Rain continued all the way to *Dunſtable*, where we exchanged the Main Road for the Fields, which having been juſt ploughed were deep enough. However before Three we came to *Sundon*.

Hence on *Thurſday* 9. I rode to *Bedford*, and found the Sermon was not to be preached 'till *Friday*. Had I known this in time, I ſhould never have thought of preaching it, having engaged to be at *Epworth* on *Saturday*.

Mr.

Mr. ——— came to me in the Evening, and ſaid. "He could not remain as he was any longer; That He had no Reſt in his Spirit while he was thus halting between two, and therefore deſired to go with me without delay." I anſwered, "If he was ſo reſolved, he was welcome to ſet out with me for *Epworth* the next Day." He ſaid, He would. We ſpent ſome Time in Prayer, and parted for the preſent.

Friday 10. The Congregation at St. *Paul*'s was very large and very attentive. The Judge, immediately after Sermon ſent me an Invitation to dine with him. But having no Time, I was obliged to ſend my Excuſe and ſet out between One and Two. The North-Eaſt Wind was piercing cold, and blowing exactly in our Face, ſoon brought an heavy Shower of Snow, then of Sleet, and afterwards of Hail. However we reached *Stilton* at Seven, about thirty Miles from *Bedford*.

Reſt was now the more ſweet, becauſe both our Horſes were lame. However reſolving to reach *Epworth* at the Time appointed, I ſet out in a Poſt-Chaiſe between Four and Five in the Morning: But the Froſt made it ſo bad driving, that my Companion came with the lame Horſes into *Stamford* as ſoon as me. The next Stage I went on Horſe-back: But I was then obliged to leave my Mare, and take another Poſt-Chaiſe. I came to *Bawtry* about Six. Some from *Epworth* had come to meet me; but were gone half an Hour before I came. I knew no Chaiſe could go the reſt of the Road. So it remained only to hire Horſes and a Guide. We ſet out about Seven, but I ſoon found my Guide knew no more of the Way than myſelf. However we got petty well to *Idle-Stop*, about four Miles from *Bawtry*, where we had juſt Light to diſcern the River at our Side, and the Country covered with Water. I had heard, that one *Richard Wright* lived thereabouts, who knew the Road over the Moor perfectly well. Hearing one ſpeak (for we could not ſee him) I called, "Who is there?" He anſwered, "*Richard Wright*." I ſoon agreed with him, and he quickly mounted his Horſe and rode boldly forward. The North-Eaſt Wind blew full in our Face: And I heard them ſay, "It was very cold!" But neither my Face, nor Hands, nor Feet were cold, 'till between Nine and

Ten

Ten we came to *Epworth*: After travelling more than ninety Miles, I was little more tired than when I rose in the Morning.

Sunday 12. I was much comforted at Church, both Morning and Afternoon, by the serious Behaviour of the whole Congregation, so different from what it was formerly. After Evening Service I took my Stand in the Market-place, with a Multitude of People from all Parts. Toward the End of the Sermon the Rain was heavy: But it neither lessened nor disturbed the Congregation.

Monday 13. I preached in the Shell of the New House, and then set out for *York*. The Banks over which we crept along, were ready to swallow up Man and Beast. However we came safe to *York* in the Afternoon. After settling the little Affairs, on *Wednesday* 15. I rode to *Leeds*, where in the Evening a Multitude of People were present, I never before saw things in so good Order here, and took knowledge, the Assistant had not been idle.

I was apprehensive, having been at an uncommon Expence, of being a little straitened for Money. But after preaching, one with whom I had never exchanged a Word, put a Letter into my Hand, in which was a Bill for Ten Pounds. Is not *the Earth the* LORD'*s, and the fullness thereof?*

Thursday 16. I rode thro' heavy Rain to *Manchester*. I was scarce set down, when Mr. ——— came from *Bedford*. If he comes sincerely (as I believe) GOD will bless him: But if not, *Ego in portu navigo*. He can *find out* nothing with regard to *me*, I have no Secrets.

Friday 17. In riding from *Manchester* to *Bolton*, I read the Life of *Theadore*, King of *Corsica*: A great Man, both as a General and as a Prince: And one who if he had not been sacrificed to the *French*, might have made a shining Figure in History.

Saturday 18. We rode to *Liverpool*.

Thursday 23. I walked over to Mr. *E.*'s, a Gentleman who had little thought of GOD, 'till his favourite Child lay at the Point of Death. It than came into his mind, To pray for his Life. He did so, and the Child

Child recovered. This ſtruck him to the Heart, and he reſted no more 'till his own Soul was healed.

I never ſaw the Houſe ſo crouded as it was on *Eaſter-day*, *March* 26: Eſpecially with rich and genteel People: Whom I did not at all ſpare. They are now warned to flee from the Wrath to come. God grant they may remember the Warning!

Tueſday 28. We went on board and ſet ſail for *Dublin*. The Wind was fair, and the Day extremely fine. Seven or eight Miles from the Town, a ſmall Boat overtook us, which brought me Letters from *London*. Some of theſe earneſtly preſſed me to return to *London*, or however, "Not to go to *Ireland*." I conſulted my Friends, and juſt as we began our little Debate, the Wind which 'till then was fair and ſmall, turned from Eaſt to Weſt, and blew harder and harder. But the Point was ſoon deſided. For upon enquiry, we found the Boat was gone back, and no other was to be had. Preſently after the Wind returned to the Eaſt, and we ſaw the Hand of God.

The *Liverpool* Boat went away in ſuch Haſte, that it left a young Man, *James Glazebrook* behind: So we were Five in all. We had ſeven more Cabbin Paſſengers, and many common ones. So good-natured a Company I never met with in a Ship before. The Sea was as ſmooth as Glaſs, the Sun ſhone without a Cloud, and the Wind was quite fair, So we glided on, 'till about Nine, I went to Prayers with them, and then quietly lay down.

Wedneſday 29. We were even with the great *Welſh* Mountain, *Penmenmaur*, at Five in the Morning. But it then fell calm, ſo that we were ſcarce abreſt of *Holyhead* in the Evening. This gave us Time to ſpeak to all our Fellow-Paſſengers. And ſome Fruit quickly appeared. For no Oath, no immodeſt, or paſſionate Word, was any more heard in the Ship while we were on board.

Thurſday 30. Having no Wind ſtill, I deſired our Brethren to come on the Quarter-Deck: Where we no ſooner began ſinging an Hymn, than both Paſſengers and Sailors gladly aſſembled. The Wind ſprung

up almoſt as ſoon as I began, and about Nine the next Day we entered *Dublin* Bay: After ſo ſmooth and pleaſant a Paſſage as the Captain declared he had not had at that Time of Year for forty Years.

Conſidering the Shortneſs of the Warning, we had a large Congregation in the Evening; but a very ſmall one in the Morning, *April* 1. At this I did not wonder when I was informed, That the Preaching at Five had been diſcontinued for near a Year and an half. At eight likewiſe, *Sunday* 2. The Congregation was ſmall. I took Knowledge, that the People of *Dublin*, had neither ſeen nor heard much of Self-denial, ſince *T. Walſh* left the Kingdom.

All the Evenings of that following Week we had numerous Congregations. Nothing is wanting here but rigorous Diſcipline: Which is more needful in this than in any other Nation: The People in general being ſo ſoft and delicate, that the leaſt Slackneſs utterly deſtroys them.

Thurſday 6. We walked round the College, and ſaw what was accounted moſt worthy of Obſervation. The New Front is exceeding grand; and the whole Square (about as large as *Peckwater* in *Chriſt-Church*) would be beautful, were not the Windows too ſmall, as every one will ſee, when the preſent Faſhion is out of date.

Friday 7. I preached in the Evening on *Reuben*'s Character, *Unſtable as Water*, ſo Applicable to moſt of this Nation. Some were deeply convinced, and reſolved, not to reſt, 'till they were ſtabliſhed in Grace.

Sunday 9. I exhorted the Society, To follow the Example of their *Engliſh* Brethren, by jointly renewing their Covenant with God. On *Tueſday* Evening I read the Letters; by one of which a poor Backſlider, who had been wandring near eleven Years, was cut to the Heart, and determined to return to him from whom he had ſo deeply revolted.

Thurſday 13. I explained at large the Nature and Manner of entering into Covenant with God, and deſired all who were purpoſed ſo to do, to ſet *Friday* apart, for Solemn Faſting and Prayer. Many did ſo, and

and met both at Five in the Morning, at Noon, and in the Evening.

Sunday 16. I was much grieved at St. *Peter*'s Church at ſuch a Sight as I never ſaw in *England*, Communicants as well as others, behaving in a manner that ſhocked common Senſe as well as Religion. O who has the Courage to ſpeak plain to theſe rich and honourable Sinners? If they periſh in their Iniquity, will not their Blood be on the Watchman's Head?

Monday 17. We met in the Evening, to renew our Covenant with God. It was a Glorious Seaſon. I believe all that were preſent found that God was there.

Tuſday 18. Among the Letters I read in Public laſt Week, was one from Mr. *Gillies*, giving an Account of a Society lately formed at *Glaſgow*, for promoting Chriſtian Knowledge among the Poor, chiefly by diſtributing Bibles among them, and other religious Books. I could not then help expreſſing my Ammazement, That nothing of this kind had been attempted in *Ireland*: And inquiring, If it was not high Time, That ſuch a Society ſhould be formed in *Dublin*? This Morning Dr. *T.* ſhewed me a Paper, which the Archbiſhop had juſt ſent to each of his Clergy: Exhorting them to "erect a Society, for the Diſtribution of Books among the Poor." Thanks be to God for this! Whether we or they, it is all one, ſo God be known, loved and obeyed.

Thurſday 20. in the Evening I met all the married Men and Women of the Society. I believe it was high Time. For many of them ſeemed to know very little of Relative Duties. So that I brought ſtrange things to their Ears, when I enlarged on the Duties of Huſbands, and Wives, and Parents.

Friday 21. I dined at Lady——. We need great Grace to converſe with Great People! From which therefore (unleſs in ſome rare Inſtances) I am glad to be excuſed. *Horæ fugiunt & imputantur!* Of theſe two Hours I can give no good Account.

Sunday 23. I was much concerned to ſee two Gentlemen, who were cloſe to me at St. *Patrick*'s Church,

fall a talking together, in the moſt trifling Manner, immediately after they had received the LORD's Supper. Indeed one who ſat by could not but reprove them, whom I ſeconded in ſtrong Terms. And ſo far (at leaſt) we gained: They talked no more, 'till the Service was ended.

Monday 24. I left *Dublin*. But our Chaiſe-Horſe tired, before we had drove eight Miles. So I went into another Chaiſe, and reached *Killcock* between Eleven and Twelve. We were agreeably ſurprized to hear the Maid of the Inn ſinging one of our Hymns, and to find, that her Miſtreſs had the Evening before been at the Preaching in *Dublin*. This accounted for the profound Civility, with which all the Servants behaved. About One I took Horſe and rode on with *Robert Swindells* to *Edinderry*.

On the Road I read Mr. *Walker*'s Account of the Siege of *Londonderry*, and the Relation of that of *Drogheda*, by Dr. *Bernard*, a vain, childiſh, affected Writer. Sir *Henry Titchburn*'s Account of that Siege, is wrote in a ſtrong and maſculine Manner, and is worthy to be joined with Mr. *Walker*'s plain and clear Account of that other amazing Scene of Providence.

Tueſday 15. I read an Account of the *Iriſh Rebellion* wrote by Dr. *Curry*, a Papiſt of *Dublin*, who labours to waſh the Ethiop white, by numberleſs Falſhoods and Prevarications. But he is treated according to his Merit by Mr. *Harris*, in a Tract intitled, "Fiction unmaſked."

In the Evening I preached under the Caſtle-Wall, to a very numerous Congregation, tho' ſome of the Quakers (ſo called) had laboured much, to diſſuade their People from coming. And one poor Man, lately reclaimed by hearing our Preachers from a courſe of open, ſcandalous Sin, they did perſuade to ſtay at home. When he turns back to his Vomit, who ſhall anſwer for *his* Blood?

Wedneſday 26. I walked round the poor remains of the Caſtle. The Situation is extremely fine. It ſtands on the Top of a gently-riſing Hill, commanding the Proſpect all four Ways, and having Rows of tall Trees

reaching

reaching down to the Vale on three Sides, with a Grove covering it on the North East. But the House, as well as the Gardens round about it, are now utterly run to ruin. I wonder none has rebuilt it: Unless there is a Curse on the Place, for the Sins of it's former Inhabitants!

Thursday 26. I finished Mr. *Spearman*'s Enquiry, an ingenious, sensible Book. But I cannot at all agree with his Scheme: I still think Mr. *Hutchinson*'s whole System, is not only quite unsupported by Scripture, but loaded with insuperable Difficulties. I cannot yet see the Possibility of any Motion, without so much as a *Vacuum Disseminatum*. Is it not flatly impossible, if all be full, and all Matter be impenetrable? Much less can I conceive, How the Streams of Light and Air, can move continually in opposite Directions, and that in space absolutely full, without justling with each other!

In the Evening I preached at *Portarlington*. Both this Day and the next I was much concerned for my rich gay Hearers, and God gave me such a Word for them, as I scarce ever had before.

Hence at his earnest Request, I rode over to Mr. L———, who said, "He could not die in peace 'till he had seen me." For some Time he had been quite distracted: But he spoke quite sensibly Yesterday, while Mr. *Swindells* was there, saying with many Tears, "He had never prospered in any thing, since he used Mr. *W.* so ill." That Night he had sound and refreshing Sleep, which he had not had for many Weeks before: And when we called, most of what he said was reasonable and connected. Perhaps God may put an End to the Troubles, which have lately incompast him on every Side.

Saturday 29. I preached in the Market-place at *Mountmelick* in the Evening, and at Eight in the Morning. At Eleven I went to Church. Soon after seven or eight Troopers came in to the same Pew. Several were in the next Pew, and others scattered up and down the Church. In the middle of the Service a Person came in, and whispered to one of them in our Pew. Soon after another Person came in, and whispered to

the Corporal. Several of them then whiſpered together; after which Four went out, but quickly returned, with many Swords and Piſtols. After whiſpering together again, they all roſe up from all Parts, and went out of the Church in a Body. This put the whole Congregation in an uproar, and many ran out in all haſte. Afterwards the Secret appeared to be this. Three Weeks ago a Man of the Town groſly abuſed a Trooper, whoſe Patience at length being worn out, he gave him a cut acroſs the Head. A Report now came, That the Man was dead. On this the Mob gathered, to ſeize the Trooper. But the others reſolved, Not to give him up to a Mob, but to the Peace-Officer.

I ſuppoſe moſt of the Proteſtants in the Town, were preſent at the Evening Sermon. Many Papiſts alſo ſtood in the Skirts of the Congregation, tho' liable to heavy Penance for it. I preached much longer than I am accuſtomed, finding it an acceptable Time. Well might *Kempis* ſay, "He ride's eaſily, whom the Grace of God carries."

Monday May 1. I ſtrove to put an End to the bitter Contentions which had well nigh torn the Society in Pieces. I heard the contending Parties Face to Face, and deſired them to ſpeake at large. God gave his Bleſſing therewith: The Snare was broken, and they were cordially reconciled. Only one Perſon was out of all Patience, and formally renounced us all. But within an Hour God broke her Heart alſo, and ſhe aſked Pardon with many Tears. So there is reaſon to hope, they will for the Time to come *bear one another's Burdens*.

In the Evening I preached at *Tullamore*, not only to a large Number of Proteſtants, but to many Papiſts, and almoſt all the Troopers in Town.

Tueſday 2. I wrote a ſhort Anſwer, to Dr. *Free's* weak, bitter, ſcurrilous Invective, againſt the People called *Methodiſts*. But I doubt, whether I ſhall meddle with *him* any more. He is too *Dirty* a Writer for *me* to touch.

Wedneſday 3. I preached at Four in the Afternoon at *Coolylough*, and at Eight in the Morning: After which

which I rode on to *Tyrrel's Pass*. The Letters which I read here, were seasonable as Rain in the Time of Drought. I had before found much Weariness: But God thereby gave a Check to my Faintness of Spirit, and enabled me to *gird up the Loins of my Mind*.

In the Evening, the Weather being calm and mild, I preached on the Side of a Meadow, the People standing before me, one above another, on the Side of a gently-rising Hill. And many did indeed, at that House, *taste and see that the* LORD *is gracious*.

Friday 5. In the Evening I preached at *Drumcree*, in the New Room, built in the Taste of the Country. The Roof, is Thatch, the Wall's Mud; on which a Ladder was suspended by Ropes of Straw. Hence we rode to *Rosmead*. The Congregation here was not large, but deeply serious.

Sunday 7. I preached at Eight and at Five. Afterward I was desired to make a Collection for a distrest Family. Mr. *Booker*, the Minister of the Parish, willingly stood at the Door to receive it: and encouraged all that went by, to be *merciful after their Power*.

Monday 8. I rode to *Newry*, and preached at Seven to a large and serious Congregation.

Tuesday 9. We rode by the Side of the Canal, thro' a pleasant Vale, to *Terry-hugan*. The Room built on Purpose for us here, is three Yards long, two and a quarter broad, and six Foot high. The Walls, Floor and Cieling are Mud: and we had a clean, Chaff Bed. At Seven I preached in a Neighbouring Ground, having a Rock behind me, and a large Congregation sitting on the Grass before me. Thence we retired to our Hut, and found it true.

Licet sub paupere tecto
Reges & regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.

Wednesday 10. I suppose all the Inhabitants of the Village with many others, were present at five in the Morning. Among these was a poor Woman, brought to bed ten Days before, who had walked Four *Irish Miles*, (Seven *English*) with her Child in her Arms, to have it baptized by *me*. Another, who lived at *Terry-hugan* had earnestly desired the same Thing

thing, if ſhe was delivered before I left the Country. She was delivered two or three Hours before the Preaching. So God gave her what ſhe aſked of him.

In riding to *Liſburn*, I read Mr. *Rollin's Antient Hiſtory*. Cou'd ſo maſterly a Writer make ſo palpable Blunders! Or are they owing to the Tranſlater? I have obſerved many as groſs as that in the Fourth Volume. "A revered Old Age was the Fruit of *Gelon's* Wiſdom—He was ſucceeded by *Hiero*, his Eldeſt Brother. This Young Prince"—— How? If *Gelon* enjoyed revered *Old Age*, could his *eldeſt Brother* be *young* after his Death?

Abundance of People attended the Preaching in the Evening, as well as in the Morning.

Friday 12. I preached about Noon at *Comber*, and then rode on to *Newtown*. This ſeems to have been a Place of Strength, large Fragments of Walls ſtill remaining. I preached at Seven on the Green, to the largeſt Congregation I have ſeen ſince I came into the Kingdom. All were quietly attentive, and when I had done, went away in deep Silence.

Saturday 13. We went into the Church, the Burial-Place of Mr. *Colvin's* Father and Anceſtors. The Quire, turned into a Chappel many Years ago, is grand, and finely finiſhed. But as no Man cares for it, ſince the Eſtate was ſold, it is ſwiftly running to Ruin.

In the Evening we had a larger Congregation than before. I was afraid my Voice would not reach them all. But God gave me Strength, ſo that I believe every one preſent might hear diſtinctly.

Sunday 14. I preached in the Market-houſe at *Belfaſt* about One, and in the Court-houſe at *Carrickfergus* in the Evening.

Monday 15. I rode over the Mountains to *Larn*, a ſmall Seaport, ten Miles North of *Carrickfergus*. The Sun ſhone bright and exceeding hot, and the Wind was pretty high. They fixed the Table juſt fronting the Mid-day Sun, and where an Eddy of Wind poured n continually. And it was well they did. For the Sun tempered the Wind, ſo that I could bear both better than either. I ſuppoſe moſt of the Town were preſent, rich

and

and poor: And I believe the Word of God did not return empty.

In the Evening I preached at *Carrick* again. The old Earl of *Donnegal*, one of the richeſt Peers in *Ireland*, took much Pleaſure here, in his ſtately Houſe, ſurrounded by large and elegant Gardens. But his only Son proved an Ideot. And the preſent Heir regards them not. So the Roof of the Houſe is fallen in: And the Horſes and Sheep which feed in the Gardens, make wild Work with the Parterres, and curious Trees, which the old Lord ſo carefully planted.

Tueſday 16. We rode to *Lurgan*. In the Morning I walked to *Lough-Neagh*, the moſt beautiful Lake I ever ſaw. On the South Eaſt Shore ſtands a ſmall Mount, ſuppoſed to be raiſed by the *Danes*: On the Top of which is a Kind of Arbour, benched round with Turf, which might contain twenty or thirty People.

This was the hotteſt Day I ever felt in *Ireland*: Near as hot as any I remember in *Georgia*. The next Morning I was deſired to ſee the Houſe of an eminent Scholar near the Town. The Door into the Yard we found *nailed* up; but we got in at a Gap which was ſtopt with Thorns. I took the Houſe at firſt for a very old Barn, but was aſſured, he had built it within five Years: Not indeed by any old, vulgar Model, but purely to his own Taſte. The Walls were part Mud, part Brick, part Stone, and part Bones and Wood. There were four Windows, but no Glaſs in any, leſt the pure Air ſhould be kept out. The Houſe had two Stories, but no Stair-caſe, and no Door: Into the Upper Floor we went by a Ladder, thro' one of the Windows: Thro' one of the Lower Windows, into the Lower Floor, which was about four Foot high. This Floor had three Rooms, one three Square, the ſecond had five Sides, the third, I know not how many. I give a particular Deſcription of this wonderful Edifice, to illuſtrate that great Truth; There is no Folly too great, even for a Man of Senſe, if he reſolve to follow his own Imagination!

I ſpent *Friday* and *Saturday* at *Newry*, a Town riſen out of its Aſhes within theſe twenty Years.

Sunday 21. I was much pleaſed with the Serioufneſs and Decency of the Congregation at Church. But they were

were a little hurried in the Middle of the Service. A young Man dropped down as dead. In a little Time however he came to himſelf, and was led out of Church.

Monday 22. I rode thro' a barren, dreary Country, and by a miſerable Road, to *Caſtle-Blancy*. The Morning was extremely hot; but we had a cooler Ride in the Afternoon to *Coot-hill*. I preached at Seven in an open Place near the Street, to a tolerably ſerious Congregation. At Six in the Morning there were more rather than fewer, who then ſeemed to *feel* as well as *hear*. I walked afterward to the *German* Houſe, about as large as the Chappel in Snow-fields. They have pitched upon a delightful Situation, laid out a Garden by it, planted Trees round the Ground, and every Way approved themſelves *wiſe in their Generation*. They often put me in mind of the Monks of old, who had picked out the pleaſanteſt Spots in our Nation. But when their Time was come, God ſwept them away, in an Hour they looked not for it.

In the Evening I preached at *Dingins*, in the County of *Cavan*, on the very Edge of *Ulſter*. Many came from far, a few of whom have taſted that the Lord is gracious.

Wedneſday 24. I preached in the Morning at *Granard*, in the Barrack-Yard. I have rarely ſeen a Congregation in a new Place ſo much affected. About One I preached at *Edgeworthtown*, to a very genteel Congregation: Extremely different from that which gathered at *Longford*, in the Yard of the great Inn: The rudeſt, ſurlieſt, wildeſt People that I have found ſince I came into the Kingdom. However they ſtood pretty quiet, till ſome Pieces of Turf were thrown among them over the Houſes. And when they had recovered from the Hurry it put them into, they behaved decently till I concluded.

Thurſday 25. I preached at *Cleg-hill* about One, and than rode on to *Drumerſnave*. Wood, Water, fruitful Land, and gently-riſing Hills, contribute to make this Place a little Paradiſe. Mr. *Campbell*, the Proprietor of the whole, reſolved to make it ſuch. So he planted Groves, laid out Walks, formed the Plan of a new Town, with a Barrack at one End, and his own Seat at the

the other. But alas! Death ſtepped in between, and all his Plan fell to the Ground.

I lodged at the only Gentleman's Houſe in the Town, whoſe Wife adorns the Goſpel.

Saturday 27. I rode thro' *James's Town*, once a ſtrong Place, now an Heap of Ruins, and thro' *Carrick* and *Boyle*, both incloſed by a pleaſant and fruitful Country. Soon after, we entered the County of *Sligoe*, the beſt peopled that I have ſeen in the Kingdom. Eight Villages we counted within ſeven Miles: The Town itſelf I think is little leſs than *Limerick*. The Country round it is fertile and well-improved; even the Mountains, to the very Top. It lies two Miles from the Sea, having a large Harbour, covered by Mountains on each Side.

The Mob had been in Motion all the Day. But their Buſineſs was only with the Fore-ſtallers of the Market, who had bought up all the Corn far and near, to ſtarve the Poor, and load a *Dutch* Ship, which lay at the Kay. But the Mob brought it all out into the Market, and ſold it for the Owners at the common Price. And this they did, with all the Calmneſs and Compoſure imaginable, and without ſtriking or hurting any one.

I preached in the Evening near the Main Street, to a ſmall, quiet, ſerious Company: At Nine *Sunday* 28. in the Market-Houſe, to a numerous Congregation. But they were doubled at Five in the Afternoon: And God made his Word quick and powerful. Even the rich and genteel Part of the Audience appeared to be deeply affected. O for Labourers! for a few γνήσια τέκνα· Deſirous only to ſpend and be ſpent for their Brethren.

Monday 29. I rode to *Caſtlebarr*.

Thurſday June 1. I went to *Newport*. I believe all the Proteſtants in the Town gladly attended the Evening preaching: And few of them were wanting at Five in the Morning. How white are theſe Fields to the Harveſt!

Friday June 2. I rode to *Hollymount*, and preached in the Church-Yard. I then viſited my Antagoniſt, Mr. *Clark*, who was lying extremely ill.

Saturday 3. I preached at *Minulla*, a Village four Miles from *Caſtlebarr*. I was ſurprized to find, how little

little the *Irish* Papists are changed in an Hundred Years. Most of them retain the same Bitterness, yea and Thirst for Blood as ever: And would as freely now cut the Throats of all the Protestants, as they did in the last Century.

Sunday 4. As they have the LORD's Supper here but four Times a Year, I administred it in the Evening to about sixty Persons. Scarce one of them went empty away. Many were filled with Consolation.

Tuesday 6. I set out at Four (the Hour I had appointed) on foot, the Horse brought for me having neither Bridle nor Saddle. After a Time one galloped after me full Speed, 'till just as he overtook me, Horse and Man came down together. The Horse's Knee spouted out Blood, as if an Artery had been cut. But on a sudden the Blood stopped; nor did he bleed any more all the Way to *Aghrim*.

I found a few here, and left more, *striving to enter in at the Strait Gate*.

Friday 9. About Eight I preached at *Ahaskra*, to a Congregation, of whom four Fifths were Papists. Would to GOD the Government would insure to all the Papists in the Land, so much Liberty of Conscience, that none might *hinder them from hearing* the true Word of GOD! Then, as they hear, so let them judge. In the Evening I preached at *Athlone*.

Sunday 11. We had an excellent Sermon at Church on the Intercession of CHRIST. In the Afternoon abundance of Papists, as well as Protestants, were present on the *Connaught* Side of the River, while I explained the *Joy* that is *in Heaven over one Sinner that repenteth*. Toward the Close two or three Eggs were thrown, and not long after, two Stones. One of them fell on a Gentleman's Servant, the other on a Drummer, which so enraged the Dragoons (many of whom were in the Congregation) that as soon as I concluded, they run all Ways to find the Man that threw. The Spirit they shewed did much Good, by striking a Terror into the Rabble. But I was glad they did not discover the Offender. I believe his Fright was Punishment enough.

Tuesday 14. I met the Preachers and Stewards at *Cooly-lough*. The Congregation at Noon was the largest

largeſt I ever ſaw there. In the Afternoon the perplext Caſe of *I. C.* and *I. A.* was referred to Mr. *S.* and Mr. *H:* Who after a long Hearing judged (as did all preſent) "That *I. C.* had acted wrong, in ſeizing and ſelling *I. A*'s Goods for Rent, when no Rent was due."

After preaching in the Evening, I talked with *Kath. Shea* of *Athlone*, concerning a ſtrange Account which I had heard: There are many now living, who atteſt, on their perſonal Knowledge, moſt of the Particulars of it. She ſaid, "When I was ten Years old, the Preaching began at *Athlone*. I liked, and often heard it, tho' my Parents were zealous Papiſts, 'till they removed into the Country. I then grew as zealous as them, and was diligent in reading the Papiſh Prayers, 'till I was about Thirteen: When taking the Maſs-Book one Day, to read my Prayers, I could not ſee one Word. I continued Blind, juſt able to diſcern Light from Darkneſs, but not to read or do any Work: 'Till after three Months, caſting my Eye on a New Teſtament, I could read clearly. I ſaid to myſelf, "I won't read this Proteſtant Book: I will read my own Book." Accordingly I opened the Maſs-Book, but could not ſee one Word: It appeared all dark and black. I made the Trial thrice over, holding the Maſs-Book in one Hand, and the Teſtament in the other. I could not ſee any Thing in the Maſs-Book, but could read the Teſtament as well as ever. On this I threw away the Maſs-Book, fully reſolved to meddle with it no more.

"Afterwards my Parents returned to *Athlone*. Then I heard the Preaching at all Opportunities. For this they beat me many Times, and at laſt turned me out of Doors. Yet after this, my Father brought me to the Prieſt, who diſputed with me very warmly. At length my Father ſaid, "I think, the Girl is in the Right." And he oppoſed me no more to the Day of his Death."

Wedneſday 14. I preached at *Tullamore* about Eleven, and at *Birr* in the Evening.

Friday 16. I ſet out for *Limerick*. I was wet thro' from Head to Foot, before I came thither, but received

no Hurt. Here I had a particular Account of the melancholy Affair, which was in the Mouths of all Men. On *Sunday* Evening laſt, two Officers were playing at Dice, when they quarreled about a leud Woman. This occaſioned a Challenge from Mr. *I.* which the other would fain have declined. But he would not be denied, and was ſo bent upon it, that he would not go to Bed. About Three in the Morning they went out, with their Seconds, to the Iſland. Mr. *B.* propoſed firing at twelve Yards Diſtance. But Mr. *I.* ſaid, "No, no, Six is enough." So they kiſſed one another (Poor Farce!) and before they were five Paces aſſunder, both fired at the ſame Inſtant, The Ball went into Mr. *I*'s Breaſt, who turned round twice or thrice, and fell. He was carried home, made his Will, and about Three in the Afternoon died like a Man of Honour!

How are *the Judgments of the* LORD *abroad in the Earth!* About Eaſter laſt Mr. *Beauchamp* was at a Gentleman's Houſe in the County of *Clare*, when a Gentleman who was occaſionally there, finding they were going to Family Prayers, ran away in all Haſte, ſwearing, "He would have none of their ſwadling Prayers." Two or three Weeks after, he imagined himſelf to be not very well. A Phyſician was called, who for three or four Days ſucceſſively, affirmed, there was no Danger at all. On the fifth Day a Second Phyſician was called: Who feeling his Pulſe ſaid, "Why do you ſend for *me?* I can do nothing. He is a dead Man." Hearing this, he cried out, "Doctor, you have deceived me. I leave Money enough. But my Soul is loſt." He catched hold of one and another, crying, "Save me, ſave me." He endeavoured to throw himſelf into the Fire. Being hindered from doing this, he ſeized upon his own Arm, and tore it with his Teeth. And after a ſhort Time, in all the Agony of Rage, Deſpair and Horror, expired.

F I N I S.

A N

EXTRACT

OF THE

Rev. Mr. *JOHN WESLEY*'s

JOURNAL,

FROM

JUNE 17, 1758, to MAY 5, 1760.

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AN EXTRACT OF THE Rev. Mr. *JOHN WESLEY*'s JOURNAL.

1758

SATURDAY, *June* 17. I met *Thomas Walsh* once more, in *Limerick*, alive, and but just alive. Three of the best Physicians in these Parts have attended him, and all agree, that it is a lost Case: That by violent straining of his Voice, added to frequent Colds, he has contracted a pulmonary Consumption, which is now in the last Stage, and consequently beyond the Reach of any human Help. O what a Man, to be snatched away in the Strength of his Years? Surely thy Judgments are a great Deep!

Wednesday, 21. Our little Conference began, at which fourteen Preachers were present. We settled all Things here, which we judged would be of use to the Preachers or the Societies, and consulted how to remove whatever might be an Hindrance to the Work of God.

Friday, 23. I rode over to *Court-Mattreſs*, a Colony of *Germans*, whoſe Parents came out of the *Palatinate*, about fifty Years ago. Twenty Families of them ſettled here, twenty more at *Killikeen*, a Mile off; fifty at *Balligarane*, about two Miles Eaſtward, and twenty at *Pallas*, four Miles farther. Each Family had a few Acres of Ground, on which they built as many little Houſes. They are ſince conſiderably increaſed in number of Souls, tho' decreaſed in number of Families. Having no Miniſter, they were become eminent for Drunkenneſs, Curſing, Swearing, and an utter neglect of Religion. But they are waſhed; ſince they heard and received the Truth, which is able to ſave their Souls. An Oath is now rarely heard among them, or a Drunkard ſeen in their Borders. *Court-Mattreſs* is built in the Form of a Square, in the middle of which they have placed a pretty large Preaching houſe. But it would not contain one half of the Congregation: So I ſtood in a large Yard. The Wind kept off the Rain while I was preaching. As ſoon as I ended, it began.

Sunday, 25 About Six I preached in the Iſland in a ſquare, green Incloſure, which was formerly *Oliver Cromwell's* Camp. I have not ſeen ſuch a Congregation ſince we left *London*. To how much better purpoſe is this Ground employed, than it was in the laſt Century?

Thurſday, 29. I rode to *Clare*, and at ſix preached in the Street to many poor Papiſts and rich Proteſtants, almoſt all the Gentry in the Country being aſſembled together. Thence I went on to *Ennis*, and at Ten the next Morning, had another genteel Congregation in the Court houſe. In *Ennis* many ſuppoſe, there are not leſs than fifty Papiſts to one Proteſtant. They would have been very ready to ſhew their Good will. But the ſight of Mr. *B*——, kept them in awe. A Report however was ſpread of ſome terrible Things they were to do in the Evening: And many were ſurpriſed to obſerve, that more than Nine in Ten of the Congregation were Papiſts.

But

But none ſpoke an unkind or uncivil Word, either while I preached or after I had done.

How unſpeakable is the Advantage, in point of Common Senſe, which middling People have over the Rich! There is ſo much Paint and Affectation, ſo many unmeaning Words and ſenſeleſs Cuſtoms among People of Rank, as fully juſtify the Remark made Seventeen Hundred Years ago,

Senſus communis in illâ Fortunâ rarus.

Sunday, July 2. I preached in the Iſland near *Limerick*, both Morning and Evening, ſtanding on the ſide of a large Hollow, adjoining to the old Camp. The Ground on the ſides of it ſloped upward, ſo that the People ſat on the Graſs, row above row. Such an Amphitheatre I never ſaw before, in which thouſands of Hearers were ſo commodiouſly placed. And they ſeemed earneſtly to attend to our Lord's Invitation, *Come, for all things are now ready!*

I DID not then obſerve, that I ſtrained myſelf. But in the Morning I was extremely hoarſe. This increaſed all Day, together with a load and ſtoppage in my Breaſt. On *Tueſday* Morning I began ſpitting Blood, found a Pain in my left Side, a ſenſible Decay of Strength, and a deep wheezing Cough; juſt the Symtoms which I had ſome Years ſince. I immediately applied a Brimſtone Plaiſter to my Side, and uſed a Linetus of roaſted Lemon and Honey. *Wedneſday*, 5. My Side was quite eaſy, and my Hoarſeneſs much abated. So in the Evening I made ſhift to preach again, tho' not without difficulty. I had purpoſed preaching the next Day at *Shronill*, about Twenty-four *Engliſh* miles from *Limerick:* And at *Clonmell* about the ſame diſtance from *Shronill*. But perceiving my ſtrength would not ſuffice, and yielding to the Advice of my Friends, reſted another Day.

Thurſday, 6. The News of Prince *Ferdinand's* Victory, had half turned the Heads of moſt of the Proteſtants, till they were brought to themſelves by News

of another kind, which ran thro' the City as in an Inſtant. One who was well known therein, a great Curſer and Blaſphemer, and eminently *without GOD in the world*, went a fiſhing a little way from his own door, and ſtood with his Angling-rod on the edge of the water. Many were looking on, when his foot ſlipping, he fell forward and ſunk. As help was at hand, he was ſoon drawn out. But it was too late. There was no remains of Life. His Soul was gone to give it's account.

Friday, 7. I rode in a Chaiſe to *Charlevill*, and thence on an eaſy Horſe to *Cork*. *James Maſſiot* died in peace the Morning before; ſo I was juſt in time to perform the laſt Office for him.

Saturday, 8. The Congregation was large; but my Voice was ſo weak that many could not hear. *Sunday*, 9. After the Burial of *James Maſſiot*, I preached to a multitude of People, on *Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord*. And the longer I ſpoke, the more my Voice was ſtrengthned.

Tueſday, 11. I rode with *James Morgan* to *Bandon*, and preached in the Market-houſe to a liſtening Multitude. *Wednesday*, 12. I read over the Analyſis of Lord *Bolingbroke's* Works. Surely never did any Man ſo flatly contradict, and ſo fully anſwer himſelf. *Thurſday*, 13. about noon, I preached in the Exchange at *Kinſale*. The Townsfolks *care for none of theſe Things*. But we had a large Congregation of Soldiers, many of whom are good Soldiers of JESUS CHRIST.

In the Evening I preached in the main Street at *Bandon*. Having now need of all my Voice, it was given me again; only with a little Pain in my Side, which ceaſed while I was ſpeaking.

Saturday, 15. I preached about Noon at *Innuſhannon*, and returned to *Bandon*. A Fortnight ſince they laid the Foundation of their Preaching-houſe. This Evening I preached in the Shell of it. But it would not contain the Congregation. Truly theſe are *ſwift to hear*, tho' not *ſlow to ſpeak*.

Sunday, 16. I preached again in the Shell of the Houſe at Eight, and in the main Street at Six in the Evening.

Evening. Obſerving many of the *French* Officers there, I could not but pray for them in particular. Some of them were deeply attentive. Perhaps it was not for nothing, that GOD brought them into a ſtrange Land.

Monday, 17. I returned to *Cork*. *Wedneſday*, 18. I began ſpeaking ſeverally to the Members of the Society. Many of them, I found, were truly alive to GOD. Old Miſunderſtandings were removed. And I had the Satisfaction of ſeeing them ſo united together, as they had not been for many Years.

Friday, 21. I met with a Tract which utterly confounded all my Philoſophy: I had long believed, that Microſcopic Animals, were generated, like all other Animals, by Parents of the ſame Species. But Mr. *Needham* makes it highly probable that they conſtitute a peculiar Claſs of Animals, differing from all others in this. That they neither are generated, or generate, nor ſubſiſt by Food in the ordinary way.

Tueſday, 25. In the Evening I aſſiſted the Society, in renewing their Covenant with GOD. It was to many a Seaſon of great Refreſhment, and the Fear of GOD was upon all.

Sunday, 30. I began meeting the Children in the Afternoon, tho' with little hopes of doing them good. But I had not ſpoke long on our Natural State, before many of them were in Tears, and Five or Six ſo affected, that they could not refrain from crying aloud to GOD. When I began to pray, their Cries increaſed, ſo that my Voice was ſoon loſt. I have ſeen no ſuch Work among Children for Eighteen or Nineteen Years.

Monday, 31. I finiſhed the *Glaſgow Abridgment* of Mr. *Hutchinſon's* Works. He was doubtleſs a Man of uncommon Underſtanding, and indefatigable application. Yet the more I conſider it, the leſs can I ſubſcribe, to his Syſtem either of Divinity or Philoſophy: As I am more and more convinced, that they have no Foundation in Scripture or ſound Reaſon

Tueſday, *Auguſt* 1. The Captain with whom we were to ſail, was in great haſte to have our Things on board. But I would not ſend them while the Wind was againſt us.

us. On *Wednesday* he sent Message after Message. So in the Evening we went down to the Ship, near *Passage*. But there was nothing ready, or near ready for Sailing. Hence I learnt two or three Rules, very needful for those who sail between *England* and *Ireland*. 1. Never pay till you set Sail. 2. Go not on board, 'till the Captain goes on board. 3. Send not your Baggage on board, till you go yourself.

Thursday, 3. I returned to *Cork*. On *Saturday*, 5. We were called on board in all haste. But the Captain being in no haste to sail, I preached at *Cork* again on Sunday at five, and then returned to *Passage*. He now said, He would fall down to *Cove* directly: So we took Boat and went down thither. But no Captain appeared either this Day or the next. So, that I might not lie idle, I went down to the Beach, and began preaching to as wild, unpromising a Congregation, as ever I saw in this Kingdom. However they performed more than they promised. For they grew more and more quiet and attentive. And some of them appeared to be deeply affected.

Monday, 7. Hearing nothing of our Captain yet, in the Afternoon I went to the Middle of the Town. Abundance of People ran together. But they were far too wild and noisy, to admit of my giving out a Psalm, or naming a Text, in the usual Way. So I fell abruptly upon as many as could hear, in a free and familiar Manner. In a few Minutes the whole Body were quiet, and tolerably attentive. They were more and more serious, till I concluded with an Hymn and a short Prayer.

IMMEDIATELY after preaching, I was sent for to a Gentleman, who was struck with the Palsy. I found the House full of his Friends and Relations, to whom I spoke freely and largely. They seemed to be more than ordinarily affected. Perhaps for this also we were detained at *Cove*.

Tuesday, 8. I preached not far from the Beach, to a very decent and serious Congregation. Presently after a Vessel sailed by, bound for *Wales*. We went on board without Delay, got out of the Harbour by Eleven, and by

by Wednesday Noon, were a-breast of the Isle of *Lundy*. But we had not yet done our Work: So the Wind fell, and we did not get into the River till near Sun-set. Observing three or four of the Sailors then standing together, I began explaining to them the Nature of Religion. In a few Minutes all within the Ship came together; and without the Ceremony of naming a Text, I inlarged on *The Kingdom of Heaven is not Meats and Drinks, but Righteousness and Peace and Joy in the Holy Ghost.* About Eleven we landed at *Penklawr*, and in the Morning rode to *Swansey*.

Thursday, 10. We rode thro' a pleasant Country to *Pile*. We were setting out from thence, when a violent Shower drove us into the House again, and constrained us to talk with two or three Travellers. I believe our Labour was not lost; for they appeared to be greatly affected. I preached at *Cardiff* in the Evening and the next Morning. We reached the *Passage* about Noon. But they did not tell us till half Hour after five, That the Boat would not pass that Night. With much Difficulty I procured a small Boat to carry us over, leaving our Horses behind. Landing soon after Six, we walked on, and between Nine and Ten came to *Bristol*.

Here I met with a Trial of another Kind. But this also shall be for Good. On the following Days was our yearly Conference, begun and ended in perfect Harmony. *Thursday*, 17. I went to the Cathedral, to hear Mr. *Handel*'s Messiah. I doubt, if that Congregation was ever so serious at a Sermon, as they were during this Performance. In many Parts, especially several of the Chorus's, it exceeded my Expectation.

Having promised to take a little Journey into *Wales*, on *Monday*, 21. I set out with *Joseph Jones*. We were in the Boat before Nine, but did not land our Horses, till a Quarter before Three. However I reached *Cardiff*, Time enough to preach in the Room, tho' not in the Castle.

Tuesday, 22. I gathered up, as well as I could, the Fragments of the Society. At Six in the Evening I preached in the Castle. *Wednesday*, 23. We rode to *Fonmon*. The Behaviour of Mr. *Jones* surprized me: It seemed

ſeemed as if he inherited the Spirit of his Father. I preached at Seven to a deeply ſerious Congregation, and to a good Part of them at Five in the Morning. *Thurſday*, 22. I wrote a Second Letter to Dr. *Free*, the warmeſt Opponent I have had for many Years. I leave him now to laugh and ſcold and witticiſe and call Names, juſt as he pleaſes; for I have done. *Friday*, 25. I rode to *Cowbridge*, and preached at Three in the Afternoon, in the New Aſſembly-Room. I obſerved no Trifler there, tho' there were ſeveral of the better Rank. About Six I preached in a green Court at *Lanmais*, to a Company of right, old, ſimple Chriſtians. I could not get from them ſo ſoon as I deſigned, ſo that we did not reach *Fonmon* till near Nine.

Saturday, 26. One undertook to guide me the neareſt Way into the mean Road. But in Five or Six Miles he loſt his Way, ſo that for ſome Time we wandered upon the Mountains. About Noon however we got into the Road, and an Hour and half after, to *Pile*. Before we left it, I ſpoke a few Words to the Woman of the Houſe. She ſeemed quite ſtruck. How few Words ſuffice, when God applies them to the Heart?

I knew not where to go at *Neath*: But as we entered the Town, a Man fixt his Eyes upon me, (tho' he had never ſeen me before) and ſaid, "Sir, That is the Houſe where the Preachers put up their Horſes." I had been there only a few Minutes, when another came in and ſaid, "Sir, Mrs. *Morgan* expects you. I will ſhew you the Way." To Mrs. *Morgan*'s we went, and were as cordially received as if ſhe had known us Twenty Years. It was Market-Day, ſo I preached about five in the Room, a large, commodious Place. I believe moſt that were preſent, (ſeveral of whom were Backſliders) felt that God was there.

Sunday, 27. We reached *Swanſey* at Seven, and were met by one who conducted us to his Houſe, and thence to a Kind of Caſtle, in which was a green Court, ſurrounded by high, old Walls. A large Congregation aſſembled ſoon, and behaved with the utmoſt Decency. A very uncommon Bleſſing was among them, as uſes to be among them that are ſimple of Heart.

The

THE Congregation was conſiderably more than doubled, at five in the Afternoon. Many gay and well-dreſt Perſons were among them: but they were as ſerious as the pooreſt. *Peter Jaco*, who was driven to us by contrary Winds, was agreeably ſurprized at them.

Monday, 28. I ſcarce ever ſaw ſuch a Rain in *Europe*, as we had for a conſiderable Part of this Morning. In one of the main Streets, the Water ran with a Stream capable of turning a Mill. However having appointed to preach at Noon, in *Newton*, about ſix Miles from *Swanſey*, I was determined, not to break my Word, tho' I ſuppoſed but few would attend. But I was miſtaken. Such a Number of People came together, as no Houſe in the Town could contain. A Barn was ſoon prepared. And it pleaſed GOD to ſend a gracious Rain upon their Hearts.

AFTER preaching at *Swanſey* in the Evening, I met thoſe who deſired to join in a Society, and explained to them the Nature and Deſign of it, with which they were quite unacquainted. *Tueſday*, 29. I rode back to *Neath*, in order to put the Society there (an unlicked Maſs) into ſome Form. This on *Saturday* they had begged me to do: But they ſeemed now to have quite forgotten it. Mr. *Evans*, the Preſbyterian Miniſter, had turned them upſide-down. They looked as if they had never ſeen me before, all but five or ſix, who were much aſhamed of their Brethren.

Wedneſdey, 30. I rode on to *Margum*. There uſed to be preaching here, till Lord *Manſel* dying without Children, left the Eſtate to Mr. *Talbot*. He forbad all his Tenants to receive the Preachers, and ſo effectually put a Stop to it. But he did not glory in it long. A few Months after, GOD called him home.

AT Noon I preached again in the Aſſembly-Room at *Cowbridge*: In the Caſtle at *Cardiff*, in the Evening. *Thurſday*, 31. I talked with ſeveral of the People, and found the old Spirit ſwiftly reviving. In the Evening I preached in the Town-hall. Several eminent Sinners were preſent. And GOD was preſent in an uncommon Manner: As alſo at the Meeting of the Society.

Friday,

Friday, September 1. After a buſy and comfortable Day, I preached once more in the Caſtle. The Word ſeemed to ſink deep into the Hearers, tho' many of them were of the genteeler Sort. In the Society we were much refreſhed. Many followed me to *Thomas Gl*——'s Houſe: Where two or three were cut to the Heart, particularly both his Daughters, and cried to God with ſtrong Cries and Tears.

Saturday, 2. We rode to the *New Paſſage*, croſs'd over in half an Hour, and about five came to *Briſtol*.

Saturday, 9. I wrote the Account of an extraordinary Monument of Divine Mercy, *Nathanael Othen*, who was ſhot for Deſertion at *Dover-Caſtle*, in *October* 1757. In the following Week, I met Mr. *Fletcher*, and the other Preachers that were in the Houſe, and ſpent a conſiderable Time in cloſe Converſation, on the Head of Chriſtian Perfection. I afterwards wrote down the General Propoſitions wherein we all agreed.

Thurſday, 14. I rode to *Coleford* and was much refreſhed among the ſimple zealous Colliers. *Saturday* 16. In the Evening I preached at *Bradford*, as alſo at five and eight on *Sunday* Morning. At two, as ſoon as we were in the Houſe at *Freſhford*, it poured down with Rain: So that after as many as could had crowded in, the reſt were conſtrained to go away. But the Rain ceaſed as ſoon as we took Horſe, and we had a pleaſant Ride to *Briſtol*.

Wedneſday, 20. I rode over to *Bath*; but the Room would ill contain the Congregation. So I encouraged them in their Deſign of taking a Piece of Ground, and building without delay. In the Evening I preached at *Shepton*, and ſeveral of the Rich and Honourable took it into their Mind to come. But they came too late. For the Houſe was already thoroughly filled with the Poor. *Thurſday*, 21. As we rode homeward, we ſaw a Sight indeed: A Woman in the Extremity of Pain, rotting away Piece-meal by the King's-Evil, full of Sores from Head to Foot, with ſeveral of her Bones appearing through the Skin: And continually praiſing God with Tears of Joy, for "dealing ſo mercifully with her."

Sunday, 24. The famous *Roger Balls* had planted himſelf in *Stoke's-Croft* before I came. However as there was

a large

a large Congregation, I did not think it right to leave them to him, but began as usual, and preached 'till near Six o'Clock, without paying any Regard to him.

Sunday, *October* 1. I took my leave of the Congregation and of the Children in *Kingswood*. And God gave us a parting Blessing. *Monday*, 2. I preached at *Bradford*, (Noon and Night) and met the Stewards of the *Wiltshire* and *Somersetshire* Societies. In the Evening I baptized a young Woman, deeply convinced of Sin. We all found the Power of God was present to heal, and she herself felt what she had not Words to express.

Tuesday, 3. One of *Warminster*, who was at *Bristol* last Week, had desired me to call at his House. I did so this Morning, and preached in his Yard to a numerous Congregation, of Saints and Sinners, Rich and Poor, Church-men, Quakers and Presbyterians both of the Old and New Way. Some Disturbance was expected; but there was none. The whole Assembly behaved well. And instead of Curses or Stones, we had many Blessings, as we rode thro' the Town for *Salisbury*. *Wednesday*, 4. I rested there. *Thursday*, 5. I rode by *Redbridge* and *Fareham* to Portsmouth: Where at Seven I preached in Mr. *Whitefield's* Tabernacle, to a small, serious Congregation.

Friday, 6. I designed to go in a Wherry to the *Isle* of *Wight*. But the Watermen were so extravagant in their Demands, that I changed my Mind and went in the Hoy. And it was well I did: for the Sea was so high, it would not have been easy, for a small Boat to keep above Water. We landed at Two, and walked on, five little Miles, to *Newport*. The neighbouring Camp had filled the Town with Soldiers, the most abandoned Wretches whom I ever yet saw. Their whole glorying was in Cursing, Swearing, Drunkenness and Lewdness. How gracious is God, that he does not yet send these Monsters to their *own Place!*

At Five I preached in the Corn-Market, and at Six in the Morning. A few even of the Soldiers attended. One of these, *Benjamin Lawrence*, walked with us to *Wotton-Bridge*, where we intended to take Boat. He

 was

was in St. *Philip's* Fort, during the whole Siege, concerning which I aſked him many Queſtions. He ſaid, 1. "Abundance of *Cattle* was left in the Fields, 'till the *French* (long expected) came and took them. 2. Abundance of *Wine* was left in the Town, even more than the *French* could uſe. And there was not enough in the Caſtle, even for the Sick Men. 3. A large, ſtrong *Stone-Houſe* was left ſtanding, within a ſmall Diſtance of the Fort. Behind this the *French* often formed themſelves, particularly before the laſt Aſſault. 4. This might caſily be accounted for. We had few Officers of any Experience: And the Governor never came out of his Houſe. 5. The *French* made two General Aſſaults and were repulſed, and many blown up by our Mines. But the Mines having never been looked after, 'till juſt when we wanted them, moſt of them were utterly uſeleſs; ſo that only Two, out of Threeſcore, did any Execution. 6. In their Third Aſſault (which they were very hardly perſuaded to make) Captain—— who commanded the Guard of an Hundred Men, at the Sally-Port, ran away before he was attacked, and his Men having none to Command them, went after. I was left alone, 'till I retired alſo. And the *French*, having none to oppoſe them, came in. 7. In the Morning our Men were mad to drive them out: And would have done it in an Hour, but that they were told, the Fort was given up, and ordered to ceaſe Firing. 8. We had at the Approach of the Enemy, Three Thouſand, Eight Hundred and Thirty Three effective Men. And we had very near as many when we ſurrendered, with Plenty of Proviſion and Ammunition." O human Juſtice! One great Man is Shot! And Another is made a Lord!

We hired a ſmall Fiſher-boat at *Wotton-Bridge*, there being ſcarce any Wind. But it increaſed more and more, when we were on the Sea, which was ſeven Miles over. Our Cock-boat danced on the Waves, and muſt have ſunk, if one large Wave had come over her. But God ſuffered it not. We landed in two Hours, and walked away to *Goſport*.

Sunday,

Sunday, 8. The Wind and Rain drove us into the Tabernacle. In the Afternoon I preached in the main Street at *Fareham*. A wild Multitude was present: Yet a few only mocked: the greater Part were soon deeply attentive.

Monday, 9. I set out for *Sussex*, and in the Evening reached *Rottingdean*, a Village four Miles East of *Brighthelmstone*. The next Day we rode over the Downs to *Rye*, lying on the Top of a round, fruitful Hill. I preached at Seven to a crouded Audience, with great Enlargement of Spirit.

Wednesday, 11. I rode to *Rolvenden*, about ten Miles from *Rye*, and preached at Five to a large, serious Congregation. A few Drunkards stood in the Road at some Distance, and took some Pains to divert their Attention. But it was Labour lost. *Thursday*, 12. It was a rainy Morning, so that the House contained the Congregation. Many of them were in Tears, being deeply convinced, that they were as yet *without* GOD *in the World*. About One I preached at *Northjam*. The House was stowed as full as possible, but still many were constrained to stand without, tho' it rained much. About Five in the Evening I preached again at *Rye*.

Friday, 13. In the Evening, we had a solemn Season. After I had concluded my Sermon, I read over the Rules of the Society, in the open Congregation. The Number of those who came at Five in the Morning, shewed that GOD had touched many Hearts. On *Saturday* Evening many were obliged to stand without, tho' the Wind was high and extremely Cold.

Sunday, 15. After preaching at Eight, I rode again to *Northjam*, and preached in Mr. *Stonestreet*'s Orchard, to far the largest Congregation I have seen in *Sussex*. One of *Rye*, in our Return thither, gave us a remarkable Account. "Mr.—— one most eminent for Profaneness, Drunkenness, and all Manner of Wickedness, when you met the Society on *Thursday* Evening at your Lodgings, was curious to listen at the Window. The next Day he surprized his Company by crying out, "I am the greatest Sinner on the whole Earth." On *Friday* Evening he

was wounded more deeply ſtill, and was at the Preaching at Five in the Morning." Surely thus far GOD has helped him. But a Thouſand to One, he will *return as a Dog to his Vomit*.

Monday, 16. I rode to *Canterbury*. As we came into the City, a Stone flew out of the Pavement, and ſtruck my Mare upon the Leg with ſuch Violence, that ſhe dropt down at once. I kept my Seat, 'till in ſtruggling to ariſe, ſhe fell again and rolled over me. When ſhe roſe, I endeavoured to riſe too, but found I had no Uſe of my Right Leg or Thigh. But an honeſt Barber came out, lifted me up, and helped me into his Shop. Feeling myſelf very ſick, I deſired a Glaſs of cold Water, which inſtantly gave me Eaſe.

Tueſday, 17. I found Reaſon to rejoice over this little Flock, now free from all Diviſions and Offences. And on *Saturday* I chearfully returned to *London*, after an Abſence of near Eight Months.

HERE I reſted four Days: and on *Wedneſday*, 25. went partly by Coach, partly on Horſeback to *Malden*. *Friday*, 27. I rode on, thro' an extremely pleaſant and fruitful Country to *Colchester*. I have ſeen very few ſuch Towns in *England*. It lies on the Ridge of an Hill, with other Hills on each Side which run parallel with it, at a ſmall Diſtance. The two main Streets, one running Eaſt and Weſt, the other North and South, are quite ſtrait, the whole Length of the Town, and full as broad as *Cheapſide*.

I PREACHED at Four on St. *John's* Green, at the Side of an high, old Wall, (a Place that ſeemed to be made on Purpoſe) to an extremely attentive Audience: And again at Eight in the Morning, on *Saturday*, 28, and at Four in the Afternoon. In the Hours between I took the Opportunity of ſpeaking to the Members of the Society. In three Months here are joined together, an Hundred and Twenty Perſons. A few of theſe know in whom they have believed; and many are ſenſible of their Wants.

Sunday,

Sunday, 29. At Eight the Congregation was very large. And I believe, God made his Word *quick and powerful*. At Four in the Afternoon we had a *Moorfields* Congregation. Many of the baſer Sort ſtood at a Diſtance. But they made no Diſturbance, knowing the Magiſtrates are determined, to ſuffer no Riot at *Colcheſter*.

Monday, 30. Tho' I was not quite recovered from the Lameneſs, occaſioned by the Fall of my Horſe, I made ſhift to ride to *Norwich*: Where on the following Days I had the Satisfaction to obſerve, That the Society was not leſſened (as I had feared) but rather increaſed ſince I left them. And there is a Probability they will increaſe ſtill, as they are far more eſtabliſhed in Grace.

Friday, *November* 3. *James Wheatly* called upon me, and offered me the Tabernacle. But whether to accept the Offer or not, I cannot tell. This muſt be maturely conſidered. I found all this Week great Liberty of Spirit; and the Congregations were large and attentive. It ſeems the Time is come when our Labour even at *Norwich* will not be in vain.

Sunday, 5. We went to St. *Peter's* Church, the Lord's Supper being adminiſterd there. I ſcarce ever Remember to have ſeen a more beautiful Pariſh Church: The more ſo, becauſe its Beauty reſults not from Foreign Ornaments, but from the very Form and Structure of it. It is very large, and of an uncommon Height: And the Sides are almoſt all Window: So that it has an awful and venerable Look, and at the ſame Time ſurprizingly chearful.

Monday, 6. A large Congregation attended, between Four and Five in the Morning. I ſet out at Six with much Comfort, leaving a ſettled and well-united Society. I preached at *Kenninghall* about Ten, and at *Lakenheath* in the Evening. After reſting a Day, on *Wedneſday*, 8. I went on, an hard Days Journey, to *Bedford*.

I had deſigned to ſpend two Evenings here. But Mr. *Parker* informing me, "That Mr. *Berridge* de-

fired I would come to him as ſoon as poſſible." I ſet out for *Everton* on *Thurſday*, 9. I found Mr. *B.* juſt taking Horſe, with whom I rode on, and in the Evening preached at *Wreſtling-worth*, in a large Church, well filled with ſerious Hearers.

We lodged at Mr. *Hickes'*, the Vicar, a Witneſs of the Faith which once he perſecuted. The next Morning I preached in his Church again. In the middle of the Sermon, a Woman before me dropt down as dead, as one had done the Night before. In a ſhort Time ſhe came to herſelf, and remained deeply ſenſible of her Want of Christ.

Hence we rode to Mr. *B*'s. at *Everton*. For many Years he was ſeeking to be juſtified by his Works. But a few Months ago, he was throughly convinced, That *by Grace we are ſaved thro' Faith.* Immediately he began to proclaim aloud the Redemption that is in Jesus. And God confirmed his own Word, exactly as he did at *Briſtol* in the Beginning, by working Repentance and Faith in the Hearers, and with the ſame violent outward Symptoms.

I preached at Six in the Evening and Five in the Morning, and ſome were ſtruck juſt as at *Wreſtling-worth*. One of theſe was brought into the Houſe, with whom we ſpent a conſiderable Time in Prayer. I then haſtened forward, and a little before it was dark, reached the *Foundery*.

Sunday, 26. I was well-pleaſed to have ſome Converſation, with Mrs. *A——t*, lately come from *Barbadoes*. She gave me an Account of her poor Huſband: (Firſt a red-hot Predeſtinarian, talking of God's "blowing whole Worlds to Hell," then a Quaker, now a Deiſt:) As alſo of the narrow Eſcape which Mr. *H.* lately had. "Ten Negroes broke into his Houſe; one of whom was upon the Point of cutting his Throat, when *E. R.* knocked him down with a Pewter-pot; which put the reſt into ſuch Confuſion, that ſhe had Time to ſecure herſelf and her Children, and Mr. *H.* to leap out of a Balcony."

Wedneſday,

Wednesday, 29. I rode to *Wandsworth*, and baptized two Negroes belonging to Mr. *Gilbert*, a Gentleman lately come from *Antigua*. One of these is deeply convinced of Sin: the other rejoices in God her Saviour, and is the first *African* Christian I have known. But shall not our Lord in due Time, have these Heathens also *for his Inheritance*.

Monday, *December* 4. I was desired to step into the little Church behind the Mansion-house, commonly called St. *Stephen's Wall-brook*. It is nothing grand; but neat and elegant beyond Expression. So that I do not wonder at the Speech of the famous *Italian* Architect, who met Lord *Burlington* in *Italy*: "My Lord, go back and see St. *Stephen's* in *London*. We have not so fine a Piece of Architecture in *Rome*."

Friday, 8. Poor Mr. *Goudicheau*, called upon me, formerly a *Romish* Priest, now ready to Perish for Want of Bread, tho' of an unblemished Character. Can any one wonder, that we have not many Converts from the Church of *Rome*?

Monday, 11. Most of this Week I spent in preparing Materials for "a Survey of the Wisdom of God in the Creation;" or a full, plain and correct System of Natural Philosophy.

Monday, 18. I rode to *Everton*. The Church was well filled, soon after Six in the Evening. God gave me great Liberty of Speech, and applied his Word to the Hearts of the Hearers: Many of whom were not able to contain themselves, but cried aloud for Mercy.

Tuesday, 19. I rode on to *Lakenheath*. How surprising a Providence has been over this little Village! Forty Years ago a poor Man lived here who walked with God, and was the Means of awakening a few others. When these were nearly extinct, *Charles Skelton* came, awakened a few more, and forsook them. A Year ago, one of *Lakenheath*, seeing me passing thro' *Thetford*, desired me to come and preach there. I did so, and occasionally mentioned to them Mr. *Madan*, then at *Thetford*. They went over, and invited him to *Lakenheath*, where soon after, he preached in the Church. The Rector desired he would help him to a Curate;

Curate: So now they have one that both preaches and lives the Gospel.

Wednesday, 20. I rode to *Norwich*. *James Wheatly* now repeated his Offer of the Tabernacle. But I was in no haste. I wanted to consult my Friends, and consider the Thing thoroughly. One glaring Objection to it was, "The Congregation there, *will* not hear me." He replied, "Sir, you cannot tell that, unless you will make the Trial." I consented so to do, on *Thursday*, 21. But many declared, "No! He shall never come into that Pulpit:" And planted themselves in the Way to prevent it. Hitherto only could they go. I went up and preached to a large Congregation, without any Let or Hindrance. I preached there again on *Saturday* Evening: And again God stopped the Mouths of the Lions. *Sunday*, 24. I preached in the Tabernacle at Eight, to a very serious Congregation, and at the Foundery between four and five. About Six the Tabernacle was thoroughly filled, and mostly with quiet Hearers. I saw none who behaved amiss, but two Soldiers, who struck some that desired them to be silent. But they were seized and carried to the Commanding Officer, who ordered them to be soundly whipped.

Monday, 25. Our Service began in the Foundery at Four, in the Tabernacle at Eight. God was now especially pleased to make bare his Arm. There was a great Cry among the People. Stony Hearts were broke; many Mourners comforted; many Believers strengthened. Prejudice vanished away: A few only kept their Fierceness till the Afternoon. One of these, still vehemently angry, planted himself just over against me. But before I concluded, he cried out, "I am overcome, I am overcome."

Having now weighed the Matter thoroughly, I yielded to the Importunity of our Brethren. So in the Evening the Copy of the Lease was perfected, which was executed the next Morning: A whole Train of Providences so plainly concurring thereto, that all might clearly see the Hand of God.

Tuesday, 26. I took my Leave of *Norwich* for the present;

ſent; about Noon preached at *Kenninghall*, and in the Evening came to *Lakenheath*. Being informed ſome of the Gentry in the Town were very deſirous to hear me preach, if I would preach in the Church: I ſent them Word, " I had deſigned to be at *Colcheſter* the next Day. But as they deſired it, I would delay my Journey, and preach at Ten the next Morning."

Wedneſday, 27. I was ſo much out of order, that I knew not how I ſhould get to Church. Between Nine and Ten I was informed, that ſome hot Men in the Pariſh would not conſent to my preaching there. I ſaw the Hand of God and was thankful, having now a little more Time to reſt. In the Afternoon the Sun broke out through the Fog, and we had a pleaſant Ride to *Bury*. But I was ſo extremely ſick, ſoon after I came in, that I knew not how I ſhould be able to preach. An Hour's Sleep however refreſhed me much, ſo that I found no Want of Strength in preaching. Indeed my Diſorder increaſed during the Night. But while I was preaching in the Morning, I felt myſelf well. And I found no more Sickneſs or Complaint of any Kind. In the Evening I reached *Colcheſter*.

Friday, 29. I found the Society had decreaſed, ſince *L— C—* went away. And yet they had had full as good Preachers. But that is not ſufficient. By repeated Experiments we learn, That though a Man preach like an Angel, he will neither collect, nor preſerve a Society which is collected, without viſiting them from Houſe to Houſe.

To Day I walked all over the famous Caſtle, perhaps the moſt antient Building in *England*. A conſiderable Part of it is without queſtion, fourteen or fifteen hundred Years old. It was moſtly built with *Roman* Bricks, each of which is about two Inches thick, ſeven broad, and thirteen or fourteen long. Seat of antient Kings! *Britiſh* and *Roman*! Once dreaded far and near. But what are they now? Is not *a living Dog better than a dead Lion?* And what is it wherein they prided themſelves? As do the preſent Great ones of the Earth.

" A

" A little Pomp, a little Sway,
A Sun-beam in a Winter's Day,
Is all the great and mighty have
1759 Between the Cradle and the Grave"!

Saturday, 30. I returned to *London*, and received a preſſing Letter from *Briſtol*: In Conſequence of which I took Horſe on *Monday* Morning, *January* the Firſt, 1759, and came thither the next Evening. After reſting two Days (only preaching Morning and Evening) I examined ſeverally the Members of the Society. This was one great End of my coming down. Another was, to provide for the Poor. Accordingly on *Sunday*, 7. I preached a Sermon for them, to which God was pleaſed to give his Bleſſing, ſo that the Collection was a great deal more than double, of what it uſed to be.

Wedneſday, 10. Having finiſhed my Work at *Briſtol*, I rode to *Saliſbury*, and adviſed our Brethren, concerning the Preaching-Houſe, which they are about to build. On *Friday*, 12. I went on to *Whitchurch*, and preached at One to a large and ſerious Congregation. In the Afternoon we rode to *Baſingſtoke*, where the People put me in Mind of the *wild Beaſts at Epheſus*. Yet they were unuſually attentive in the Evening, although many of them could not hear. *Saturday*, 13. After preaching to a ſmall, ſerious Company, I went on to *London*.

Saturday, 27. I began reading with huge Expectation, a Tract wrote by a Son-in-law of the great *Bengelius*, Mr. *Oetinger*, *De Senſu Communi & Ratione*. But how was I diſappointed! So obſcure a Writer I ſcarce ever ſaw before: I think he g es beyond *Perſius* himſelf. When I had with huge Labour read fifty or ſixty Pages, finding the Senſe did by no Means make amends, for the Time and Pains beſtowed in ſearching it out, I took my Leave of him for ever.

Saturday, *February* 3. I ſpent an Hour with one, who by the Loſs of his Sight, his Fortune and his Liberty, (for he has been a Priſoner ſome Time) is likely to gain more than all the World can give.

Tueſday, 6. I took much Pains to convince Mr. *S—n*, That he was not the wiſeſt Man in the World. But I could

could not *change the Ethiopian's Skin.* Yet even this is not too hard for God.

Friday, 9. I felt ſuddenly, as if a Needle had been run into the Side of my Face. I ſuppoſed, it would be well by the Morning: but found it abundantly worſe: the Tonſil being come down (as they term it) and the Side of my Face much ſwelled. It grew worſe all Day, ſo that it was with great Difficulty I preached at *Snow-fields* in the Evening. But on *Sunday*, 11. it went away as unaccountably as it came. In the Afternoon I called on *E. H.* in St. *George's Hoſpital.* Many there had been greatly prejudiced againſt *me.* But it was now vaniſhed away. Her Behaviour had reconciled them quite. And all in the Ward, (Sixty or Seventy Perſons) ſeemed hardly to breathe, all the Time I was ſpeaking and praying by her Bedſide.

Tueſday, 13. I preached at *Deptford* and *Welling*, and in the Morning rode to *Wandſworth.* I preached *Wedneſday* and *Thurſday* Evening in the Town; in the Mornings, at Mr. *Gilbert*'s. Will this barren Tree bear Fruit at laſt? How long has God had Patience with it?

Friday, 16. Being the Public Faſt, I preached at five in *Wandſworth*, at Nine and Three in the Church at *Spitalfields*, and at half Hour paſt Eight, in the *Foundery.* Every Place of Public Worſhip was crouded on This, as on the two preceding Faſt-days. And it is plain, even *Outward* Humiliation has been a Means of *Outward* Bleſſings.

Friday, 23. I ſaw a ſurpriſing Spectacle: One who by a Blow firſt loſt her Noſe, then one Eye, and then the other with moſt of the Roof of her Mouth: And yet inſtead of murmuring, acknowledges the Love of God in all, and praiſes him continually.

Tueſday, 27. I walked with my Brother and Mr. *Maxfield* to *L—H—*'s. After Breakfaſt came in Mr. *Whitefield*, *Madan*, *Romaine*, *Jones*, *Downing* and *Venn*, with ſome Perſons of Quality and a few others. Mr. *Whitefield*, I found was to have adminiſtered the Sacrament. But he inſiſted upon my doing it: After which, at the Requeſt of *L— H—*, I preached on 1. *Cor.* xiii. 13. O what

what are the greateſt of Men, to the Great God? As the ſmall Duſt of the Ballance.

Thurſday, *March* 1. I reached *Everton*, about four in the Afternoon. But Mr. *Berridge* did not expect me till the next Day. So he thought it beſt, I ſhould preach in his Houſe. The next Evening the Church was well filled. And my Mouth was filled with Arguments: which I truſt God applied, for the Conviction of ſome and the Conſolation of others.

Saturday, 3. We had a mild, delightful Day, and a pleaſant ride to *Colcheſter*. In the Evening and on *Sunday* Morning, the Houſe contained the Congregation tolerably well. But in the Afternoon I was obliged to go out: And I ſuppoſe we had on St. *John*'s Green, five or ſix Times as many as the Room would contain. Such is the Advantage of Field preaching!

Monday, 5. On examining the Society I found, that out of the Hundred and Twenty-ſix Members I had left in October we had loſt only Twelve; in the Place of whom we have gained Forty. And many of theſe whom we left in Sorrow and Heavineſs, are now rejoicing in God their Saviour.

Tueſday, 6. I rode to *Norwich*. *Wedneſday*, 7. I inquired into the State of Affairs at the Tabernacle; and found the Society, once conſiſting of many hundred Members, was mouldered into nothing. Of the fifteen or ſixteen Hundred Subſcribers, not Twenty, not One was left; but every one that pleaſed went into the Galleries, without any Queſtions aſked. So that every Thing was to be wrought out of the Ore, or rather out of the Cinders! Surely whatever Help is done here, God muſt do it himſelf.

In the Evening I deſired that thoſe who were willing to join in a Society, would ſpeak with me the next Evening. About Twenty did ſo: But the greater Part of theſe, appeared like frighted Sheep. And no marvel, when they had been ſo long accuſtomed, to hear all Manner of Evil of me.

Friday, 9. I preached Morning and Evening at the Foundery. How pleaſing would it be to Fleſh and Blood, to remain in this little, quiet Place, where we

have

have at length weather'd the Storm? Nay, I am not to consult my own Ease, but the advancing the Kingdom of God.

On *Saturday* and *Sunday* about forty more gave in their Names. On *Sunday* in the Afternoon I met the Society, after ordering the Doors to be shut, which they had not been for two Years before. Thirty or forty more spoke to me on *Monday*. I think, two Thirds of those I have yet seen, have had a clear Sense of God's pardoning Love. Doth He not *send by whom he will send?*

Sunday, 18. I administered the Lord's Supper to near two Hundred Communicants. So solemn a Season I never remember to have known in the City of *Norwich*. As a considerable Part of them were Dissenters, I desired every one to use what Posture he judged best. Had I *required* them to kneel, probably Half would have sat. Now, all but one kneeled down.

Finding it was needful to see them once more at *Colchester*, I took Horse between four and five in the Morning. The Frost was extremely sharp for some Hours. It was then a fair, mild Day. About two in the Afternoon it began to Rain; but we reached *Colchester* before we were wet thro'.

The Room was more than filled in the Evening, so that many were obliged to go away. *Wednesday*, 21. I baptized seven Adults, two of them by Immersion. And in the Evening, (their own Ministers having cast them out "for going to hear the Methodists,") I administred the Lord's Supper to them and many others, whom their several Teachers had repelled for the same Reason.

Thursday, 22. Before we set out, the rough North Wind fell, and we had a calm, Sun-shiny Day. I preached in the Tabernacle at *Norwich* in the Evening.

Sunday, 25. I rode to *Forncet*, twelve Miles from *Norwich*, where also was a Building of *James Wheatley*'s which without my Desire, he had included in the Lease. We found *William Cudworth* had preached there in the Morning. It was exceeding good for my Sense of Honour, to come just after him. The People looked as

 direful

direful upon me, as if it had been *Satan* in Perſon. However they flocked from all Parts, ſo that the Tabernacle would not near contain them. I preached about Two; God bare witneſs to his Truth, and many were cut to the Heart. After preaching I found Mr *Cudworth* ſitting in the Pulpit behind me, whom I quietly and ſilently paſſed by. About ſix I preached at the Tabernacle in *Norwich*, crouded with attentive Hearers. Perhaps theſe too will be brought into Order by and by. Hitherto there has been *no King in Iſrael.*

Monday and *Tueſday* I ſpoke to as many of both Societies, now united together, as had Leiſure and Inclination to come. The whole Number is about four Hundred and Twenty: Of whom I do not think it improbable, two Hundred may continue together.

Tueſday, 27. I had an Interview with Mr. *Cudworth.* I obſerved upon the whole, 1. That his Opinions are *all his own*, quite new; and his Phraſes as new as his Opinions: 2. That all theſe Opinions, yea and Phraſes too, he affirms to be *neceſſary to Salvation*; maintaining that all who do not receive them, *Worſhip another GOD*, and 3. That he is as incapable as a Brute Beaſt, of being convinced even in the ſmalleſt Point.

Wedneſday, 28. I rode over to *Forncet* again, and preached to a large Congregation. Great Part of them were now exceedingly ſoftened: but ſome were ſtill bitter as Wormwood. In the Evening we had another kind of Congregation at the *Foundery*, by whom I was much comforted: But much more in meeting the Bands, when all our Hearts were melted down by the Power of God.

Thurſday, 29. I divided the *Norwich* Society into Claſſes, without any Diſtinction between them who had belonged to the *Foundery*, or the *Tabernacle*. *Sunday*, *April* 1. I met them all at Six, requiring every one to ſhew his Ticket when he came in, a Thing they had never heard of before. I likewiſe inſiſted on another ſtrange Regulation, That the Men and Women ſhould ſit apart. A third was made the ſame Day. It had been a Cuſtom ever ſince the Tabernacle was built to have

have the Galleries full of Spectators, while the LORD's Supper was adminiſtred. This I judged highly improper, and therefore ordered none to be admitted, but thoſe who deſired to communicate. And I found far leſs Difficulty than I expected, in bringing them to ſubmit to this alſo.

THE Society now contained above five Hundred and ſeventy Members: an Hundred and three of whom were in no Society before, altho' many of them had found Peace with GOD. I believe they would have increaſed to a Thouſand, if I could have ſtayed a Fortnight longer. Which of theſe will hold faſt their Profeſſion? The Fowls of the Air will devour ſome. The Sun will ſcorch more; and others will be choked by the Thorns ſpringing up. I wonder we ſhould ever expect, that half of thoſe who *hear the Word with Joy*, will bring forth *Fruit unto Perfection*.

Monday, 2. I left *Norwich*, and about ſeven o'Clock came to *Croſs Keys Waſh*. They would fain have perſuaded us, we could not paſs. But finding we were reſolved to try, our Guide put forward, and brought us over in Half an Hour: So that about Eight we reached *Sutton*, and found a quiet, civil Houſe, with every Thing we wanted.

Tueſday, 3. We came to *Foſs-dyke Waſh*, juſt Time enough to paſs. At three in the Afternoon we preached at *Boſton*. A rude Multitude quickly ran together, to a Paddock adjoining to the Town. A more unawakened Congregation I have not ſeen for ſome Years. However the far greater Part were attentive: nor did any interrupt, or offer the leaſt Rudeneſs.

AT Seven I met the little Society in the Houſe: But they were the leaſt Part of the Company. People crowded in from all Sides; and I believe, GOD touched moſt of their Hearts.

Wedneſday, 4. At Six, finding the Houſe would not contain one fourth of the Congregation, I was conſtrained to ſtand in the Street. Abundance of People aſſembled together, whom I exhorted, To *repent and believe*

the Gospel. The Word of God fell heavy upon them, and I trust, broke some of the stony Hearts.

Hence we rode over *The Fens*, fifteen Miles broad, and near thirty long, to *Coningsby*, where we found a numerous Congregation, of a far different Spirit. Scarce one of these but had *tasted*, more or less, *of the Powers of the World to come.* After a comfortable Opportunity here, we rode on to *Horncastle.* We were but roughly saluted at our Entrance. And the Mob increased more and more till Six. I then began to preach in a Yard near the Market-Place, to a large Concourse of People. But their Behaviour quite disappointed us; for there was no Tumult, no Noise, but an earnest Attention thro' the whole Congregation.

Thursday, 5. I preached again at Seven, to nearly the same Congregation, and was again refreshed, by the remarkable Decency and Seriousness of their Behaviour. At four in the Afternoon I preached at *Marum in the Hill*, two Miles from *Horncastle.* The Number of People constrained me to preach without, and the Rain, to shorten my Sermon: Tho' none went away. Indeed I believe none were present, who had not known some Work of Grace in their Hearts.

Friday, 6. We rode over *The Wolds* (a Chain of Hills) to *North-Elkington*, three Miles from *Louth.* The Congregation was large, notwithstanding the Rain, which drove full in our Face, 'till we came to *Grimsby.*

Sunday, 8. The House was pretty well filled at Eight. At Two I was obliged to go into the Old Church-Yard: where was such a Concourse of People, as had hardly ever, they said, been seen at *Grimsby* before. As many as the Room would well contain, were present at the Watch-night: And at Seven in the Morning. I then commended them to the Grace of God.

Monday, 9. I preached in the Evening at *Laceby:* The next Afternoon at *Ferry*, (after riding thro' much Water and continued Rain) and in the Evening in the New House, at *Epworth.*

Friday, 13. Having appointed to preach at *Awkborough* at One, I set out between Seven and Eight. I was in

in Hopes of coming thither before Church began; but I did not consider the *Lincolnshire* Roads. With some Difficulty we reached it before Noon, and found there was no Service at the Church. I preached in the Church-Yard at One to a listning Multitude: Most of whom, I suppose, had never heard this Kind of Preaching before. Many of them were in Tears, and pressed after me into the House where we met the Society. I could not but hope, that some of these will press into the Kingdom of Heaven.

RETURNING thence I called on Mr. *Romley* of *Burton*, one of my former Parishioners, a lively, sensible Man of Eighty-three Years old, by whom I was much comforted. An Hour or two after, we took Boat; but could not cross over. The Violence of the Stream swollen by the late Rains, bore us down in Spite of all we could do. Having striven against it a considerable Time, we were obliged to cast Anchor. After waiting some Time, we got near the Shore, and were towed up to the Place of Landing. A toilsome Day was followed by a comfortable Night. At half Hour after Eight the House at *Epworth* was well filled. And most of the Congregation stayed, 'till the whole Service was concluded.

IT was on this Day, that after the Battle of *Bergen* in *Germany*, "Among the many wounded who were brought into *Frankfort upon the Mayne*, there was the Right Honourable *George, Charles Dykern*, Baron, Lieutenant-General of the *Saxon* Troops, in the Service of the King of *France*. He was born of an antient and noble Family in *Silesia*, on *April* 10th, 1710, so that it was just on his Birthday, he received his Wound. He was of equal Abilities as a Minister in the Closet, and a General in the Field. In his younger Years, he had gone through a regular Course of Study in the University, and made great Proficiency in Philosophy, especially in Mathematics. Afterwards he studied Polemic Divinity, till he reasoned himself into an Infidel. During his Illness he shewed not the least Desire of pious Company or serious Discourse, 'till the Surgeon let his Valet de Cham-

bre know, that he could not live long. The Man then aſked his Maſter, Whether he did not chuſe to be viſited by a Clergyman? He anſwered with Warmth, "I ſhall not trouble thoſe Gentlemen. I know well myſelf what to believe and do." His Man not diſcouraged, continued thus, "My Lord, have you ever found me wanting in my Duty, all the Time I have been in your Service?" He anſwered, "No." "Then, replied he, I will not be wanting now." The Surgeons count you paſt Hopes of Recovery; but every one is afraid to tell you ſo. You ſtand upon the Brink of Eternity. Pray, Sir, order a Clergyman to be called." He pauſed a little, but ſoon gave his Hand to his Servant, thanked him for his Honeſty, and ordered to ſend for me. * When I came, the Man told me plainly, the General was a profeſſed Infidel. I went in, and after a ſhort Compliment, ſaid, "I am told, my Lord, your Life is near an End. Therefore I preſume, without any Ceremony, to aſk you one plain Queſtion: Is the State of your Soul ſuch, that you can entertain a ſolid Hope of Salvation?" He anſwered, "Yes." "On what do you ground this Hope?" He replied, "I never committed any wilful Sin. I have been liable to Frailties; but I truſt in God's Mercy, and the Merits of his Son, that he will have Mercy upon me." Theſe Words he uttered very ſlowly, eſpecially, *the Merits of his Son.*" I made the following Reply. "I am apt to believe, you are not tainted with the groſſeſt Vices. But I fear, you a little too preſumptuouſly boaſt, of never having committed wilful Sin. If you would be ſaved, you muſt acknowledge your being utterly corrupted by Sin, and conſequently deſerving the Curſe of God, and eternal Damnation. As to your hoping for God's Mercy, *through the Merits of his Son*, I beg Leave to aſk, Do you believe God has a Son? That his Son aſſumed our Nature, in order to be our Saviour: That in the Execution of his Office; he was humbled unto Death,

* Dr. *Freſenius*, Senior of the Clergy at *Frankfort*.

Death, even the Death upon the Croſs, and that hereby he has given an ample Satisfaction for us, and recovered our Title to Heaven?" He anſwered, "I cannot now avoid a more minute Deſcription of the true State of my Soul. Let me tell you, Doctor, I have ſome Knowledge of Philoſophy, by which I have choſe for myſelf a Way of Salvation. I have always endeavoured to live a ſober Life, to the uttermoſt of my Power: Not doubting but the Being of all Beings, would then graciouſly accept me. In this Way I ſtood in no Need of CHRIST, and therefore did not believe on him. But if I take the Scriptures to be a Divine Revelation, this Way of mine I perceive is not the Right one. I muſt believe in CHRIST, and through him come to GOD." I replied, "You ſay, *if* you take the Scriptures to be a Divine Revelation!" He fetched a deep Sigh, and ſaid, O GOD, thou wilt make me ſay, *Becauſe* I take the Scriptures to be thy Word." I ſaid, "There are Grounds and Reaſons enough to demonſtrate the Divine Origin of Chriſtianity, as I could ſhew from its moſt eſſential Principles, were not the Period of your Life ſo ſhort. But we need not now that diffuſive Method. Faith being the Gift of GOD. A poor Sinner tottering on the brink of Eternity, has not Time to inquire about Grounds and Reaſons. Rather betake yourſelf to earneſt Prayer for Faith, which if you do, I doubt not but GOD will give it you." I had no ſooner ſpoken theſe Words, but pulling off his Cap, and lifting up his Eyes and Hands, he cried out, "O Almighty GOD, I am a poor, curſed Sinner, worthy of Damnation. But LORD JESUS, eternal Son of GOD, thou diedſt for my Sins alſo. It is through Thee alone I can be ſaved. O give me Faith, and ſtrengthen that Faith." Being extremely weak, he was obliged to ſtop here. A little after he aſked, "Is Faith enough for Salvation?" "Yes, Sir, ſaid I, if it be living Faith." Methinks, ſaid he, it is ſo already; and it will be more ſo by and by: Let us pray for it." Perceiving he was very weak, to give him ſome Reſt, I retired into the next Room. But he ſoon

ſent

ſent to call me. I found him praying, and JESUS was all he prayed for. I reminded him of ſome Scriptures treating of Faith in CHRIST, and he was much delighted with them. Indeed he was quite ſwallowed up by the Grace of JESUS, and would hear of nothing but JESUS CHRIST and him crucified. He cried out, "I do not know how it is with me. I never in my Life felt ſuch a Change. I have Power to love JESUS, and to believe in Him, whom I ſo long rejected. O my JESUS, how merciful art thou to me."

ABOUT Noon I ſtept home; but he ſent for me directly, ſo that I could ſcarce eat my Dinner. We were both filled with Joy, as Partakers of the ſame Grace which is in JESUS CHRIST: and that in ſuch a Manner, as if we had been acquainted together for many Years. Many Officers of the Army came to ſee him continually, to all of whom he talked freely of JESUS, of the Grace of the Father in him, and of the Power of the Holy Ghoſt through Him: Wondering without ceaſing at his having found JESUS, and at the happy Change, by which all Things on this Side Eternity, were become indifferent to him.

IN the Afternoon he deſired to partake of the LORD's-Supper, which he received with a melting, praiſing, rejoicing Heart. All the Reſt of the Day he continued in the ſame State of Soul. Toward Evening he deſired, That if his End ſhould approach, I would come to him, which I promiſed. But he did not ſend for me till the next Morning. I was told by his Valet, that he ſlept well for ſome Hours, and then awaking, prayed for a conſiderable Time, continually mentioning the Name of our LORD, and his precious Blood, and that he had deſired ſeveral of the Officers, to make his Converſation known to his Court, (That of the King of *Poland*.) After ſome Diſcourſe I aſked, "Has your View of CHRIST and his Redemption, been neither altered nor obſcured ſince Yeſterday?" He anſwered, "Neither altered, nor obſcured. I have no doubt, not even a Remote one. It is juſt the ſame with me, as if I had always thus believed and never doubted. So gracious is the LORD JESUS to me a Sinner."

THIS

THIS ſecond Day he was unwearied in Prayer and Exerciſes of Faith. Toward Evening he ſent for me in haſte. When I came, I found him dying, and in a Kind of Delirium; ſo I could do no more than give him now and then a Word of Comfort. I prayed afterwards for him and thoſe that were preſent, ſome of whom were of high Birth and Rank. I then by Impoſition of Hands, as uſual, gave him a Bleſſing, which being done, he expired immediately. A Royal Prince who was there (Prince *Xavier* of *Saxony*) could not forbear weeping. The reſt of the Officers bewailed the Loſs of their General, yet praiſed GOD for having ſhewn ſuch Mercy toward him.

I WROTE an Account of it without Delay to his Mother, and had an immediate Anſwer: She was a Lady of Seventy-two, of exemplary Piety. She praiſed GOD for his Mercy, adding, That he had now anſwered the Prayers, which ſhe had never ceaſed to offer on his Behalf for Eleven Years."

Sunday, 15th *(Eaſter-day)* I preached at *Epworth* at Eight, and then rode to *Haxey* Church, where I was much refreſhed by the Decency and Serioufneſs of the Congregation. Between one and two I began preaching: So large a Congregation was never ſeen here before. About five I preached at the Market-place in *Epworth*. I was drawing to a Concluſion when the Rain began. But it drove away only a few careleſs Hearers: The Bulk of the People did not ſtir till I concluded.

Wedneſday, 18. I ſet out for *Selby*. We were in Hopes the Roads would now be paſſable. And they were tolerable, till we came near the Town; but here the late Flood, had carried away the Bank over which we were to ride, and left a great Hole in its Place. However, we made ſhift to lead our Horſes over a narrow Path, where the Water was fordable. The Congregation at *Selby* obliged me to ſtand in the Garden, though the North Wind was exceeding high. At ſeven in the Evening I preached at *York*.

Thurſday, 19. I viſited two Priſoners in the Caſtle, which is, I ſuppoſe, the moſt commodious Priſon in *Europe*.

rope. Both of them ſeemed to be much convinced, and not far from the Kingdom of God. At Six I preached in the Shell of the new Houſe, to a numerous and ſerious Audience.

Friday, 20. The Maſter of the Inn at *Tadcaſter*, offering us the Uſe of his Garden, I preached to a well-behaved Congregation, and about five found Mr. *Grimſhaw*, and many of our Brethren at *Leeds*. *Saturday*, 21. at half Hour paſt Ten, we reached *Stainland* Chappel, near *Eland*. It is an handſome Building, near the Top of a Mountain, and ſurrounded with Mountains on all Sides. It was filled from End to End. Mr. *Grimſhaw* read Prayers, and I preached on Part of the 2d Leſſon. In the Room where I dreſſed myſelf were a young Man and his Siſter, both ill of a Fever. I know not that ever they heard the Preaching; however I deſired we might go to Prayers. They preſently melted into Tears. O may God preach his Goſpel to their Hearts!

I preached at *Mancheſter* in the Evening, where we had at length a quiet Audience. Wretched Magiſtrates, who by refuſing to ſuppreſs, encouraged the Rioters, had long occaſioned continual Tumults here; but ſome are now of a better Spirit. And wherever Magiſtrates deſire to preſerve the Peace, they have ſufficient Power to do it.

Tueſday, 24. I rode over to *Maxfield*. Abundance of People ran together, but wild as Colts untamed. Their Noiſe quite drowned my Voice at firſt; but in a while they were tolerably quiet. And before I had done, all but four or five lubberly Men, ſeemed almoſt perſuaded to be Chriſtians.

Sunday, 29. I rode to *Stockport*, deſigning to preach at one o'Clock. But we were at a Loſs for a Place. We fixt at length on a Green near the Town's End: And we had a quiet and ſolemn Opportunity.

In my Return, I called to ſee a Girl, about thirteen Years of Age. She had been in violent Pain all over, with little Intermiſſion, for near twenty Months. After I had ſpoke a few Words, ſhe ſaid, "When I ſaw you before I did not know the Lord: but now I know him, and am known of Him. I am his, and he is mine." I

aſked,

aſked, " Do you never repine at your Pain?" She ſaid, " No: I have not a murmuring Thought I am happy, always happy I would not change this Bed of Affliction for the Palace of King *George*." I aſked, " Are you not proud of this? Is Pride taken out of your Heart?" She anſwered, " I do not know. But I *feel* no Pride. I feel that God is All." " But do you feel no Fretfulneſs or Peeviſhneſs?" " I cannot tell that I do. Pain ſometimes makes me cry out when they ſtir me. But I do not fret at any Thing." " Do you find no Self-will?" " Not that I know: I deſire nothing but that the Will of God be done." " Do not you deſire Life or Death?" " No; I leave all to Him. But, if it was his Will, I ſhould be glad to die. The World is full of Danger. I ſhould be glad to leave it, and to be with Christ."

Monday, 30. We had a numerous Congregation at *Acton-bridge*, two or three Miles from *Northwich*. Some large Trees ſcreened us both from the Sun and Wind. In the Afternoon I rode on to *Cheſter*. It was well the Wind was pretty high; for the Sun ſhone as hot as it uſes to do in the Dog-days. *Wedneſday*, *May* 2. I rode over to *Mould* in *Flintſhire*, about twelve Miles from *Cheſter*. The Sun was very hot and the Wind very cold. But as the Place they had choſe for me, was expoſed both to the Sun and the Wind, the one ballanced the other. And notwithſtanding the *Cheſter* Races which had drawn the Rich away, and the Market-day, which detained many of the Poor, we had a Multitude of People, the ſerious Part of whom ſoon influenced the reſt: So that all but two or three remained uncovered, and kneeled down as ſoon as I began to pray.

Thurſday, 3. We croſt over from *Cheſter* to *Liverpool*. The Congregations here were exceeding large; but many of them ſeemed to be like wild Aſſes Colts. Yet God is able to make them wiſe unto Salvation.

Sunday, 3. I received much Comfort at the *Old* Church in the Morning, and at St. *Thomas*' in the Afternoon. It was as if both the Sermons had been made for *me*. I pity thoſe who can find no Good at Church! But how ſhould

ſhould they, if Prejudice come between, an effectual Bar to the Grace of God ?

Wedneſday, 9. I rode to *Downam-Green*, near *Wigan*, a Town wicked to a Proverb. We had a Specimen of the Manners of its Inhabitants, in the Behaviour of a Man that met us, and accoſted us with ſuch Language as would have become an Inhabitant of the Bottomleſs Pit. One would have thought from their Looks, that a good Part of the Congregation was of the ſame Spirit. But in a ſhort Time the Word of God prevailed, and all their Fierceneſs melted away.

In the Evening I preached at *Bolton*, and on *Friday*, 11. about Nine, at *Lower Darwent*, a ſmall Village near *Blackburn*. At *Lancaſter* we were informed, it was too late to croſs the Sands. However we reſolved to make the Trial. We paſſed the Seven-mile Sand without Difficulty, and reached *Fluckborough* about Sunſet.

Saturday, 12. Setting out early, we came to *Bootle*; about Twenty-four meaſured Miles from *Fluckborough*, ſoon after Eight, having croſſed the *Millam-Sand*, without either Guide or Difficulty. Here we were informed, that we could not paſs at *Ravenglaſs*, before one or two o'Clock: Whereas had we gone on, (as we afterward found,) we might have paſſed immediately. About Eleven we were directed to a Ford, near *Muncaſter-Hall*, which they ſaid, we might croſs at Noon. When we came thither, they told us, we could not croſs. So we ſat ſtill till about One. We then found, we could have croſt at Noon. However we reached *Whitehaven* before Night. But I have taken my Leave of the Sand-Road. I believe, it is ten meaſured Miles ſhorter than the other: But there are four Sands to paſs, ſo far from each other, that 'tis ſcarce poſſible to paſs them all in a Day: Eſpecially as you have all the Way to do with a Generation of Liars, who detain all Strangers as long as they can, either for their own Gain, or their Neighbours. I can adviſe no Stranger to go this Way: He may go round by *Kendal* and *Kerſwick*, often in leſs Time, always

always with less Expence, and far less Trial of his Patience.

Reflecting to Day on the Case of a poor Woman, who had a continual Pain in her Stomach, I could not but remark the inexcusable Negligence of most Physicians in Cases of this Nature. They prescribed Drug upon Drug, without knowing a Jot of the Matter, concerning the Root of the Disorder. And without knowing this, they cannot cure, though they can murder the Patient. Whence came this Woman's Pain? (Which she would never have told, had she never been questioned about it:) From fretting for the Death of her Son. And what availed Medicines, while that fretting continued? Why then do not all Physicians consider, How far Bodily Disorders are caused or influenced by the Mind? And in those Cases, which are utterly out of their Sphere, call in the Assistance of a Minister, as Ministers when they find the Mind disordered by the Body, call in the Assistance of a Physician? But why are these Cases out of their Sphere? Because they know not God. It follows, no Man can be a thorough Physician, without being an experienced Christian.

Tuesday, 15. I rode over to *Lorton*, a little Village at the Foot of a high Mountain. Many came from a considerable Distance, and I believe did not repent of their Labour. For they found God to be a God both of the Hills and Valleys, and no where more present than in the Mountains of *Cumberland*.

Thursday, 17. I enquired into a signal Instance of Providence. When a Coal-pit runs far under the Ground, it is customary here to build a Partition-Wall, from the Bottom to the Top of it, nearly from the Shaft to within three or four Yards of the End, in order to make the Air circulate, which then moves down one Side of the Wall, turns at the End, and moves briskly up on the other Side. In a Pit two Miles from the Town, which ran full four Hundred Yards under the Ground, and had been long neglected, several Parts of this Wall were fallen down. Four

Men were ſent down to repair it. They were about three Hundred Yards from the Shaft, when the foul Air took Fire. In a Moment it tore down the Wall from End to End, and burning on till it came to the Shaft, it then burſt and went off like a large Cannon. The Men inſtantly fell on their Faces, or they would have been burnt to Death in a few Moments. One of them who once knew the Love of God, *(Andrew Engliſh,)* began crying aloud for Mercy. But in a very ſhort Time his Breath was ſtopped. The other three crept on their Hands and Knees, till two got to the Shaft and were drawn up; but one of them died in a few Minutes. *John M'Combe* was drawn up next, burnt from Head to Foot, but rejoicing and praiſing God. They then went down for *Andrew*, whom they found ſenſeleſs, the very Circumſtance which ſaved his Life. For loſing his Senſes, he lay flat on the Ground, and the greateſt Part of the Fire went over him: Whereas had he gone forward on his Hands and Knees, he would undoubtedly have been burnt to Death. But Life or Death was welcome. For God had reſtored the Light of his Countenance.

Saturday, 19. One was ſhewing us the Improvements, begun by Sir *William Lowther*. He had marked out Places for new Walks, and for Tufts of Trees, laid out a new Plan for his Gardens, begun to alter the Houſe, and was preparing to make a little Paradiſe round about it. But Death came between. And how little Loſs was this, if it removed him to the Paradiſe of God?

Sunday, 20. I preached at Eight in an open Place at *The Gins*, a Village on one Side of the Town. Many were there, who never did, and never would, come to the Room. O what a Victory would *Satan* gain, if he could put an End to Field-preaching! But that, I truſt, he never will: At leaſt not till my Head is laid.

After preaching again at two, I took my Leave of *Whitehaven*, and rode to *Cockermouth*. At Six I preached at the End of the Market houſe. High and Low,

Low, Rich and Poor, attended. And by far the greater Part of the Audience ſeemed to be conſcious, That GOD was there.

Monday, 21. I preached at Ten in the Market-place at *Wigton*, and came to *Solway Frith*, juſt as the Water was fordable. At ſome Times it is ſo, Three Hours in Twelve; at other Times, barely One.

AETER making a ſhort Bait at *Rothwell*, we came to *Dumfries* before ſix o'Clock. Having Time to ſpare, we took a Walk in the Church-Yard, one of the pleaſanteſt Places I ever ſaw. A ſingle Tomb I obſerved there, which was about an Hundred and Thirty Years old. But the Inſcription was very hardly legible.

Quandoquidem remanent ipſis quoq fata Sepulchris!

So ſoon do even our Sepulchres die! Strange, that Men ſhould be ſo careful about them! But are not many ſelf-condemned therein? They *ſee* the Folly, while they run into it. So poor Mr. *Prior*, ſpeaking of his own Tomb, has thoſe melancholy Words, "For this laſt *Piece of human Vanity*, I bequeath five Hundred Pounds."

Tueſday, 22. We rode thro' a pleaſant Country, to *Thorny hill*, near which is the grand Seat of the Duke of *Queenſborough*. How little did the late Duke imagine, that his Son would Plow up his Park, and let his Houſe run to ruin! But let it go? In a little Time the Earth itſelf and all the Works of it ſhall be burnt up.

HENCE we rode thro', and over huge Mountains, green to the very Top, to *Lead-hills*, a Village containing five hundred Families, who have had no Miniſter for theſe four Years. So in *Scotland*, *the poor have* not *the Goſpel preached!* Who ſhall anſwer for the Blood of theſe Men?

EARLY in the Evening we came to *Leſinahágow*, a Village not ſo large as *Lead-hills*. It has however Two Miniſters. Here alſo we walked down to the Church-Yard, by the Side of which a little, clear River runs, near the Foot of an high and ſteep Mountain.

tain. The Wood which covers this makes the Walks that run on its Sides, pleasant beyond Imagination. But what Taste have the good People of the Town for this? As much as the Animals that graze on the River-bank.

Wednesday, 23. We took Horse soon after four, and did not stop before we came to *Glasgow*: Having hardly seen a Cloud in the Sky, since we set out from *Whitehaven*.

I PREACHED at seven in the Poor-house: And at seven in the Morning, *Thursday*, 24. But in the Evening we were obliged to be abroad, and I used great Plainness of Speech. All suffered the Word of Exhortation: Some seemed to be a little affected.

Saturday, 26. I found the little Society which I had joined here two Years since had soon split in Pieces. In the Afternoon I met several of the Members of the praying Societies; and shewed them what Christian Fellowship was, and what need they had of it? About forty of them met me on *Sunday*, 27. in Mr. *Gillies*'s Kirk, immediately after Evening Service. I left them determined to meet Mr. *Gillies* weekly, at the same Time and Place. If this be done; I shall try to see *Glasgow* again. If not, I can employ my Time better.

AT seven in the Morning we had a numerous Congregation, tho' small compared to that in the Evening. Yet my Voice was so strengthened, that I believe all could hear. I spoke very plain on, *Ye must be Born again.* Now I am clear of the Blood of this People. I have delivered my own Soul.

Monday, 28. I rode thro' *Edinburgh* to *Musselbourgh*, and preached in the Evening to a deeply attentive Congregation. *Wednesday*, 30. I rode on to *Dunbar*, and at six in the Evening, preached in a large, open Place, (as also the next Day.) Both poor and rich quietly attended, tho' most of them shivering with Cold: For the Weather was so changed within a few Days, that it seemed more like December than May.

LODGING

Lodging with a ſenſible Man, I enquired particularly into the preſent Diſcipline of the *Scotch* Pariſhes. In one Pariſh, it ſeems there are twelve Ruling Elders; in another there are fourteen. And what are theſe? Men of great Senſe and deep Experience? Neither one, nor the other. But they are the *richeſt* Men in the Pariſh. And are the *richeſt* of courſe the *beſt* and the *wiſeſt* Men? Does the Bible teach this? I fear, not. What Manner of Governors then will theſe be? Why, they are generally juſt as capable of governing a Pariſh, as of commanding an Army.

About this Time the Work of God exceedingly increaſed under the Rev. Mr. *B* near *Everton*. I cannot give a clearer View of this, than by tranſcribing Part of the Journal of an Eye Witneſs.

Sunday, May 20. Being with Mr. *B——ll* at *Everton*, I was much fatigued and did not riſe. But Mr. *B*. did, and obſerved ſeveral fainting and crying out, while Mr. *B——e* was preaching. Afterward at Church, I heard many cry out, eſpecially Children, whoſe Agonies were amazing: One of the Eldeſt, a Girl ten or twelve Years old, was full in my View, in violent Contorſions of Body, and weeping aloud, I think inceſſantly during the whole Service. And ſeveral much younger Children were in Mr. *B—ll*'s View, agonizing as this did. The Church was equally crouded in the Afternoon, the Windows being filled within and without, and even the Outſide of the Pulpit to the very Top; ſo that Mr. *B——e* ſeemed almoſt ſtifled by their Breath. Yet feeble and ſickly as he is, he was continually ſtrengthened, and his Voice for the moſt Part diſtinguiſhable, in the midſt of all the Outcries. I believe there were preſent three Times more Men than Women, a great Part of whom came from far; Thirty of them having ſet out at two in the Morning, from a Place thirteen Miles off. The Text was, *Having a Form of Godlineſs, but denying the Power thereof.* When the Power of Religion began to be ſpoke of, the Preſence of God really filled the Place. And while poor Sin-

ners felt the Sentence of Death in their Souls, what Sounds of Diſtreſs did I hear! The greateſt Number of them who cried or fell, were Men: But ſome Women, and ſeveral Children, felt the Power of the ſame Almighty Spirit, and ſeemed juſt ſinking into Hell. This occaſioned a Mixture of various Sounds; ſome Shrieking, ſome Roaring aloud. The moſt general was a loud Breathing, like that of People half Strangled and gaſping for Life. And indeed almoſt all the Cries were like thoſe of Human Creatures, dying in bitter Anguiſh. Great Numbers wept without any Noiſe: Others fell down as dead: Some ſinking in Silence; ſome with extreme Noiſe and violent Agitation. I ſtood on the Pew Seat, as did a young Man in the oppoſite Pew, an able-bodied, freſh, healthy Countryman. But in a Moment, while he ſeemed to Think of nothing leſs, down he dropt with a Violence inconceivable. The adjoining Pews ſeemed ſhook with his Fall: I heard afterward the ſtamping of his Feet; ready to break the Boards, as he lay in ſtrong Convulſions, at the bottom of the Pew. Among ſeveral that were ſtruck down in the next Pew, was a Girl, who was as violently ſeized as him. When he fell, Mr. *B—ll* and I felt our Souls thrilled with a momentary Dread: As when one Man is killed by a Canon-Ball, another often feels the Wind of it.

Among the Children who felt the Arrows of the Almighty, I ſaw a ſturdy Boy, about eight Years old, who roared above his Fellows, and ſeemed in his Agony to ſtruggle with the Strength of a grown Man. His Face was red as Scarlet. And almoſt all on whom God laid his Hand, turned either very red, or almoſt black. When I returned, after a little Walk, to Mr. *B——e*'s Houſe, I found it full of People. He was fatigued, but ſaid, he would nevertheleſs give them a Word of Exhortation. I ſtayed in the next Room, and ſaw the Girl whom I had obſerved ſo peculiarly diſtreſt in the Church, lying on the Floor as one dead, but without any Ghaſtlineſs

neſs in her Face. In a few Minutes we were informed of a Woman filled with Peace and Joy, who was crying out juſt before. She had come thirteen Miles, and is the ſame Perſon, who dreamed Mr. *B.* would come to her Village, on that very Day, whereon he did come, tho' without either knowing the Place or the Way to it. She was convinced at that Time. Juſt as we heard of her Deliverance, the Girl on the Floor began to ſtir. She was then ſet in a Chair: and after Sighing a while, ſuddenly roſe up, rejoicing in God. Her Face was covered with the moſt beautiful Smile I ever ſaw. She frequently fell on her Knees, but was generally running to and fro, ſpeaking theſe and the like Words, "O, what can Jesus do for loſt Sinners! He has forgiven all my Sins! I am in Heaven! I am in Heaven! O how He loves *me!* And how I love Him?" Meantime I ſaw a thin, pale Girl, weeping with Sorrow for herſelf, and Joy for her Companion. Quickly the Smiles of Heaven came likewiſe on her, and her Praiſes joined with thoſe of the other. I alſo then laughed with extreme Joy: So did Mr. *B—ll*, (who ſaid, It was more than he could well bear.) So did all who knew the Lord, and ſome of thoſe who were waiting for Salvation: Till the Cries of them who were ſtruck with the Arrows of Conviction, were almoſt loſt in the Sounds of Joy.

Two or three well-dreſt young Women, who ſeemed careleſs before, now felt the Power of God, and cried out with a loud and bitter Cry. Mr. *B.* about this Time retired, and the Duke of *M*——, with Mr. *A*——*ll* came in. They ſeemed inclined to make a Diſturbance, but were reſtrained, and in a ſhort Time, quietly retired. We continued, praiſing God with all our might: and his Work went on as when Mr *B.* was exhorting. I had for ſome Time obſerved a young Woman all in Tears; but now her Countenance changed. The unſpeakable Joy appeared in her Face, which quick as Lightning was filled with Smiles, and became of a crimſon Colour.

About

About the ſame Time *John Keeling* of *Potton*, fell into an Agony. But he grew Calm in about a quarter of an Hour, tho' without a clear Senſe of Pardon.

IMMEDIATELY after, a Stranger well dreſt, who ſtood facing me, fell backward to the Wall; then forward on his Knees, wringing his Hands, and roaring like a Bull. His Face at firſt turned quite red, then almoſt black. He roſe, and ran againſt the Wall, 'till Mr. *Keeling* and another held him. He ſcreamed out "O what ſhall I do, what ſhall I do? O for one Drop of the Blood of CHRIST!" As he ſpoke, GOD ſet his Soul at Liberty; he knew his Sins were blotted out: And the Rapture he was in, ſeemed too great for Human Nature to bear. He had come forty Miles, to hear Mr. *B.* and was to leave him the next Morning; which he did with a glad Heart, telling all who came in his Way, what GOD had done for his Soul.

I OBSERVED about the Time that Mr. *Coe* (that was his Name) began to rejoice, a Girl, eleven or twelve Years old, exceeding poorly dreſt, who appeared to be as deeply wounded, and as deſirous of Salvation as any. But I loſt Sight of her, 'till I heard the joyful Sound, of another born in *Sion:* and found upon Enquiry, it was Her, the Poor, diſconſolate, Gypſy-looking Child. And now did I ſee ſuch a Sight, as I don't expect again on this Side Eternity. The Faces of the three Juſtified Children, and I think of all the Believers preſent, did really ſhine: And ſuch a Beauty, ſuch a Look of extreme Happineſs, and at the ſame Time of Divine Love and Simplicity, did I never ſee in Human Faces 'till now. The newly juſtified eagerly embraced one another, weeping on each others Necks for Joy. Then they ſaluted all of their own Sex, and beſought both Men and Women to help them in praiſing GOD.

I HAVE mentioned only one Man, two Women and three Children at this Time juſtified in the Houſe, but have perhaps omitted ſome. And it is probable, there was more than one juſtified at the Church, tho' but one came to ſpeak of it; for all are not equally free to glorify GOD in the midſt of his People. I wiſh all who

find

find the ſame Salvation with Mr. *Coe*, were as ready to proclaim redeeming Love!

Thurſday, 24. Mr. *B—ll* and I went to hear Mr. *H——s* at *Wreſtlingworth*, four Miles from *Everton*. We diſcourſed with him firſt, and were glad to hear, he had wholly given himſelf up to the glorious Work of God, and that the Power of the Higheſt fell upon his Hearers, as upon Mr. *B——e*'s. While he was preaching, fifteen or ſixteen Perſons felt the Arrows of the Lord and dropt down. A few of theſe cried out with the utmoſt Violence, and little Intermiſſion, for ſome Hours: While the reſt made no great Noiſe, but continued ſtruggling, as in the Pangs of Death. I obſerved beſides theſe one little Girl deeply convinced, and a Boy, nine or ten Years old. Both theſe, and ſeveral others, when carried into the Parſonage Houſe, either lay as dead, or ſtruggled with all their Might. But in a ſhort Time, their Cries increaſed beyond Meaſure, ſo that the loudeſt Singing could ſcarce be heard. Some at laſt called on me to pray, which I did: and for a Time all were calm. But the Storm ſoon began again. Mr. *H——s* then prayed, and afterward Mr. *B—ll*. But ſtill tho' ſome received Conſolation, others remained in deep Sorrow of Heart.

Upon the whole I remark, That few antient People experience any Thing of this Work of God; and ſcarce any of the Rich. Theſe generally ſhew either an utter Contempt of, or Enmity to it. Indeed ſo did Mr. *H——s* himſelf ſome Time ſince: Having ſo deep an Averſion to it that he denied the Sacrament to thoſe of his Pariſh, who went to hear Mr. *B——e*. Neither of theſe Gentlemen have much Eloquence, but ſeem rather weak in Speech: The Lord hereby more clearly ſhewing, That this is his own Work. It extends into *Cambridge-Shire*, to within a Mile of the Univerſity; and about as far into *Huntingdon Shire*; but flouriſhes moſt of all in the Eaſtern and Northern Parts of *Bedfordſhire*.

There were three Farmers, in three ſeveral Villages, who violently ſet themſelves to oppoſe it. And for a Time

Time they kept many from going to hear. But all three died in about a Month. One of them owned the Hand of the LORD was upon him, and beſought him in the bitterneſs of his Soul, to prolong his Life, vowing to hear Mr. *B.* himſelf. But the LORD would not be intreated.

THE violent Struggling of many in the above mentioned Churches, has broke ſeveral Pews and Benches. Yet it is common for People to remain unaffected there, and afterward drop down in their Way home. Some have been found lying as dead in the Road: Others, in Mr. *B——e's* Garden; not being able to Walk from the Church to his Houſe, tho' it is not two Hundred Yards.

I HAVE ſince received a Letter from Mr. *B.* an Extract of which I ſend you.

"ON *Sunday* Se'nnight, a Man of *Wyberſley*, a *Nathanael* indeed, was ſo filled with the Love of GOD during Morning Prayer, that he dropt down, and lay as one dead for two Hours. He had been ſo filled with Love all the Week before, that he was often for a Time unable to Work.

"ON *Sunday* Night laſt, as I was ſpeaking in my Houſe, there was a violent Outcry. One Soul was ſet at Liberty. We Sung near an Hour, and the LORD releaſed Three more out of Captivity.

"ON *Monday* Se'nnight Mr. *H—ks* accompanied me to *Meldred.* On the Way we called at a Farmer's Houſe. After Dinner I went into his Yard, and ſeeing near an Hundred and Fifty People, I called for a Table, and preached, for the firſt Time, in the open Air. Two Perſons were ſeized with ſtrong Convictions, fell down, and cried out moſt bitterly. We then went to *Meldred*, where I preached in a Field, to about 4000 People. In the Morning at Five Mr. *H—ks* preached in the ſame Field, to about a Thouſand. And now the Preſence of the LORD was wonderfully among us. There was Abundance of Weeping and ſtrong crying. And I truſt, beſide many that were ſlightly wounded, near thirty received true Heart-felt Conviction. At Ten we returned,

returned, and called again at the Farmer's Houſe. Seeing about a Dozen People in the Brew-houſe, I ſpoke a few Words. Immediately the Farmer's Daughter, dropt down in ſtrong Convictions. Another alſo was miſerably torn by *Satan*; but ſet at Liberty before I had done Prayer. At four I preached in my own Houſe, and God gave the Spirit of Adoption to another Mourner.

"On *Monday* laſt I went to *Shelford*, four Miles from *Cambridge*, near twenty from *Everton*. The Journey made me quite ill, being ſo weary with Riding, that I was obliged to walk Part of the Way. When I came thither, a Table was ſet for me on the Common; and to my great Surprize, I found near Ten Thouſand People round it, among whom were many Gownſmen from *Cambridge*. I was hardly able to ſtand on my Feet, and extremely hoarſe with a Cold. When I lifted up my Foot, to get on the Table, an horrible Dread overwhelmed me. But the Moment I was fixt thereon, I ſeemed as unconcerned as a Statue. I gave out my Text, (*Gal.* iii. 10, 11.) and made a Pauſe, to think of ſomething pretty to ſet off with; but the Lord ſo confounded me, (as indeed it was meet; for I was ſeeking, not his Glory, but my own) that I was in a perfect Labyrinth, and found if I did not begin immediately, I muſt go down without ſpeaking. So I broke out with the firſt Word that occurred, not knowing whether I ſhould be able to add any more. Then the Lord opened my Mouth, enabling me to ſpeak near an Hour, without any Kind of Perplexity; and ſo loud that every one might hear: The Audience behaved with great Decency. When Sermon was over, I found myſelf ſo cool and eaſy, ſo chearful in Spirit, and wonderfully ſtrengthened in Body, I went into an Houſe, and ſpoke again near an Hour, to about Two Hundred People. In the Morning I preached again to about a Thouſand; Mr. *H—s* engaged to preach in *Orwell* Field on *Tueſday* Evening. I gave Notice, that I deſigned to preach on *Monday* Se'nnight at *Grandcheſter*, a Mile from *Cambridge*.

"Mr. *H—s* and I have agreed to go into *Hertfordſhire*; afterwards to ſeparate, and go round the Neighbourhood,

hood, preaching in the Fields, wherever a Door is opened, three or four Days in every Week—."

Believe me,

Your affectionate Servant,

J. B.

Friday, June 1. The Rain began when we took Horſe, and attended us all the Way to *Berwick*. When I was tolerably dry, I ſent to the Mayor, who readily granted the Uſe of the Town-hall. Here I preached about Seven to a drowſy Congregation on *Why will ye die, O Houſe of Iſrael?* And again a little after Seven in the Morning, on *I would thou wert either hot or cold.* In the Evening I preached in the Court-houſe at *Alnwick*, to a People of quite another Spirit: *Having* the Power as well as *the Form of Godlineſs*, and panting after the whole Image of God.

Whitſunday, 3. I preached at Eight in the Court-houſe, but it was much crouded and exceeding hot. So in the Afternoon I went to the *Croſs*, and cried aloud, in the Name of my Maſter, *If any Man thirſt, let him come unto me and drink.*

Monday, 4. I preached in *Placey* Square at One, to an earneſt, loving Congregation, and enquired of one of them, *James Gillies*, concerning a Report I had heard the Day before. He informed me, That "when he was a little Child, he had juſt learned his Chriſt-Croſs Row. But this he ſoon forgot. Between twenty and thirty he was deeply convinced of Sin: At which Time feeling a ſtrong Perſuaſion he could read, he went into a Neighbour's Houſe, took up a Bible, and read diſtinctly, which he has done ever ſince."

After preaching I rode on to *Newcaſtle*. Certainly if I did not believe there was another World, I ſhould ſpend all my Summers here, as I know no Place in *Great-Britain*, comparable to it for Pleaſantneſs. But I ſeek another Country, and therefore am content to be a Wanderer upon Earth.

Wedneſday, 6. I preached at *Gateſhead-Fell*, to a numerous

merous Congregation. In Earneſtneſs the Colliers of *Gateſhead* utterly ſhame the Colliers of *Kingſwood:* Scarce thirty of whom think it worth while to hear the Word of God on a Week-day! Not even when I preach. And here the Houſe will ſcarce contain the Week-day Congregation of a Local Preacher!

Saturday, 9. I rode to *Sunderland*, and preached in the Shell of their Houſe. The People of this Town likewiſe are hungry for the Word, and receive it with all Gladneſs. *Sunday*, 10. The Houſe contained us at Eight; but at One I was obliged to ſtand in the great Street, and declare to an attentive Multitude, *Ye muſt be born again.* In the Evening I preached to ſome Thouſands at *Newcaſtle*, near the Keelmen's Hoſpital; if haply God might bring back ſome of them who ran well many Years ago.

Wedneſday, 13. After preaching at the *Fell*, I rode to *Cheſter*. The Congregation was deeply ſerious, both in the Evening, and at five in the Morning. Thence we croſſed the Country to *Newlands*, where I was met by poor *John Brown*, who has refrained from preaching, till he is fallen into deep Deſpair. I preached on *I will heal their Backſliding*. But the Word did not reach his Heart.

I never ſaw near ſo large a Congregation at *Sheephill*, as we had at Six in the Evening. What is wanting in this whole Country? Only more Labourers.

Saturday, 16. I rode to *Widdrington*, and preached at One to a Congregation gathered from all Parts. The Court-houſe at *Alnwick* was pretty well filled in the Evening; And in the Morning, *Sunday*, 17. We had a found uſeful Sermon at Church, and a ſerious, well-behaved Congregation. I preached in the Market-place about five. And I truſt God applied the Word, *Ye muſt be born again.*

Monday, 18. Having an uneaſy Horſe, I was tired enough when we came into *Morpeth*. But after reſting a while, I was ſtrengthened to preach *Chriſt crucified*, in the Market-place, to ſuch a Congregation as was never

 ſeen

ſeen there before. And a ſolemn Awe ſeemed to ſit on every Face, Officers and Gentlemen, as well as common People. After preaching at *Placey*, in the Evening, I rode back to *Newcaſtle*.

Wedneſday, 20. I endeavoured to compoſe the little Differences, which had much hurt the poor People at *Gateſhead Fell*. O what Zeal, what Prudence and Patience are requiſite, to *bear the Manners* of an untoward People, and to train them up in Chriſtian Diſcipline, *'till they come to the Full Stature of Chriſt!*

Thurſday, 21. I preached at *Nafferton* at One. As I was riding thence, one ſtopped me on the Road and ſaid, "Sir, Do not you remember, when you was at *Pruddoe* two Years ſince, you Breakfaſted at *Thomas Newton*'s? I am his Siſter. You looked upon me, as you was going out, and ſaid, "Be in earneſt." I knew not then what Earneſtneſs meant, nor had any Thought about it. But the Words ſunk into my Heart, ſo that I could never reſt any more, till I ſought and found CHRIST."

Friday, 22. I rode to *S———k*, and preached to my old Congregation of Colliers, on *Why wilt ye die, O Houſe of Iſrael?* After preaching, a Servant of Mr ——— came and ſaid, "Sir, my Maſter diſcharges you from preaching any more on his Ground: Not out of any Diſreſpect to *You*: But he will *ſtand by the Church*:" "Simple Maſter *Shallow*!" As *Shakeſpear* has it: Wiſe Maſter Rector, his Counſellor!

Saturday, 23. I ſpoke to each of the Society in *Sunderland*. Moſt of the Robbers, commonly called *Smugglers*, have left us. But more than twice the Number of honeſt People are already come in their Place. And if none had come, yet ſhould I not dare to keep thoſe who *ſteal* either from the King or Subject.

Sunday, 24. I preached in the Street at Eight; About One at *South-Shields*, and at Five in *North-Shields*. The greateſt Part of them ſeemed to hear, as for their Lives. So are theſe Lions alſo become Lambs. O for zealous, active,

active, faithful Labourers! How *white are the Fields unto the Harvest!*

On *Monday* and *Wednesday* Evening I preached abroad, near the Keelmen's Hospital, to twice the People we should have had at the House. What marvel, the Devil does not love Field-preaching? Neither do I: I love a commodious Room, a soft Cushion, an handsome Pulpit. But where is my Zeal, if I do not trample all these under Foot, in order to save one more Soul?

Thursday, 28. We had the General Meeting of the Stewards, by whom I found the Societies in this Circuit, still contain about Eighteen Hundred Members. I hope not many of these will be choaked by the Thorns!

Friday, 29. About Eleven I set out for *Swalwell*, in a fair, mild Morning. But in Half an Hour the Rain poured down, so that in a few Minutes I was wet from Head to Foot. And when I came thither, where to preach I knew not; for the House would not contain a Third of the People. Just then the Dissenting Minister sent, to offer me the Use of his Meeting House. I went thither without Delay. There was a large Congregation, and a Blessing in the Midst of them.

Saturday, 30. I preached in *Winlington* at Noon. The Sun was very hot, and shone full upon my Head. But the Wind was very high and very cold; so that the one tempered the other, while I was declaring the Grace of God, to a well-meaning Multitude, who know little as yet, but are willing to know *the Truth as it is in Jesus*. I preached at *Sheephill* in the Evening and returned to *Newcastle* as fresh as I was in the Morning.

Sunday, *July* 1. Between Eight and Nine, I preached to a quiet Multitude in *Gateshead*. At Two I preached in the *Fell*, to the largest Congregation, which had ever been seen there: And in the Evening, near the Keelmen's Hospital, to full as many as my Voice would reach. It was a Season of Love; And God caused the Mountains to flow down at his Presence.

While the Society was gathering, I went to a young

Woman, who was ſome Days ſince ſuddenly ſtruck with what they called *Madneſs*. And ſo it was; but a Diabolical Madneſs; as plainly appeared from numerous Circumſtances. However after we had been at Prayer, ſhe fell aſleep, and never raged or blaſphemed after.

Monday, 2. I rode to *Durham*, and went at One to the Meadow by the River-ſide, where I preached two Years ago. The Congregation was now larger by one half; but the Sun was ſo ſcorching hot upon my Head, that I was ſcarce able to ſpeak. I pauſed a little, and deſired, God would provide us a Covering, if it was for his Glory. In a Moment it was done: A Cloud covered the Sun, which troubled us no more. Ought *voluntary Humility* to conceal theſe palpable Proofs, that God ſtill *beareth the Prayer?*

Between two and three we took Horſe. The Sun now ſhone again, and with ſo intenſe an Heat, that I know not how we could have endured it, but that the Wind came in our Face, by the Help of which we got pretty well to *Hartlepool*. I ſuppoſe we had all the Town with us in the Evening, either in the Street or the adjoining Houſes. And God was pleaſed to touch the Hearts of many, even among this dull, heavy, ſleepy People.

Tueſday, 3. I wrote to Dr. *Taylor* as follows:

Hartlepool, July 3, 1759.

Rev. Sir,

"I esteem you, as a Perſon of uncommon Senſe and Learning: But your Doctrine I cannot eſteem. And ſome Time ſince I believed it my Duty, to ſpeak my Sentiments at large, concerning your Doctrine of *Original Sin*. When Mr. *Newton* of *Liverpoole* mentioned this, and aſked, Whether you deſigned to anſwer, you ſaid, "You thought not; for it would only be a *perſonal Controverſy*, between *Jo. W—y* and *Jo. T—r*." How gladly, if I durſt, would I accept of this Diſcharge, from ſo unequal a Conteſt? For I am thoroughly ſenſible, humanly ſpeaking, it is *formica contra Leonem*. How gladly,

ly, were it indeed no other, than a *Perſonal* Controverſy? But certainly, it is not: It is a Controverſy *dere*, if ever there was one in the World. Indeed, concerning a Thing of the higheſt Importance; Nay, all the Things that concern our Eternal Peace. It is, *Chriſtianity* or *Heatheniſm?* For take away the Scriptural Doctrine of Redemption or Juſtification, and that of the New Birth, the Beginning of Sanctification, or which amounts to the ſame, explain them as You do, ſuitably to your Doctrine of Original Sin; and what is Chriſtianity better than Heatheniſm? Wherein (ſave in rectifying ſome of our *Notions*) has the Religion of St. *Paul* any Pre-eminence over that of *Socrates* or *Epictetus?*

THIS is therefore to my Apprehenſion, the leaſt a *Perſonal Controverſy* of any in the whole World: Your Perſon and mine, are out of the Queſtion: *The Point* is, Are *thoſe Things* that have been believed for many Ages, throughout the Chriſtian World, real, ſolid *Truths*, or *Monkiſh Dreams* and vain Imaginations?

BUT farther, It is certain, between You and Me there need be no *perſonal* Controverſy at all. For we may agree, to leave each other's Perſon and Character, abſolutely untouched, while we ſum up and anſwer the ſeveral Arguments advanced, as plainly and cloſely as we can.

EITHER I or You miſtake the whole of Chriſtianity from the Beginning to the End! Either my Scheme or Yours is as contrary to the Scriptural as the *Koran* is. Is it mine or Yours? Yours has gone through all *England*, and made numerous Converts. I attack it from End to End: Let all *England* judge, Whether it can be defended, or not?

EARNESTLY praying, that GOD may give You and me a right Underſtanding in all Things."

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your Servant for Chriſt's Sake,
J W.

Wednesday, 4. Mr. *Jones* preached at Five, I at Eight. Toward the Close of the Sermon, a queer, dirty, clumsy Man, I suppose a Country Wit, took a great deal of Pains to disturb the Congregation. When I had done, fearing he might hurt those which were gathered about him, I desired two or three of our Brethren, to go to him, one after the other, and not say much themselves, but let him Talk till he was weary. They did so, but without Effect, as his Fund of Ribaldry seemed inexhaustible. *W. A.* then tried another Way. He got into the Circle close to him, and listening a while, said, "That is pretty: Pray say it over again." "What are you deaf?" "No: but for the Entertainment of the People. Come: We are all Attention." After repeating this twice or thrice, the Wag could not stand it, but with two or three Curses walked clear off.

In the Evening, I began near *Stockton* Market-Place, as usual. I had hardly finished the Hymn, when I observed the People in great Confusion, which was occasioned by a Lieutenant of a Man of War, who had chosen that Time to bring his Press-Gang, and ordered them to take *Joseph Jones* and *William Alwood*. *Joseph Jones* telling him, "Sir, I belong to Mr. *Wesley*," after a few Words, he let him go: As he did likewise *William Alwood*, after a few Hours, understanding he was a licensed Preacher. He likewise seized upon a young Man of the Town. But the Women rescued him by main Strength. They also broke the Lieutenant's Head, and so stoned both him and his Men, that they ran away with all Speed.

Friday, 6. I rode on to *Yarm*. The Heat of the Day was hardly to be borne. But in the Evening it was extremely pleasant. And the whole Congregation were deeply serious.

At One I was at *Hutton-Rudby*, six Miles South of *Yarm*, where they have just built a Preaching-house. But it would not contain a Fourth of the Congregation, and what Place to chuse I could not tell, no Shade being at Hand, and the Sun shining near as Hot as it used to do in *Georgia*. Finding no other Way,

Way, I ſtood in the Street, near an Houſe, which ſheltered ſome of the People. The reſt ſeemed not to know whether it was Hot or Cold: God ſo plenteouſly refreſhed their Souls. Much the ſame Congregation was at *Potto* in the Evening: And with the ſame Bleſſing.

Having preached conſiderably longer both at Noon and Night than I am accuſtomed to do, I was ſo hoarſe in the Morning, *Sunday*, 8. that I knew not what I ſhould do to go thro' the Work of the Day. However I began it, by preaching on the Green at *Stokeſley*, to a Multitude of People. Thence I rode to *Gifborough*, at the Foot of the Mountains. The Sun would have been unſupportable, but that we had a ſtrong Wind full in our Face, for the greateſt Part of the Day. At Twelve we had a lovely Congregation, in a Meadow near the Town, who drank in every Word that was ſpoken, as the thriſty Earth the Showers. The Sixteen Miles, ſo called, from hence to *Robin-hoods Bay*, took us between five and ſix Hours riding: So that when I came thither, I was quite exhauſted. However I went to the Key, where a large Congregation was waiting. And all behaved well, but an honeſt Tar, who was much diſturbed at my ſaying, "No Man is delivered from the Fear of Death, but he that fears God."

Tueſday, 10. We took Horſe at half Hour paſt Three, and rode over the huge Mountains to *Scarborough*. I began to preach near the main Street at Seven. The Congregation was large, and ſome of them wild enough. But in a ſhort Time all were quiet and ſtill. Nor did I hear one unkind Word when I had done.

In the Afternoon I rode to *York*, where I thought to reſt a few Days, being almoſt worn out. But it was judged quite neceſſary, I ſhould go to *Hull* leſt the little Flock ſhould be diſcouraged. So on *Friday*, 13. I ſet out early, and reached *Pocklington* between Eight and Nine. The laſt Time I was here, they rung the Bells, in order to drown my Voice. But he who then

then paid the Ringers is run away. So I had a quiet and ſerious Audience. I had a far *finer* Congregation at *Hull*. So for once, *the* Rich *have the Gospel preached!*

At Night *Charles Delamotte* called upon me, and ſeemed to be the ſame loving, ſimple Man ſtill. I ſhould not repent my Journey to *Hull*, were it only for this ſhort Interview.

Saturday, 14. I preached at Eight in Mr. *Helton's* Yard, near the great Street in *Beverley*; and was ſurprized to ſee ſo quiet and civil a Congregation, where we expected nothing leſs. All the Men were uncovered, and the whole Audience was attentive, from beginning to End: Nor did one Perſon give us a rude Word, while we rode from one End of the Town to the other. This, with the large and earneſt Congregation at *York* in the Evening, made me forget all my Labour.

Sunday, 15. I began reading to the Society an Account of the late Work of God at *Everton*. But I could not get thro'. At firſt there were only ſilent Tears on every Side. But it was not long, before ſeveral were unable to refrain from weeping aloud. And quickly a ſtout young Man dropt down, and roared as in the Agonies of Death. I did not attempt to read any farther, but began wreſtling with God in Prayer. We continued herein till near Nine o'Clock. What a Day of Jubilee was this!

Tueſday, 17. I left *York*, and about Noon preached at *Tadcaſter*. Diſtant Thunder did not leſſen the Number, but increaſed the Serioufneſs of the Congregation, who appeared intirely different from those I ſaw here two Years ago.

At Seven in the Evening I preached to an immense Congregation, at the Foot of an high Mountain near *Otley*. *Wedneſday*, 18. I rode on to Mr. *Marſhal's* at *Guiſeley*, the *Capua* of *Yorkſhire*.

Hic nemus, hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata.

'Tis well, God is here: Or who could bear it?

Henc

Hence we rode to *Kighley*, where is a loving, earneſt, well-eſtabliſhed People. Here many of our Preachers met me, and many of our Brethren : and God was with us in all our Aſſemblies.

Friday, 20. We went on to *Coln*, (formerly, I ſuppoſe, a *Roman Colony)* Situate on the Top of an high, round Hill, at the Edge of *Pendel*-Foreſt. I preached at Eleven in an open Space, not far from the main Street. And I have ſeldom ſeen a more attentive or decently behaved Congregation. How is the Scene changed, ſince the Drunken Mob of this Town, uſed to be a Terror to all the Country ?

We rode to *Broad-Clough* in the Afternoon, a lone Houſe in the midſt of the *Lancaſhire* Mountains. The People came in from all Quarters, and it was a Seaſon of great Refreſhment. Among the reſt was Mr. *M—r.* who gave us an Account of his late Trials. I wonder the Butcher (*Doctor* ſo called) to whom he was committed, did not Murder him. He took true Pains ſo to do. But his Chain did not reach ſo far.

Saturday, 21. Mr. *Grimſhaw* led us to *Gawkſham*, another lone Houſe, on the Side of an enormous Mountain. The Congregation ſtood and ſat, Row above Row, in the Sylvan Theatre. I believe nothing on the Poſtdiluvian Earth can be more pleaſant, than the Road from hence, between huge, ſteep Mountains, cloathed with Wood to the Top, and waſhed at the Bottom by a clear, winding Stream. At Four I preached to a very large Congregation at *Heptonſtall*, and thence rode on to *Haworth*.

Sunday, 22. At Ten Mr. *Milner* read Prayers. But the Church would not near contain the Congregation. So after Prayers, I ſtood on a Scaffold cloſe to the Church, and the Congregation in the Church Yard. The Communicants alone filled the Church. In the Afternoon the Congregation was nearly doubled. And yet moſt of theſe were not curious Hearers, but Men fearing God.

Monday, 23. I preached near *Huddersfield*, to the wildeſt Congregation I have ſeen in *Yorkſhire*. Yet they

they were reſtrained by an unſeen Hand, and I believe ſome felt the Sharpneſs of his Word. I preached at *Halifax* in the Evening: But the Preaching-houſe was like an Oven. *Tueſday*, 24. The Houſe was well filled at Five. About Seven in the Evening I preached at *Bradford*, at the Door of the Houſe, as it could not contain one Half of the Congregation. *Wedneſday*, 25. I talked with moſt of thoſe, whom *Edward Hales* had torn from their Brethren. Juſt as he was coming to widen the Breach, it pleaſed God to take him to himſelf. The Wanderers were now willing to return, and I received them again, I truſt, for ever.

Thurſday, 26. I preached in *Gilderſam* at Noon, and at *Morley* in the Evening. A Flame is ſuddenly broke out here, where it was leaſt of all expected. And it ſpreads wider and wider. When God *will* Work, who is able to ſtay his Hand?

Sunday, 29. I preached about Eight at *Birſtal*. The Congregation covered a great Part of the Field, and my Voice was exceedingly ſtrengthened, ſo that I believe all could hear. At One I inforced thoſe ſolemn Words on an immenſe Multitude, *This is Life eternal, to know Thee the only true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST whom Thou haſt ſent.*

I shall eaſily be excuſed for adding here a farther Account, of the Work of God in and near *Everton*. "On *Monday, July* 9. I ſet out, and on *Wedneſday* Noon reached *Potton*, where I rejoiced at the Account given by *John Keeling* of himſelf and others. He *was* Juſtified, it ſeems, on that memorable Sabbath, but had not a clear Witneſs of it 'till ten Days after: About which Time his Siſter, (who was on that Day in great Diſtreſs) was alſo ſet at Liberty. I diſcourſed alſo with *Ann Thorn*, who told me of much Heavineſs following the Viſions with which ſhe had been favoured: But ſaid, She was at Intervals viſited ſtill with much Overpowering Love and Joy, eſpecially at the Lord's-Supper, that ſhe often lay in a Trance for many Hours. She is Twenty-one Years old.

We

We were ſoon after called into the Garden, where *Patty Jenkins*, (one of the ſame Age) was ſo overwhelmed with the Love of God, that ſhe ſunk down, and appeared as one in a pleaſant Sleep, only with her Eyes open. Yet She had often juſt Strength to utter, with a low Voice, Ejaculations of Joy and Praiſe: But no Words coming up to what ſhe felt, ſhe frequently laughed while ſhe ſaw his Glory. This is quite unintelligible to many: For a Stranger intermeddleth not with our Joy. So it was to Mr. *M*——, who doubted whether God or the Devil, had filled her with Love and Praiſe. O the Depth of Human Wiſdom! Mr. *R*—— the mean Time was filled with a ſolemn Awe. I no ſooner ſat down by her, than the Spirit of God poured the ſame Bleſſedneſs into my Soul. Hers continued till the Time we were to ſet out for *Cockin Hatley*. Then her Strength was reſtored in a Moment, and we walked together, Sixteen in Number, Singing to the Lord as we went along.

Mr. *Hickes* preached an excellent Sermon, on the *Strait Gate*. The next Morning, *Thurſday*, 12. he gave me Leave, to take an Extract from his Journal. But I had only Time to write the Occurrences of one Morning, as follows.

" *June* 6. 1759. I ſpoke this Morning at *Orwell*, on *Iſaiah* lv. 1. One who had been before convinced of Sin, fell down in a Kind of Fit, and broke out, in great Anguiſh of Soul, calling on the Lord Jesus for Salvation. He wrought, as in the Agonies of Death, and was quite bathed in Sweat. He beat the Chair againſt which he kneeled, as one whoſe Soul drew nigh unto Hell. His Countenance then cleared up at once, and we hoped he would be preſently ſet at Liberty. But on a ſudden he was more diſtreſt than ever, being in the ſharpeſt Conflict. Every Muſcle of his Body was in ſtrong Agitation, as if Nature was juſt diſſolving. I never ſaw any Convulſion Fit ſo violent; but in a Moment God diſpelled the Cloud. His Face was again covered with Smiles, and he ſpake, as ſeeing the Lord near him. He cried unto him, and the Lord hearing, pronounced him freely forgiven. At that Inſtant he clapped

clapped his Hands and cried aloud, "JESUS is mine! He is *my* Saviour!" His Soul was in Peace; neither did he find the leaſt Bodily Pain or Soreneſs. I aſked, "For what would you undergo this again?" He ſaid, "Not for all the World. But I would ſuffer more, rather than be without CHRIST. Yea, for his Sake, I would Suffer all Things." *An unwiſe Man doth not conſider this: A Fool doth not underſtand it.*"

THIS Morning *Ann Simpſon*, aged Sixteen or Seventeen, lay near an Hour in the utmoſt Diſtreſs, ſhrieking out, "CHRIST! CHRIST!" and no other Word; her Face all the Time being violently diſtorted. I left her a while, but could ſcarce ſit down, before I heard the Voice of Praiſe. I went, and found her Heavineſs turned into Joy, even the joyful Aſſurance that *her* Sins were pardoned. She ſprang by me to a young Woman, who lay in a Kind of Trance, and claſped her in her Arms, breathing forth Praiſe to GOD. I retired again, but had not been long ſeated, e'er ſhe came in, running to me in a Tranſport of Praiſe. I aſked her, "Why ſhe cried out continually, CHRIST, CHRIST!" She anſwered, "I thought myſelf at that Time on a little Iſland, and ſaw Satan in a hideous Form, juſt ready to devour me, Hell all round open to receive me, and myſelf ready to drop in, while no Help appeared, nor any Way to eſcape. But juſt as I was dropping in the LORD appeared, between me and the great Gulf; and would not let me fall into it. As ſoon as I ſaw Him, all my Trouble was gone, and all the Pain I felt before. And ever ſince I have been light and joyful, and filled with the Love of GOD."

So far Mr. *Hickes:* Who told me, He was firſt convinced of Sin, *Auguſt* 1. 1758; and finding Peace in about ſix Weeks, firſt preached the Goſpel on *September*, 17. From that Time he was accounted a Fool and a Mad man! About four Thouſand Souls ſeem to have been awakened by Mr. *B.* and him within this Twelve-months.

Friday, 13. Mr. *R*——, as well as Mr. *M*——, was in doubt, concerning the Work of GOD here. But

this

this Morning they were both fully convinced, while *Alice Miller*, the little pale Girl, justified *May* 20, (who is in the Sixteenth) and *Molly Raymund*, who is in the Twelvth Year of her Age, related their Experience, their artless Confidence confirming all their Words. We walked this Forenoon to *Tadlow* in *Cambridgeshire*, to hear Mr. *B*; but came too late for the Sermon. However the Account we received of the wonderful Works of God, in this and the neighbouring Places, were Matter of great rejoicing to *me*, as are all Manifestations of the World to come.

Saturday, 14. Mr. *B*. being ill, desired *me* to exhort a few People, in his House: Which the Lord enabled me to do, with such Ease and Power, that I was quite amazed. The next Morning at Seven his Servant *Caleb Price*, spoke to about two Hundred People. The Lord was wonderfully present: More than Twenty Persons feeling the Arrows of Conviction. Several fell to the Ground: Some of whom seemed dead; others, in the Agonies of Death; the Violence of their bodily Convulsions, exceeding all Description. There was also great crying and agonizing in Prayer, mixt with deep and deadly Groans on every Side.

When Sermon was ended, One brought good Tidings to Mr. *B*. from *Grandchester*: That God had there *broken down* Seventeen Persons last Week by the singing of Hymns only: And that a Child, seven Years old, sees many Visions, and astonishes the Neighbours, with her innocent, awful Manner of declaring them.

While Mr. *B*. preached in the Church, I stood with many in the Church-Yard, to make Room for those who came from far. Therefore I *saw* little, but *heard* the agonizing of many, panting and gasping after Eternal Life. In the Afternoon Mr. *B*. was constrained by the Multitude of People, to come out of the Church and preach in his own Close. Some of those who were here pricked to the Heart, were affected in an astonishing Manner. The first Man I saw wounded, would have droped; but others catching him in their Arms, did indeed prop him up, but were so far from keeping him

ſtill, that he cauſed all of them to totter and tremble. His own Shaking exceeded that of a Cloth in the Wind. It ſeemed as if the LORD came upon him like a Giant, taking him by the Neck, and ſhaking all his Bones in Pieces. One Woman tore up the Ground with her Hands, filling them with Duſt and with the hard-trodden Graſs: On which I ſaw her lie, with her Hands clinched, as one dead when the Multitude diſperſed. Another roared and ſcreamed in a more dreadful Agony than ever I heard before. I omitted the rejoicing of Believers, becauſe of their Number, and the frequency thereof: Tho' the Manner was ſtrange; ſome of them being quite overpowered with Divine Love, and only ſhewing enough of Natural Life to let us know, they were overwhelmed with Joy and Life Eternal. Some continued long as if they were dead, but with a calm Sweetneſs in their Looks. I ſaw One, who lay two or three Hours in the open Air, and being then carried into the Houſe, continued inſenſible another Hour, as if actually dead. The firſt Sign of Life ſhe ſhewed was a Rapture of Praiſe, intermixt with a ſmall joyous Laughter.

Monday, 16. Mr. *B.* this Evening preached in his Houſe, where I obſerved *Molly Raymund* leaning all the while as if aſleep. But an Hour or two after ſhe deſired to ſpeak with him. I wondered, ſhe was not gone Home, and was concerned, that ſo little a Girl ſhould have ſo far to go in the Dark without Company. But Mr. *B.* told me, Neither ſhe nor the other juſtified Children were afraid of any Thing.

Tueſday, 17. We walked toward *Harlſton*, near which Mr. *B.* overtook us. He was greatly fatigued and dejected, and ſaid, "I am now ſo weak, I muſt leave off Field-preaching." Nevertheleſs he caſt himſelf on the LORD, and ſtood up to preach, having near three Thouſand Hearers. He was very weak at firſt, and ſcarce able to ſpeak: But GOD ſoon performed his Promiſe, imparting new Strength to him, and cauſing him to ſpeak with mighty Power. A great ſhaking was among the dry Bones. Inceſſant were the Cries, Groans

wringing

wringing of Hands, and Prayers of Sinners, now first convinced of their deplorable State. After preaching he was lively and strong, so that the Closeness of a crowded Room, neither affected his Breath, nor hindered his rejoicing over two Children, one about Eight, the other about six Years old, who were crying aloud to God for Mercy.

Not only *Harlston*, but *Stapleford* and *Triplow*, to which Mr. *B.* was now going, were Places in which he had never preached the Gospel, and probably never would have done, had it not been for the thundering Sermons made against him, from their several Pulpits. So does *Satan* frequently overshoot himself, and occasion the Downfall of his own Kingdom.

I had been very ill the preceding Week. Wherefore last Night I had Recourse to God in Prayer: And this Morning, instead of rising with Difficulty at Eight or Nine, as I had usually done, I rose with Ease at Five; and instead of losing my Strength in a Mile or Two, I walked Eighteen, without any Weakness or Weariness.

Wednesday, 18. We called at the House, where Mr. *B.* had been preaching in the Morning, and found several there rejoicing in God, and several Mourning after him. While I prayed with them, many crouded into the House, some of whom burst into a strange, involuntary Laughter, so that my Voice could scarce be heard, and when I strove to speak louder, a sudden Hoarseness seized me. Then the Laughter increased. I perceived it was from *Satan*, and resolved to pray on. Immediately the Lord rebuked him; that Laughter was at an End, and so was my Hoarseness. A vehement Wrestling with God ran through the whole Company, whether sorrowful or rejoicing: 'Till beside the three young Women of the House, one young Man, and a Girl about Eleven Years old, who had been counted one of the wickedest in *Harlston*, were exceedingly blest with the Consolations of God.

Among those under Conviction was an elderly Woman, who had been a Scoffer at the Gospel, and a keen Ridiculer of all that cried out: But she now cried louder than any present. Another I observed, who had known

the LORD above five and twenty Years. When Mr. *B.* first brought the Gospel to her Ears, she was filled with Gladness: Knowing, this was the same Salvation, which GOD had long ago brought to her Heart.

WE walked hence to the Middle of *Shelford* Moor; and seeing no Person but a young Woman who kept Sheep, the Solitude invited us to stop and sing an Hymn: The Sound whereof reaching her, she came up slowly, weeping as she came, and then stood by a Brook of Water, overagainst us, with the Tears running down her Cheeks apace. We sung another Hymn for this Mourner in *Sion*, and wrestled for her with GOD in Prayer. But he did not yet comfort her. And indeed I have observed of the People in General who hear Mr. *B.* their Convictions are not only deep and violent, but last a long Time. Wherefore those that are offended at them who rejoice, should consider how terrible a Cup they received first. Now they are all Light: But they well remember the Darkness and Misery, the Wormwood and the Gall.

WE met Mr. *B.* at *Stapleford*, five Miles from *Cambridge*. His Heart was particularly set on this People, because he was Curate here five or six Years; but never preached a Gospel Sermon among them till this Evening. About 1500 Persons met in a Close to hear him, great Part of whom were Laughers and Mockers. The Work of GOD however quickly began among them that were serious: while not a few endeavoured to make Sport, by mimicking the Gestures of them that were wounded. Both these and those who rejoiced in GOD, gave great Offence to some stern-looking Men, who vehemently demanded to have those Wretches Horse-whipt out of the Close. Need we wonder at this, when several of his own People, are unwilling to let GOD work in his own Way? And well may *Satan* be enraged at the Cries of the People, and the Prayers they make in the Bitterness of their Souls: Seeing we know these are the chief Times at which *Satan* is cast out.

HOWEVER in a while many of the Scoffers were weary and went away. The rest continued as insensible as before. I had long been walking round the Multitude

Multitude, feeling a Jealouſy for my God, and praying him to make the Place of his Feet glorious. My Patience at laſt began to fail, and I prayed, "O King of Glory, break ſome of them in Pieces; but let it be to the ſaving of their Souls." I had but juſt ſpoke, when I heard a dreadful Noiſe, on the farther Side of the Congregation, and turning thither ſaw one *Thomas Skinner* coming forward, the moſt horrible human Figure I ever ſaw. His large Wig and Hair were Coal-black; his Face diſtorted beyond all Deſcription. He roared inceſſantly, throwing and clapping his Hands together with his whole Force. Several were terrified, and haſted out of his Way. I was glad to hear him, after a while, pray aloud. Not a few of the Triflers grew ſerious; while his Kindred and Acquaintance, were very unwilling to believe even their own Eyes and Ears. They would fain have got him away; but he fell to the Earth, crying, "My Burden! My Burden! I cannot bear it!" Some of his Brother Scoffers were calling for Horſe-whips, till they ſaw him extended on his Back at full Length. They then ſaid, he was dead. And indeed the only Sign of Life was the Working of his Breaſt, and the Diſtortions of his Face, while the Veins of his Neck were ſwelled, as if ready to burſt. He was juſt before the chief Captain of *Satan*'s Forces: None was by Nature more fitted for Mockery. None could ſwear more heroically, to whip out of the Cloſe, all who were affected by the Preaching. His Agonies laſted ſome Hours. Then his Body and Soul were eaſed.

When Mr. *B.* had refreſhed himſelf a little, he returned to the Cloſe, and bid the Multitude take Warning by *Skinner*, who ſtill lay roaring and tormented on the Ground. All the People were now deeply ſerious: And ſeveral Hundreds, inſtead of going when Mr. *B.* diſmiſt them, ſtayed in Mr. *Jennings*'s Yard. Many of theſe, eſpecially Men, were truly broken in Heart. Mr. *B.* talked with as many as could come into the Houſe: And ſeeing what Numbers ſtood hungring without, ſent me Word to pray with them. This was a grie-

ram's Cross: I knew it was the LORD's Will, but felt such Weakness of Body and sinking of Spirit, and was withal so hoarse, that I supposed few could hear, out of some Hundreds who stood before me. However I attempted: And in a Moment the LORD poured upon me such a Spirit of Supplication, and gave me so clear, strong an Utterance that it seemed I was another Man: A farther Instance, that the Servants of GOD are not sent a Warfare, on *their own* Charge.

No sooner had I finished than we were called to see *John Dennis*, aged 20 Years, who lay on a Table. His Body was stiff and motionless as a Statue: His very Neck seemed as if made of Iron. He was looking stedfastly up to Heaven, and praying aloud with a melodious Voice. His Words surprized Mr. *B.* as well as me: Who said to the Assembly, "You need no better Preacher: None can tell you the Truths of the Gospel more clearly" And indeed his Prayer unfolded the whole Christian System, with the greatest Accuracy. When he came out of the Fit, he was in perfect Health; but declared, He knew not a Word of all he had spoken. His Mother then informed us, "He had had these Fits for two Years, at least once a Day. But he never spoke in any Fit, 'till three Weeks ago: Ever since he prays in them, as to Night, but is himself as ignorant of the Matter, as if he had been dead all the Time."

IT was late when I went to lodge about half a Mile off, where I found a young Woman reading Hymns, and the Power of the LORD falling on the Hearers, especially one young Man; who cried aloud in such bitter Anguish, that I soon desired we might join in Prayer. This was the Seventh Time of my praying in Public that Day: And had I been faithful, I should probably have prayed Seven more.

Thursday, 19. I returned to Mr. *J——gs*'s, who had set out at four in the Morning, to hear Mr. *B.* at *Grandchester*. He came soon after me, but was scarce able to speak. I never saw a Man sweat in such a Manner: The large Drops seeming fixt all over his Face,

Pace, just like Beads of Glass. The Congregation at *Granchester* this Morning consisted of about 1000 Persons, among whom the LORD was wonderfully present, convincing a far greater Number now, than even last Night. Mr. *J——gs* was a mild, good-natured Pharisee, who never had been awakened. But he was now thoroughly convinced of his lost Estate, and stood for a Time in utter Despair, with his Mouth wide open, his Eyes staring, and full of huge Dismay. When he found Power to speak, he cried out, "I thought I had led a good Life! I thought, I was not so bad as others! But I am the vilest Creature upon Earth! I am dropping into Hell! Now, now: This very Moment!" He then saw Hell open to receive him, and *Satan* ready to cast him in. But it was not long before he saw the LORD JESUS, and knew he had accepted him. He then cried aloud, in an unspeakable Rapture, "I have got CHRIST! I have got CHRIST!" For two Hours he was in the Visions of GOD. Then the Joy, though not the Peace, abated.

I HAD left Mr. *J——gs* but a little while, when I heard *John Dennis* loudly praising GOD. I no sooner kneeled by him, than the Consolations of GOD came upon *me*, so that I trembled and wept much. Nor was the Spirit poured out upon *us* alone: All in the House were Partakers of it. *J. D.* was kneeling when his Fit came. We laid him on the Ground, where he soon became stiff as last Night, and prayed in like Manner. Afterwards his Body grew flexible by Degrees, but was convulsed from Head to Foot. When he was quite recovered, He said, "He was quite resigned to the Will of GOD, who gave him such Strength in the inner Man, that he did not find any of these Things grievous, neither could ask to be delivered from them."

I WALKED from *Stapleford* with twenty Persons, to hear Mr. *B.* at *Triplow*, and saw many other Companies, some before, some behind, some on either Hand, going the same Way. This brought to my Mind the

Words

Words of *Zechariah*, *And the Inhabitants of one City ſhould go to another, ſaying, Let us go ſpeedily to pray before the Lord; and to ſeek the Lord of Hoſts: I will go alſo.*

Fifteen Hundred or two Thouſand were aſſembled in the Cloſe at *Triplow*. The only unpoliſhed Part of the Audience, were a few Gentlemen on Horſeback. They were much offended at the Cries of thoſe in Conviction, but much more at the Rejoicing of others, even to Laughter. But they were not able to look them in the Face, for half a Minute together. I looked after Service at every Ring which the People made about thoſe that fell under the Word Here and there was a Place with only One, but there were generally Two or Three together; and on one Spot, no leſs than Seven, who lay on the Ground as if ſlain in Battle. I ſoon followed Mr. *B.* to the Houſe, and found both it and the Orchard filled with ſerious People; to whom he ſpake till his Strength failed, and then ſeeing them unwilling to depart, deſired *me* to diſmiſs them with a Prayer. I felt great Reluctance; but ſo mightily, when I began, came the Spirit upon me, that I found no want of Utterance, while I was praying with about 200 Perſons. I thought they had then gone away; but perceived an Hour after, moſt of them were ſtill in the Houſe or Orchard: Sighs and Groans, Prayers, Tears, and joyful Praiſe, being intermixt on every Side.

Friday, 20. I was wakeful before Five; but conferring with Fleſh and Blood, I ſlept again. Mr. *B.* ſent for me at Seven. But I was then ſo weak, I could not go, till the People were diſperſed. Three Times more Perſons were ſtruck with Convictions this Morning, than had been laſt Night. Mr. *B.* had prayed with them till near fainting, who then ſent for me to come. And who knows what God might had done even by me, if I had not been indulging my vile Body? I was glad to ſee a Woman, ſuppoſed the chief Sinner in the Town, now rolling on the Earth, ſcreaming and roaring in ſtrong Convictions. The Man of the

the Houſe informed us, of her having had Nine or Ten Children by Whoredom, and that being at laſt married, her Huſband was more angry with her for hearing the Word, then he would probably have been for committing Adultery. Nor was her Miniſter diſpleaſed, that ſhe never came to Church, but mightily ſtrove to prevent both her, and all the Sinners of his Pariſh from going to hear the Goſpel. I obſerved alſo a Beggar Girl, ſeven or eight Years old, who had ſcarce any Cloaths but a ragged Piece of old Rug. She too had felt the Word of God as a two-edged Sword, and mourned to be covered with CHRIST's Righteouſneſs.

FROM *Triplow* I walked to *Orwell*, and thence to *Everton*, in Weakneſs of Body and Heavineſs of Spirit. Mr. *B.* was preaching when I came in. Here God again refreſhed my Soul. I ſhook from Head to Foot, while Tears of Joy ran down my Face, and my Diſtreſs was at an End.

Saturday, 21. I was troubled for ſome of our Brethren, who began to doubt, Whether this was a Work of God or of the Devil? *John Keeling* in particular, who inſtead of his frank lively Zeal, and Happineſs in God, was now filled with gloomy Diſcontent, and grown dark, ſullen and reſerved. As we were walking together, he told me, It was his Reſolution, To "keep himſelf to himſelf: To let them who ſtruggled ſo, ſtruggle as they would, and leave all thoſe to themſelves, whom *Satan* caſt into Viſions or Trances, till *Satan* brought them out again." "But, (he added) I am ſo uneaſy, I don't know what to do: And moſt of our People begin to ſhun one another." The Snare was now broken. He ſaw the Deluſion he had been in, and I truſt, will hereafter ſhun the Troublers of *Iſrael*.

Sunday, 22. The Church was quite filled, and Hundreds were without. And now the Arrows of God flew abroad, The inexpreſſible Groans, the lamenting, praying, roaring, were ſo loud, almoſt without Intermiſſion, that we who ſtood without could ſcarce help thinking all in the Church were cut to the Heart. But

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upon enquiry we found, About 200 Persons, chiefly Men cried aloud for Mercy: But many more were affected, perhaps as deeply, though in a calmer Way.

I REJOICED to see many from *Cambridgeshire*, particularly *John Dennis*, *Thomas Skinner*, and the sorrowful young Woman with whom we had prayed on *Shelford* Moor. Now too came Good News from several Parts, especially *Grandchester*; where ten more Persons were cut to the Heart, in singing Hymns among themselves: And the little Child before-mentioned continues to astonish all the Neighbourhood. A noted Physician came some Time ago, and closely examined her. The Result was, He confest, "It was no Distemper of Mind, but the Hand of GOD."

I SOUGHT for *Thomas Skinner* after Morning Service, and found him with many more singing Hymns under a Tree. When they stopt I asked, "How do you find your Mind now?" Instead of speaking, he looked upon me with great Steddiness, fetched a deep Sigh, burst out into Tears and Prayers, and throwing himself along on the Ground, fell into more and more Agony, till he roared aloud. I told him how great a Sinner I had been: But the more I spoke, the more was he distrest. Wherefore *John Dennis* and I went to Prayer for him: But his Deliverance was not yet. Make him, O LORD, a greater Champion for thy Truth, than ever he was against it.

Mr. *B.* preached in his Close this Afternoon, tho' in great Bodily Weakness. But when he is weakest, GOD so strengthens him, that it is surprising to what a Distance his Voice reaches. I have heard Mr. *Whitefield* speak as loud: but not with such a continued, strong, unbroken Tenor.

Monday, 23. Mr. *Keeling* and I walked to *Barford*. I was relating there, how GOD had plucked such a Brand as me out of the Burning; but my Voice was quickly stopt by Rejoicing. And I have often found, that nothing I can say, makes so much Impression on myself or others, as thus repeating my own Conversion.

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THE firſt Time I ſaw Mr. *B.* was *June* 2, 1758. But I ſcarce thought of him again till *June* 7, as I was walking up to *Luton* Down. There an awful Senſe of GOD's Preſence fell upon me, and my Voice grew louder and louder, in Proportion to the Joy of my Soul, with a ſtrong Impulſe, to pray for the Succeſs of Mr. *B*'s Labours. And ſuch a Foreſight did the LORD give me, of what he was bringing to paſs through his Miniſtry, that I was quite overwhelmed for near an Hour, till my Voice was loſt and only Tears remained. And O! how graciouſly has the GOD of Truth, accompliſhed all thoſe Things! With what Delight haſt thou ſince cauſed me, to walk round the Walls of thy *Sion*, to mark well her Bulwarks, and count the Towers thereof?"

Wedneſday, *Auguſt* 1. A few of us ſpoke freely and largely to a Brother who had been *overtaken in a Fault*, and endeavoured to *reſtore* him *in the Spirit of Meekneſs*. And we were much comforted over him: Having great Hope, that GOD would reſtore his Uſefulneſs as well as his Strength.

Thurſday, 2. I rode to *Sheffield*, and preached at One to a large and quiet Congregation. I was afterward deſired to viſit Mr. *Dodge*, Curate of the New Church. I found him on the brink of Eternity, rejoicing in GOD his Saviour. Thence I went on to *Rotherham*, and talked with five Men and ſix Women (as I had done with many others before in various Places) who believe they are *ſaved from Sin*. And this Fact I believe, That they *rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every Thing give thanks*: I believe, they feel nothing but Love *now*. What they *will* do, I leave to GOD.

Friday, 3. I preached at *Gainſborough*, in Sir *Nevil Hickman's* great Hall. It is full as large as the *Weaver's Hall* in *Briſtol*. At Two it was filled with a rude, wild Multitude, (a few of a better Spirit excepted.) Yet all but two or three Gentlemen were attentive, while I inforced our LORD's Words, *What ſhall it profit a Man, if he ſhall gain the whole World, and loſe his own Soul.* I was walking back thro' a gaping, ſtaring Croud, when Sir *Nevil* came and thanked me for my Sermon, to the

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no ſmall Amazement of his Neighbours, who ſhrunk back as if they had ſeen a Ghoſt. Thence I rode to *Worth-Scarle*, the laſt Village in *Lincolnſhire*, ten Miles ſhort of *Newark*. Here a great Multitude aſſembled from various Parts, moſt of them wholly unacquainted with the Ways of God: Indeed to ſuch a Degree, that tho' I ſpoke as plain as I could on the firſt Principles of Religion, yet it ſeemed very many underſtood me no more, than if I was talking *Greek*. O what a Condition is the Bulk of *reformed Chriſtians* in, to this Day!

Saturday, 4. As we took Horſe, the Rain began, and accompanied us till we alighted in the Evening. *Sunday*, 5. between Eight and Nine, I reached *Everton*, faint and weary enough. During the Prayers, as alſo during the Sermon and the Adminiſtration of the Sacrament, a few Perſons cryed aloud. But it was not from Sorrow or Fear, but Love and Joy. The ſame I obſerved in ſeveral Parts of the Afternoon Service. In the Evening I preached in Mr. *Hickes'* Church. Two or three Perſons fell to the Ground, and were extremely convulſed; but none cried out. One or two were filled with ſtrong Conſolation.

Monday, 6. I talked largely with *Ann Thorn*, and two Others who had been ſeveral Times in Trances. What they all agreed in was, 1. That when they *went away*, as they termed it, it was always at the Time they were fulleſt of the Love of God: 2. That it came upon them in a Moment, without any previous Notice, and took away all their Senſes and Strength: 3. That there were ſome Exceptions; but generally from that Moment, they were in another World, knowing nothing of what was done or ſaid, by all that were round about them.

About Five in the Afternoon, I heard them ſinging Hymns. Soon after Mr. *B.* came up, and told me, *Alice Miller* (fifteen Years old) was fallen into a Trance. I went down immediately, and found her ſitting on a Stool and leaning againſt the Wall, with her Eyes open and fixt upward. I made a Motion as if going to ſtrike; but they continued immoveable. Her Face ſhewed an unſpeakable Mixture of Reverence and Love, while

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ſilent Tears ſtole down her Cheek. Her Lips were a little open, and ſometimes moved; but not enough to cauſe any Sound. I do not know whether I ever ſaw an human Face look ſo beautiful. Sometimes it was covered with a Smile, as from Joy mixing with Love and Reverence. But the Tears fell ſtill, tho' not ſo faſt. Her Pulſe was quite regular. In about half an Hour I obſerved her Countenance change, into the Form of Fear, Pity and Diſtreſs. Then ſhe burſt into a Flood of Tears, and cried out, "Dear LORD! They *will* be damned! They will all be damned!" But in about five Minutes her Smiles returned, and only Love and Joy appeared in her Face. About Half an Hour after Six, I obſerved Diſtreſs take Place again; and ſoon after ſhe wept bitterly, and cried out, "Dear LORD, They *will* go to Hell! The World *will* go to Hell!" Soon after ſhe ſaid, "Cry aloud! Spare not!" And in a few Moments her Look was compoſed again, and ſpoke a Mixture of Reverence, Joy and Love. Then ſhe ſaid aloud, "Give GOD the Glory." About Seven her Senſes returned. I aſked, "Where have you been?" "I have been with my Saviour." "In Heaven, or on Earth?" "I cannot tell: but I was in Glory!" "Why then did you cry?" "Not for myſelf: But for the World; for I ſaw they were on the brink of Hell." "Whom did you deſire to give the Glory to GOD?" "Miniſters that cry aloud to the World. Elſe they will be Proud. And then GOD will leave them, and they will loſe their own Souls."

I PREACHED at Eight on *The Wicked ſhall be turned into Hell, and all the People that forget GOD.* The whole Congregation was earneſtly attentive. But not above one or two cried out. And I did not obſerve any that fainted away, either then or in the Morning. I have generally obeſerved more or leſs of theſe Outward Symptoms, to attend the beginning of a General Work of GOD. So it was in *New-England*, *Scotland*, *Holland*, *Ireland*, and many Parts of *England*. But after a Time they gradually decreaſe, and the Work goes on more quietly and ſilently. Thoſe whom it pleaſes GOD to

employ in his Work, ought to be quite paſſive in this Reſpect. They ſhould *chuſe* nothing; but leave intirely to Him, all the Circumſtances of his own Work.

Tueſday, 7. After preaching at four (becauſe of the Harveſt,) I took Horſe and rode eaſily to *London*. Indeed I wanted a little Reſt; having rode in Seven Months, above four and twenty Hundred Miles.

Wedneſday, 8. Our Conference began, the Time of which was almoſt intirely employed, in examining, Whether the Spirit and Lives of our Preachers were ſuitable to their Profeſſion? On *Saturday*, in the Afternoon we concluded. Great was the Unanimity and Love that reigned among us. And if there were any who hoped or feared the contrary, they were happily diſappointed.

Sunday, 12. I was afraid to look forward to the Work of the Day, knowing my Strength was not ſufficient for it. But God looked to that; for tho' I was exceeding weak at *Snowsfields* in the Morning, I was ſtronger at Noon. And after preaching in the Afternoon in the Fields, and meeting the Society, I felt no Weakneſs at all.

Monday, 13. I took a little ride to *Croydon*, one of the Seats of the Archbiſhops of *Canterbury*. Was it one of theſe who ordered many Years ago (for the Characters are of old ſtanding) that dreadful Inſcription to be placed, juſt over the Communion Table? *And now, ye Prieſts, this Commandment is for you. If ye will not hear, and if ye will not lay it to heart, to give glory unto my Name, ſaith the LORD, I will even ſend a Curſe among you, and I will curſe your Bleſſings. Yea, I have curſed them already, becauſe ye do not lay it to heart. Behold I will corrupt your Seed, and ſpread Dung upon your Faces, even the Dung of your ſolemn Feaſts, and one ſhall take you away with it.*

The Archbiſhop's Palace is an antient, venerable Pile, and the Gardens are extremely pleaſant. The late Archbiſhop had improved them at a large Expence: but continual Illneſs prevented his enjoying them, 'till

after

after four Years conſtant Pain, he was called away, one may Hope, to the Garden of God.

I dined at Mr. *B*'s in *Epſom*, whoſe Houſe and Gardens lie in what was once a Chalk-Pit. It is the moſt elegant Spot I ever ſaw with my Eyes; every Thing within Doors and without, being finiſhed in the moſt exquiſite Taſte. Surely nothing on Earth can be more delightful. O what will the Poſſeſſor *feel*, when he Cries out,

"Muſt I then leave thee, Paradiſe? Then leave
Theſe happy Shades, and Manſions fit for Gods?"

Friday, 17. I ſpent an Hour pleaſantly and profitably at —— ——'s. How gracious is God who ſtill preſerves him unconſumed in Fire! How plain, that with God all Things are poſſible: He can draw the Sting either of Wealth or Death!

Sunday, 19. I preached in the Afternoon to an huge Multitude in the Fields, on *Now GOD commandeth all Men every where to repent*. *Monday*, 27. I rode to *Bedford*, and about Six, preached on St. *Peters-Green*. None of the numerous Congregation ſtood with their Heads covered, except the *Germans*. Bleſſed be God, that *I* have not ſo learned Christ! If *they* know no better I cannot help it.

Tueſday, 28. I rode on to Mr. *Berridge's* at *Everton*, and in the Evening went to the Church, but unuſually heavy and hardly expecting to do any Good there. I preached on thoſe Words in the ſecond Leſſon, *We know that we are of GOD*. One ſunk down, and another, and another. Some cried aloud in Agony of Prayer. I would willingly have ſpent ſome Time in Prayer with them. But my Voice failed, ſo that I was obliged to conclude the Service, leaving many in the Church crying and praying, but unable either to walk or ſtand. One young Man and one young Woman were brought with Difficulty to Mr. *B*'s Houſe, and continued there in violent Agonies both of Body and Soul. When I came into the Room, the Woman lay quiet, wreſtling with God in ſilent Prayer. But even the bodily Convulſions of the young Man were amazing. The Hea-

vings of his Breaſt were beyond Deſcription: I ſuppoſe, equal to the Throes of a Woman in Travel. We called upon God, to relieve his Soul and Body. And both were perfectly healed. He rejoiced in God with Joy unſpeakable, and felt no Pain, or Weakneſs, or Wearineſs. Preſently after the Woman alſo was delivered, and aroſe rejoicing in God her Saviour.

Wedneſday, 29. I rode to *Lakenheath*, and ſpoke exceeding plain to an honeſt, drowzy People. *Thurſday*, 30. I preached at the Tabernacle in *Norwich*, to a large, rude, noiſy Congregation. I took Knowledge, what Manner of Teachers they had been accuſtomed to, and determined to *mend* them or *end* them. Accordingly the next Evening after Sermon, I reminded them of two Things; the one, that it was not decent, to begin talking aloud as ſoon as Service was ended, and hurrying to and fro, as in a Bear-Garden: The other, that it was a bad Cuſtom, to gather into Knots juſt after Sermon, and turn a Place of Worſhip into a Coffee-Houſe. I therefore deſired, that none would talk under that Roof, but go quietly and ſilently away. And on *Sunday*, *September*. 2. I had the pleaſure to obſerve, that all went as quietly away, as if they had been accuſtomed to it for many Years.

Monday, 3. I met the Society at Five, and explained the Nature and Uſe of meeting in a Claſs. Upon Inquiry I found, we have now about five Hundred Members. But an Hundred and Fifty of theſe do not *pretend* to meet at all. Of thoſe therefore I make no Account. They hang on but by a ſingle Thread.

Tueſday, 4. I walked to *Kennal*, nine Miles from *Norwich*, and preached at one o'Clock. The Ringleader of the Mob, came with his Horn, as uſual, before I began. But one quickly catched and threw away his Horn, and in a few Minutes he was deſerted by all his Companions: who were ſeriouſly and deeply attentive to the great Truth, *By Grace ye are ſaved thro' Faith*.

Sunday, 9. I met the Society at Seven, and told them in plain Terms, that they were the moſt ignorant, ſelf conceited, ſelf-willed, fickle, untractable, diſorderly, diſjointed Society,

Society, that I knew in the three Kingdoms. And God applied it to their Hearts: So that many were profited, but I do not find, that one was offended.

At Ten we had another happy Opportunity, and many ſtubborn Hearts were melted down. Juſt at Two the great Congregation met, and the Power of God was again preſent to heal: Tho' not ſo eminently as at Five, while I was deſcribing *the Peace that paſſeth all Underſtanding*. After preaching I was deſired to ſpend an Hour with ſome whom I ſuppoſed to be of our own Society. But I ſoon found my Miſtake:

Senſimedios delapſus in hoſtes.

One in particular, warmly told me, "She could not like mine or Mr. *Murlin*'s Doctrine: It always threw her into Heavineſs. But in dear Mr. *Cudworth*'s ſhe could find Comfort." I deſired, we might pray. God quickly anſwered for himſelf. Her Heart was broke in Pieces. She was filled with Love, and Grief, and Shame; but could only tell it by her Eyes and her Tears.

About this Time I received a remarkable Letter from Abroad, an Extract of which follows.

Berlin, Auguſt 26, 1759.

"GOD has again wrought publickly in this Place, in the Preſence of many Thouſand People. A Soldier of the King's-Guard was ſentenced to be hanged, for Deſertion and Theft. He was a Wretch abandoned to all Manner of Wickedneſs. General *K*——— was much concerned for his Soul. He earneſtly deſired me, to take the Charge of it, tho' we ſaw no Proſpect of Succeſs. I viſited him the Day he was condemned, being *Thurſday*. He ſeemed quite careleſs and unconcerned. I endeavoured, to convince him of Sin; but did not perceive any Effect. I begged of him, not to deceive his own Soul, but to conſider the Condition he was in. On *Friday*, this began to ſink into his Heart, and on *Saturday*, much more. Perceiving this, I much inſiſted on thoſe Words, *This is a faithful ſaying, and worthy of all Acceptation, that CHRIST JESUS came into the World to ſave Sinners*. The Effect was aſtoniſhing. He laid

hold of them by Faith, and not only his Burden was gone, but he had ſuch Experience of the Love of CHRIST, as it is impoſſible to deſcribe. His Peace, Triumph and Joy increaſed every Hour, 'till the Night before his Execution: And indeed was never more obſervable, than when he was brought out of Priſon In his Way to the Place of Execution he praiſed GOD, for dragging him as it were with Chains to Heaven. "What, ſaid he, will GOD after all my helliſh Actions, give me eternal Life into the Bargain?" The Efficacy of the Blood and Death of CHRIST being made known to him by the Holy Ghoſt, he ſpoke of nothing but his Wedding-Day, which was to be this Thirteenth of *Auguſt*. Every one that looked upon him was ſtruck. Officers and all were moved. Being entered into the Ring, I once more prayed with him, and gave him the laſt Bleſſing. But the very Inſtant he was to be turned off, Colonel *H.* called out "Pardon!" I was Thunder-ſtruck, and *Mittelſtadt* proteſted, it was to him, like a Ball ſhot thro' his Body. He fainted away for ſome Time. Being recovered, his firſt Words were, "Why was I not rather hanged, or even crucified than pardoned? Why am I thus ſtopped in my Courſe? I ſhould now have been with CHRIST!" I was myſelf more afraid of him now than ever. But the Grace of GOD was ſtrong in his Soul. And ever ſince it has continued the ſame. Yeſterday I was informed by one who went on Purpoſe to enquire, That his whole Employ during his Confinement (which is to continue Six Months) is reading, praying, and comforting himſelf with the Blood of CHRIST."

Monday, 10. We took Horſe at half Hour after Four. Before Eight it was as warm as it is uſually at Midſummer. And from Ten we had the Sun in our Face, all the Way to *Colchſter*. But we had the Wind in our Face too, or the Heat would have been inſupportable. I was in a Fever from the Moment I came into the Houſe. But it did not hinder me from preaching on the Green, and afterwards meeting the Society. I then lay down as ſoon as poſſible, but could

could not Sleep a Quarter of an Hour, 'till between Two and Three in the Morning. I do not know, that I have loſt a Night's Sleep before, ſick or well, ſince I was ſix Years old. But it is all one: God is able to give Strength, either with Sleep or without it. I roſe at my uſual Time, and preached at Five, without any Faintneſs or Drowſineſs.

Thurſday, 13. We ſet out between Four and Five and rode to *Dunmow*, about four and Twenty Miles. But here we were at a full ſtop. None could direct us any farther. So we were to croſs the Country as well as we could. But whenever we were at a Loſs (Eight or Ten Times) we met ſome one to help us out. So about Half an Hour paſt One we were come within ſixteen Miles of *Sundon*.

An honeſt Blunderer then undertook, to direct us a nearer Way. By his Help we wandered up and down, 'till our ſixteen Miles grew into ſix and Twenty. However we got to *Sundon* before Seven, where a conſiderable Number of People ſoon met: To whom I explained, (what they ſeemed to know very little of) *the Grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST.*

Friday, 14. I returned to *London*. *Saturday*, 15. Having left Orders for the immediate repairing of *Weſt-Street* Chappel, I went to ſee what they had done, and ſaw Cauſe to Praiſe God for this alſo. The main Timbers were ſo Rotten, that in many Places one might thruſt his Fingers into them. So that probably, had we delayed 'till Spring, the whole Building muſt have fallen to the Ground.

Monday, 17. I went to *Canterbury*. Two Hundred Soldiers, I ſuppoſe, and a whole Row of Officers attended in the Evening. Their Number was increaſed the next Evening, and all behaved as Men fearing God. *Wedneſday*, 19. I preached at *Dover*, in the New Room, which is juſt finiſhed. Here alſo the Hearers Increaſe, ſome of whom are convinced, and others comforted daily. *Thurſday*, 20. I ſtrongly applied at *Canterbury*, to the Soldiers in particular, *He that hath the Son hath Life, and he that hath not the*

Son

Son of GOD hath not Life. The next Day, in my return to *London*, I read Mr. *Huygen's* "Conjectures on the Planetary World." He surprized me. I think he clearly proves, That the Moon is not habitable; that there are neither

"Rivers nor Mountains on her spotty Globe:"

That there is no Sea, no Water on her Surface, nor any Atmosphere. And hence he very rationally infers, That "neither are any of the Secondary Planets inhabited." And who can prove that the Primary are? I *know*, the Earth is. Of the *rest* I know nothing.

Sunday, 23. A vast Majority of the immense Congregation in *Moorfields* were deeply serious. One such Hour might convince any impartial Man, of the Expediency of *Field-preaching?* What Building, except St. *Paul's* Church, would contain such a Congregation? And if it would, what Human Voice could have reached them there? By repeated Observations I find, I can command thrice the Number in the open Air, than I can under a Roof. And who can say The Time for Field-preaching is over, while, 1. Greater Numbers than ever attend: 2. The converting, as well as convincing Power of GOD, is eminently present with them?

Monday. 24. I preached about Eight at *Brentford* and in the Evening at *Basingstoke*, to a People slow of Heart and dull of Understanding. *Tuesday*, 25. I preached in the New House at *Whitchurch*, and at *Salisbury* in the Evening. The New Room there is, I think, the most compleat in *England*. It strikes every one of any Taste that sees it: Not with any single Part, but an inexpressible *something* in the Whole.

THE Militia from *Hampshire* being in Town, a large Number of them were at the Preaching. But it was as Music to an Horse: Such brutish Behaviour have I seldom seen. The next Evening, they behaved, if possible, worse than before. However many of them, I believe, were struck. For they came

again

again in the Morning, and then appeared to be of quite another Spirit, earneſtly attending to what was ſpoken. *Thurſday*, 27. I had appointed to preach at Seven in the Evening at *Bradford*. But when I came, I found Mr. *Hart* was to preach at Six. So I delayed, 'till the Church-Service was ended; that there might not appear, (at leaſt on *my* Part) even the Shadow of Oppoſition between us.

Friday, 28 I reached *Briſtol*. *Sunday*, 30. The Weather being fair and calm. I preached in the New Square, for the Sake of many People, who do not chuſe to come to the Room. My Text was, *Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wiſe caſt out.* I believe, many found Deſires of coming to Him. O that they may be brought to good Effect!

Monday, *October* 1. All my leiſure Time, during my Stay at *Briſtol*, I employed in finiſhing the fourth Volume of Diſcourſes; probably the laſt which I ſhall publiſh. *Monday*, 15 I walked up to *Knowle*, a Mile from *Briſtol*, to ſee the *French* Priſoners. Above eleven Hundred of them, we were informed, were confined in that little Place: Without any Thing to lie on, but a little dirty Straw, or any Thing to cover them, but a few fowl thin Rags, either by Day or Night, ſo that they died, like rotten Sheep. I was much affected, and preached in the Evening, on *Exodus*, xxiii. 9. *Thou ſhalt not oppreſs a Stranger; for ye know the Heart of a Stranger, ſeeing ye were Strangers in the Land of Egypt.* Eighteen Pounds were contributed immediately, which were made up four and Twenty the next Day. With this we bought Linen and Woolen Cloth, which were made up into Shirts, Waiſtcoats and Breeches. Some Dozen of Stockings were added; all which were carefully diſtributed, where there was the greateſt Want. Preſently after, the Corporation of *Briſtol* ſent a large Quantity of Mattreſſes and Blankets. And it was not long, before Contributions were ſet on Foot, at *London*, and in various Parts of the Kingdom So that I believe

from

from this Time they were pretty well provided with all the Neceſſaries of Life.

Monday, 22. I left *Briſtol*, and having preached at *Shepton*, *Colſford*, *Frome* and *Saliſbury* in my Way, on *Thurſday*, 25. determined to try, if I could do any good at *Andover*. The Congregation at Ten in the Morning was ſmall: In the Evening their Number was increaſed, and I think ſome of them went away, crying out, *GOD be merciful to me a Sinner!*

Friday, 26. I rode to *Baſingſtoke*. I was extremely tired when I came in, but much leſs ſo, after preaching. I then ſent to enquire, if there was a vacant Place in any of the Coaches which were going to *London* the next Day? But they were all full: And I had promiſed to ſend back my Mare to *Briſtol*. The only Way that remained was, to take *Joſeph Jones*' Horſe, and let him ride behind one of the Coaches. So I ordered the Horſe to be brought ſoon after Four in the Morning, and was waiting for the Coach, when a Poſt-Chaiſe drove by. I rode cloſe after it, tho' it was ſo dark, I could not ſee my Horſes Head. But I could *hear*, which was enough. About Day-break, it drove away: But then I could ſee the Road. It rained without Intermiſſion, from the Time I took Horſe, 'till I came to the Foundery: So that I was wet thro' a great Part of the Day. But it did me no hurt at all.

Sunday, 28, I found the antient Spirit in the Congregation, both at *Spittalfields* and the *Foundery*. *Tueſday*, 30. I preached at *Deptford*, and rejoiced to find an increaſing Work there alſo. *Wedneſday*, and *Thurſday*, I ſpent in reviſing and perfecting a Treatiſe on *Electricity*. *Friday*, *November* 2 I ſpent an Hour with that Miracle of Mercy Miſs——: A clear Proof, that God *can*, even without external Means, preſerve a Buſh in the Midſt of the Fire.

Sunday, 4. As I was applying thoſe Words, *They neither marry, nor are given in Marriage. For neither can they die any more; for they are equal to Angels.* The Power of God fell upon the Congregation, in a very

uncommon

uncommon Manner. How ſeaſonable! O how does God ſweeten whatever Croſs we bear for his Sake!

Monday, 12. I talked with *J*—— *D*—— a Gentleman's Coachman, an uncommon Monument of Mercy. Laſt Year he was a violent Perſecutor of the Truth, and of his Wife for the Sake of it. But the ſecond or third Time he heard for himſelf, he was throughly convinced. Soon after he entered into the Society, and in ſix Weeks found Peace with God. Yet his natural Tempers quickly revived, which made him reſtleſs after a thorough Change. In Spring this Reſtleſneſs ſo increaſed, that he was crying to God Day and Night, 'till on *Sunday*, *May* 27. he was utterly broken in Pieces, and ready to caſt away the Hope of it. But juſt as he received the Bread in the Lord's Supper, the Love of God filled his Heart. And from that Moment he had no Doubt, but has continued always rejoicing, always praying and praiſing God.

Saturday, 17. I ſpent an Hour agreeably and profitably with Lady *G*—— *H*—— and Sir ——. Tis well a few of the Rich and Noble are called. O that God would increaſe their Number! But I ſhould rejoice, (were it the Will of God) if it were done by the Miniſtry of others. If I might chuſe, I ſhould ſtill (as I have done hitherto) *preach the Goſpel to the Poor*.

Monday, 19. I ſpent an Hour with Mr.——, who has eſcaped from *G*——, as with the Skin of his Teeth. He informed me that all the Water they had in the Voyage, ſtunk intolerably; that the Biſket was full of Maggots, and the Beef mere Carrion, ſo that none could bear to ſtand near a Caſk when it was opened. What wonder that the poor Men died in Troops! Who ſhall anſwer for their Blood?

Tueſday, 22. I took Horſe between Six and Seven, in one of the coldeſt Mornings I ever remember. We reached St. *Alban's* without much Difficulty; but then the Roads were all covered with Snow. How-

ever

ever there was a beaten Path, tho' ſlippery enoug
'till we turned into the By-road to *Sundon*. What w
could have done there, I cannot tell, for the Sno
lay deeper and deeper, had not a Waggon gone
while before us, and marked the Way for ſix Mile
to Mr. *Cole's* Gate.

Friday, 23. The Roads were ſo extremely ſlipper
it was with much Difficulty we reached *Bedford*. W
had a pretty large Congregation; but the Stenc
from the Swine under the Room was ſcarce ſupporta
ble. Was ever a Preaching-Place over a Hog-ſt
before? Surely they love the Goſpel, who come t
hear it in ſuch a Place.

Saturday, 24. We rode to *Everton*; Mr. *Berridg*
being gone to preach before the Univerſity at *Cam*
bridge. Many People came to his Houſe in the Even
ing, and it was a Seaſon of great Refreſhment.

Sunday, 25. I was a little afraid, my Strengt
would not ſuffice, for reading Prayers and preaching
and adminiſtring the LORD's Supper alone, to a larg
Number of Communicants. But all was well. Mr
Hickes began his own Service early, and came befor
I had ended my Sermon. So we finiſhed the Whol
before Two, and I had Time to breathe, before th
Evening Service.

IN the Afternoon GOD was eminently preſent wit
us, tho' rather to comfort than convince. But I ob
ſerved a remarkable Difference ſince I was here be
fore, as to the *Manner* of the Work. None now wer
in Trances, none cried out: None fell down or wer
convulſed. Only ſome trembled exceedingly: A
low Murmur was heard: And many were refreſhe
with the *Multitude of Peace*.

THE Danger *was* to regard *Extraordinary* Circum
ſtances too much, ſuch as Outcries, Convulſions
Viſions, Trances, as if theſe were *eſſential* to the In
ward Work, ſo that it *could not* go on without them
Perhaps the Danger *is*, to regard them too little: T
condemn them altogether; to imagine, they ha
nothing of GOD in them, and were an Hindrance t

h

his Work. Whereas the Truth is, 1. God ſuddenly and ſtrongly convinced many that they were loſt Sinners; the *natural* Conſequence whereof were ſudden Outcries, and ſtrong bodily Convulſions: 2. To ſtrengthen and encourage them that believed, and to make his Work more apparent, he favoured ſeveral of them with Divine Dreams, others with Trances and Viſions. 3. In ſome of theſe Inſtances, after a Time, Nature mixt with Grace. 4. *Satan* likewiſe mimicked *this Work of GOD*, in order to diſcredit the *whole Work*. And yet it is not wiſe, to give up *this Part*, any more than to give up the *Whole*. At firſt it was doubtleſs wholly from God. It is partly ſo at this Day. And he will enable us to diſcern, how far in every Caſe the Work is *Pure* and where it *mixes*, or *degenerates*.

Let us even ſuppoſe, that in ſome few Caſes, there was a Mixture of *Diſſimulation*: That Perſons *pretended* to ſee or feel what they did not, and *imitated* the Cries or convulſive Motions of thoſe who were really overpowered, by the Spirit of God. Yet even this ſhould not make us either deny or undervalue the real Work of the Spirit. The Shadow is no Diſparagement of the Subſtance, nor the Counterfeit of the real Diamond.

We may farther ſuppoſe, that *Satan* will make theſe Viſions an *Occaſion* of Pride. But what can be inferred from hence? Nothing but that we ſhould guard againſt it: That we ſhould diligently exhort all, to be little in their own Eyes, knowing that nothing avails with God but humble Love. But ſtill, to ſlight or cenſure Viſions in general, would be both irrational and unchriſtian.

Monday, 26. In the Evening I preached in Mr. *Hickes'* Church at *Wreſtlingworth*, and at Ten the next Morning. The People were deeply attentive, but none were ſo affected, as when I was here laſt. In the Evening Mr. *B.* returned from preaching before the Univerſity. In the midſt of the Sermon, he informed me, one Perſon cried out aloud; but was

ſilent in a few Moments. Several dropped down but made no Noiſe: And the whole Congregation, young and old, behaved with Serioufneſs. God is ſtrong as well as wiſe. Who knows what Work He may have to do here alſo?

Wedneſday, 28. I returned to *London*, and on *Thurſday*, the 29th, the Day appointed for a General Thankſgiving, I preached again in the Chappel near the Seven Dials, both Morning and Afternoon. I believe the oldeſt Man in *England* has not ſeen a Thankſgiving Day ſo obſerved before. It had the Solemnity of the General Faſt. All the Shops were ſhut up. The People in the Streets appeared, one and all, with an Air of Serioufneſs. The Prayers, Leſſons and whole Public Service, were admirably ſuited to the Occaſion. The Prayer for our Enemies, in particular, was extremely ſtriking: Perhaps it is the firſt Inſtance of the Kind in *Europe*. There was no Noiſe, Hurry, Bonfires, Fire-Works in the Evening: And no publick Diverſions. This is indeed a *Chriſtian* Holy-Day, a *rejoicing unto the LORD!* The next Day came the News, that Sir *Edward Hawke* had diſperſed the *French Fleet*.

Sunday, *December* 9. I had, for the firſt Time, a Love-feaſt for the whole Society. *Wedneſday*, 12. I began reading over the *Greek* Taſtament and the Notes, with my Brother and ſeveral others, carefully comparing the Tranſlation with the Original, and correcting or inlarging the Notes, as we ſaw Occaſion.

The ſame Day I ſpent Part of the Afternoon in the *Britiſh Muſeum*. There is a large Library, a great Number of curious Manuſcripts, many uncommon Monuments of Antiquity, and the whole Collection of Shells, Butterflies, Beetles, Graſhoppers &c. which the indefatigable Sir *Hans Sloane*, with ſuch vaſt Expence and Labour, procured in a Life of fourteen Years!

Friday, 14. I was at a *Chriſtian* Wedding, to which were invited only two or three Relations, and Five Clergymen,

Clergymen, who ſpent Part of the Afternoon, in a Manner ſuitable to the ſolemn Occaſion.

Wedneſday, 19. I was deſired to read over a Chancery Bill. The Occaſion of it was this. "A. B. tells C. D. that one who owed him thirty Pounds wanted to borrow Thirty more, and aſked, whether he thought the eighth Part of ſuch a Ship, then at Sea, was ſufficient Security? He ſaid, he thought it was. On this A. B. lent the Money. The Ship came home. But thro' various Accidents, the eighth Part yielded only twenty Pounds. A. B. on this commenced a Suit, to make C. D. pay him the reſidue of his Money."

THIS worthy Story is told in no leſs, than an Hundred and Ten Sheets of Paper! C. D. anſwers, "He adviſed to the beſt of his Judgment; not foreſeeing thoſe Accidents, whereby the Share which coſt two Hundred Pounds, yielded no more than Twenty." This Anſwer brought on fifteen Sheets of Exceptions, all which a quarter of a Sheet might have contained! I deſired the Plaintiff and Defendant to meet me the next Day, both of whom were willing to ſtand to Arbitration. And they readily agreed, that C. D. ſhould pay half his own Coſts, and A. B. the reſt of the Expence.

Friday, 21. I enquired into the Particulars of a very remarkable Story. A Ship laden with Wheat, and having no other Ballaſt, about One in the Morning, on *Sunday*, *November* 18. the Wind blowing hard, ſhifted her Cargo, and in Half an Hour ſunk. Mr. *Auſtin*, the Mate, leaped off her Side, as ſhe ſunk, and being an excellent Swimmer, kept above Water, till he ſaw ſomething floating toward him, which proved to be the Capſtern of the Ship. He got upon it, and altho' waſhed off ſeveral Times, yet ſtill recovered his Seat, and floated all Day and all the following Night. But on *Monday* Morning he was quite exhauſted, and faint almoſt to Death with Thirſt, having ſwallowed Abundance of Salt-Water. In this Extremity he ſaw ſome Apples floating toward him. He took up Three, ate them and was much ſtrengthened. About Noon Admiral *Saunders'*

Fleet came in Sight, one of whose Ships saw and took him up. He could not stand; but being blooded, and put into a warm Bed, and fed with small Broth, a spoonful or Two at a Time, he recovered Strength apace, and in a few Days was as well as ever.

Saturday 22. I went to *Colchester*, and on *Sunday*, 23. preached in the Shell of the New House. It is Twelve square, and is the best Building of the Size for the Voice that I know in *England*. *Monday*, 24. We did not set out till after Seven, intending to ride about forty Miles. But coming to *Schole-Inn* before Three, we pushed on and before Seven came safe to *Norwich*.

Thursday, 27. I began visiting the Society, and found the greater Part much changed from what they were a Year ago. They are indeed fewer in Number, but are now of a teachable Spirit, willing to be advised, or even reproved. And if three Hundred of this Spirit remain, they are worth all our Labour.

1760 *Tuesday*, *January*, 1. 1760. We began the Service at Four in the Morning. A great Number attended, and God was in the midst, strengthening and refreshing their Souls. *Thursday*, 3. In the Evening, while I was inforcing those awful Words of the Prophet, *The Harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and we are not saved:* A young Woman, who had contained herself as long as she could, sunk down and cried aloud. I found this was a new Thing in *Norwich*. The Women about her got Water and Hartshorn in Abundance. But all would not do. When the Service was ended, I asked her, "What do you want?" She immediately replied, "Nothing but CHRIST." And indeed what Physician beside Him, is able to heal that Sickness?

Friday, 4. I preached about One at *Forncett*, to a much milder People than I left there: And in the Evening at *Kenninghall*, where the Antinomians have laboured hard in the Devil's Service. Yet all are not lost. A few are still left, *who walk not after the Flesh, but after the Spirit*. *Saturday*, 5. I preached in the Evening at *Colchester*, and on *Sunday*, 6. rode to *Langham*, seven Miles

Miles from thence, in ſuch a Day as I have ſeldom known: The North Eaſt Wind was ſo exceeding keen, and drove the Sleet full in our Face. But this did not diſcourage the People, who flocked from all Quarters. And thoſe who took ſuch Pains to come, were not ſent empty away.

Monday, 7. I returned to *London*, and finiſhed on the rode the celebrated *Telemachus*. Certainly it is wrote with admirable Senſe. But is it without Fault? Is there not abundantly too much Machinery? Are not the Gods (ſuch as they are) continually introduced without why or wherefore? And is not the Work ſpun out too long? Drawn into mere *French* Wire? Would not twelve Books have contained all the Matter, much better than Four and Twenty?

Sunday, 13. I preached again in *Weſt-Street* Chappel, now inlarged and throughly repaired. When I took this eighteen Years ago, I little thought the World would have borne us till now. But *the Right-hand of the LORD hath the pre-eminence*. Therefore we endure unto this Day.

Wedneſday, 16. One came to me, as ſhe ſaid, with a Meſſage from the LORD, to tell me, "I was laying up Treaſures on Earth, taking my Eaſe, and minding only Eating and Drinking." I told her, "GOD knew me better. And if he had ſent her, he would have ſent her with a more proper Meſſage."

Friday, 18. I deſired thoſe who believed they were ſaved from Sin, (ſixteen or ſeventeen in Number,) to meet me at Noon, to whom I gave ſuch Cautions and Inſtructions as I judged needful. Nor did any of *theſe* pretend to be above Man's Teaching, but received it with all Thankfulneſs.

Thurſday, 24. I rode to *Brentford*, where after a Stop of ten or twelve Years, the Work of GOD is broke out afreſh. I preached in a large Place newly fitted up. It was ſuppoſed, there would be much Diſturbance, as a conſiderable Number of rude, boiſtrous People, were gathered together for that Purpoſe. But GOD overruled, and they all calmly and ſilently attended to his Word. Surely *the Times and Seaſons* of ſending his Word

effectually to any Place, GOD *hath reserved in his own Power.*

Monday, 28. I began visiting the Classes in *London*, and that with more Exactness than ever before. After going thro' them, I found the Society now contained about Three and twenty Hundred and fifty Members: few of whom we could discern to be Triflers, and none we hope, live in any wilful Sin.

Tuesday, February 5. I baptized a Gentlewoman at the Foundery, and the Peace she immediately found, was a fresh Proof, that the Outward Sign duly received, is always accompanied with the inward Grace. *Tuesday*, 12. After preaching at *Deptford*, I rode on to *Welling*, where I received (what few expected) an exceeding comfortable Account, of the Death of Mr. *Mason* of *Bexley*. For many Years he seemed to be utterly senseless; neither justified, nor even convinced of Sin. But in his last Sickness, the GOD that heareth Prayer, broke in upon his Soul. And the nearer Death came, the more did he rejoice, to the Astonishment of all that saw him.

Saturday, 16. I spent an Hour in the Evening with a little Company, at *Mr.*——. I have not known so solemn an Hour for a long Season, nor so profitable to my own Soul. Mysterious Providence! Why am I cut off from those Opportunities, which of all others I most want? Especially considering the Benefit I might *impart*, as well as that which I might *receive*: Seeing they stand in as much need of *Light*, as I do of *Heat*.

ABOUT this Time we had a remarkable Account from *Yorkshire*. "On *February* 13. about thirty Persons were met together in *Otley* (a Town about twelve Miles from *Leeds*) about eight o'Clock in the Evening, in order (as usual) to pray, sing Hymns, and provoke one another to love and good Works. After Prayer was ended, when they proceeded to speak of the several States of their Souls, some with deep Sighs and Groans, complained of the Burden they felt, for the Remains of in-dwelling Sin; seeing in a clearer Light than ever before, the Necessity of a Deliverance from it.

"WHEN

"When they had ſpent the uſual Time together, a few went to their own Houſes. But the reſt remained upon their Knees, groaning for the great and precious Promiſes of God. One being deſired to pray, he no ſooner began to lift up his Voice to God, than the Holy Ghoſt made Interceſſion in all that were preſent, with Groanings that could not be uttered. At length the Travail of their Souls burſt out into loud and ardent Cries. They had no Doubt of the Favour of God, but they could not reſt, while there was any Thing in them contrary to his Nature. One cried out, in an exceeding great Agony, "Lord, Deliver me from my ſinful Nature," then a ſecond, a third and fourth. And while the Perſon who prayed firſt, was calling upon God in thoſe Words, "Thou God of *Abraham, Iſaac* and *Jacob*, hear us for the ſake of thy Son Jesus," one was heard to ſay, "Bleſſed be the Lord God for ever, for he hath cleanſed my Heart. Praiſe the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me praiſe his Holy Name." Another ſaid, "I hold thee with a trembling Hand, But will not let thee go:" And in a little Time cried out, "Praiſe the Lord with me; for he hath cleanſed my Heart from Sin." Another cried, "I am hanging over the Pit of Hell, by a ſlender Thread;" A ſecond, with loud and diſmal Shrieks, "I am in Hell: O ſave me, ſave me:" While a Third ſaid, with a far different Voice, "Bleſſed be the Lord, for he hath pardoned all my Sins." Thus they continued for the Space of two Hours, ſome praiſing and magnifying God, ſome crying to him for Pardon or Purity of Heart, with the greateſt Agony of Spirit. Before thy parted, three believed God had fulfilled his Word, and *cleanſed them from all Unrighteouſneſs.*

"The next Evening they met again. And the Lord was again preſent to Heal the broken in Heart. One received Remiſſion of Sins, and Three more believed God, had *cleanſed them from all Sin.* And it is obſervable, theſe are all Poor, illiterate Creatures, of all others moſt incapable of counterfeiting, and moſt unlikely

ly to attempt it. But *when* his *Word goeth forth, it giveth Light and Underſtanding to the Simple.*"

Friday, 29. A great Number of us waited upon God, at Five, at Nine, and at One, with Faſting and Prayer. And at Six in the Evening we met at the Church in *Spittalfields*, to renew our Covenant with God. It was a bleſſed Time. The Windows of Heaven were open, and the Skies poured down Righteouſneſs.

Monday, *March* 3. I left London. It rained great Part of the Day, but ſo gently, that we were not wet thro', when about Seven we came to *Towceſter*. One Perſon we found here, whoſe Soul God keeps alive, tho' he has ſcarce any in the Town to converſe with. Perhaps he is an Earneſt of a People that ſhall be born here, and *counted to the LORD for a Generation.*

Tueſday, 4. We came to *Birmingham*, where I rejoined ſeveral who had been long ſeparated from their Brethren, and left upwards of Fifty reſolved to ſtand together in the Good, old Path.

In the Evening I preached in the New Houſe at *Wedneſbury*, few Congregations exceed this either in Number or Serioufneſs. At Five in the Morning the Congregation far exceeded the Morning-Congregation at the Foundery. Indeed Hunger after the Word has been from the Beginning the diſtinguiſhing Mark of this People.

Thurſday, 6. I talked largely with *M*— *S*— and *E*— *L*— the Subſtance of what *M*— *S*— ſaid was as follows.

"I was born, *April* 8. 1736. My Father died when I was between Four and Five, my Mother, when I was about Eleven Years old. I had little Thought about Religion, and ſeldom ſo much as went to Church. But I had even then many Troubles, which made me ſometimes think of God and cry to Him for Help. When I was about Seventeen, I was aſked one *Sunday* to go and ſee a Pit, which was on Fire and blazed out. It was near the Houſe where Mr. *James Jones* was then preaching. I was ſtanding near the Houſe, when my Brother perſuaded me to go in. I liked what I heard; but it was above a Year before I knew myſelf to be a loſt Sinner.

Sinner. For three Weeks I was in deep Diſtreſs, which made me cry to God Day and Night. I had Comfort once or twice, but I checked it, being afraid of deceiving myſelf: Till as Mr. *Johnſon* was preaching one Morning at five o'Clock in *Darlaſton*, my Soul was ſo filled with the Love of God, that I had much ado to help crying out. I could only ſay, "Why *me*, Lord, why *me*?" When I came home I was exceeding weak, having alſo a great Pain in my Head: But all was ſweet; I did not wiſh it to be otherwiſe. I was happy in God all the Day long: And ſo I was for ſeveral Days. From this Time I never committed any known Sin, nor ever loſt the Love of God: Tho' I found Abundance of Temptations and many ſevere Struggles. Yet I was more than Conqueror over all, and found them eaſier and eaſier.

About *Chriſtmas* 1758, I was deeply convinced, there was a greater Salvation than I had attained. The more I ſaw of this, and the more I prayed for it, the happier I was. And my Deſires and Hopes were continually encreaſing, for above a Year.

On *January*, 30, 1760, Mr. *Fugill* talked with one who thought ſhe had received that Bleſſing. As ſhe ſpoke, my Heart burned within me, and my Deſire was inlarged beyond Expreſſion. I ſaid to him, "O Sir, when ſhall I be able to ſay as ſhe ſays?" He anſwered, "Perhaps to Night." I ſaid, "Nay, I am not earneſt enough." He replied, "That Thought may keep you from it." I felt, God was able and willing to give it *then*, and was unſpeakably happy. In the Evening as he was preaching, my Heart was full, and more and more ſo, till I could contain no more. I wanted only to be alone, that I might pour out my Soul before God: And when I came home I could do nothing but praiſe and give him Thanks. From that Moment I have felt nothing but Love in my Heart; no Sin of any Kind. And I truſt I ſhall never ſin any more, nor any more offend God. I never find any Cloud between God and me: I walk in the Light continually. I do *rejoice evermore, and pray without ceaſing*, I have no Deſire, but to do and ſuffer the Will

Will of God: I aim at nothing but to please him. I am careful for nothing, but in all Things make my Requests known to him with Thanksgiving. And I have a continual Witness in myself, that whatever I do, I do it to his Glory."

E— L— said, "I was born in 1730. My Mother died in Childbed of me, my Father, when I was a Year or two old. So I was brought up by the Parish, and taught nothing, not so much as to read. About Eleven Years old, I was put out Parish-'Prentice, to a Man and Woman who used me very harshly. I wanted much to learn to read; but they would not spare the Time. I was about fourteen, when I heard Mr. *J. W.* preach at the *Cross* in *Wednesbury*. I immediately believed it was the right Way, and begun to be very uneasy. I often wished I had died with my Father or Mother, fearing I should never be saved. But my Convictions wore away by Degrees; though still I could find no rest. About twenty I was married. My Husband had some Times heard the preaching, but not lately. Soon after he began again, going with me constantly. I was now more and more convinced, that I was a guilty, undone Sinner. I cried to God Day and Night, laying down my Work many Times in a Day. On *Holy-Thursday*, 1756, I was sadly afraid of going to the Sacrament. However I broke through and went. At the Lord's-Table, I found such a Love as I cannot express. As soon as I came back, I went up into my Chamber, and kneeled down to Prayer. In praying I heard a Voice saying, *Go in Peace*; *they Sins are forgiven thee.* My Soul sunk into nothing before God, and was filled with humble Love. I loved God and all Mankind, and thought no Temptation, could ever shake me more. But in a few Days, being low and weak in Body, I found hard Thoughts of God. Yet I could never give up my Confidence, that my Sins were forgiven. Nor do I know, that I ever committed any wilful Sin, after I was justified. About a Year and Half ago Mr. *Fugill* came. One Evening while he was preaching, I was convinced

convinced that my Heart was ſtill deſperately wicked, and needed to be wholly renewed. This made me ſometimes afraid to die, leſt I ſhould be called before that Change was wrought. But I had ſtill Hope at the Bottom, and never could doubt but that God was my God. In the mean while my Deſire to be wholly renewed, increaſed continually. And I was every Day and every Hour praying for it, whatever I was about. When my Hopes prevailed, I was happy: When my Fears, I was quite caſt down. Being convinced, how little I loved God, I was grieved and aſhamed before him.

On *Friday, January*, 25. I took no Food till the Afternoon, though I had a Child at my Breaſt. I was much tempted to think, I ſhould never attain, and was quite uneaſy. But the next Morning my Uneaſineſs was gone, and I calmly waited for what I believed God would ſoon give. In the Evening I went to the Preaching with a full Expectation, that he would meet me there. And ſo He did. As ſoon as Mr. *Fugill* began to ſpeak, I felt my Soul was all Love. I was ſo ſtayed on God as I never felt before, and knew that I loved him with all my Heart. When I came home, I could aſk for nothing: I could only give Thanks. And the Witneſs, that God had ſaved me from all my Sins, grew clearer every Hour. On *Wedneſday* this was ſtronger than ever. I have never ſince found my Heart wander from God. When I have Buſineſs to do, I juſt take a Thought and do it; and it is gone, and my Heart is with the Lord. I often in a Day bow my Knee to God: but my Heart prays continually. He is never out of my Thoughts: I ſee him always; altho' moſt, at preaching, and in my Band and Claſs. But I do not only *ſee* him: I *feel* him too, ſo as I cannot expreſs. And the more I ſee and feel of God, the more I feel, I am nothing. When I ſleep, I ſleep as in the Arms of Jesus; and when I wake, my Soul is full of Praiſe, and it is as if all the Angels were in the Room round about me praiſing God. I never find any Heavineſs or Coldneſs: And when I muſt go among the People of the World, God

is

is as much with me as before, and I long for them, ſo as no Tongue can tell. I am careful of every Word I ſpeak, and every Look, and every Thought. I ſearch my Heart again and again; and I can find nothing but Love there. Indeed I know, if God left me a Moment, I ſhould fall But I truſt, he will never leave me nor forſake me"

I OBSERVE, the Spirit and Experience of theſe two, run exactly parallel. *Conſtant Communion* with God the Father and the Son, *fills* their Hearts with *humble Love*. Now this is what I always did, and do now mean by *Perfection*. And this I believe many have attained, on the ſame Evidence that I believe many are juſtified. May God Increaſe their Number a Thouſand-fold!

Friday, 7. I rode over to *Dudley*, formerly a Den of Lions. I was conſtrained to preach abroad. But no one opened his Mouth, unleſs to pray or praiſe God. I believe the ſteddy Behaviour of the Society, has made an Impreſſion on moſt of the Town.

Saturday, 8. I was ſurprized at coming into *Wolverhampton*, which *is* what *Dudley was*, to find the People ſo ſtill, many gaping and ſtaring, but none ſpeaking an uncivil Word. Ay, ſaid a well-meaning Man, "we ſhall not find them ſo civil by and by." I wiſh theſe *Croakers* would learn to hold their Peace. I deſire to hear no *Prophets of Evil*. What do they do, but weaken the Hands both of Preachers and People, and transfuſe their own Cowardice into others?

BUT this Prophet of Evil was a falſe Prophet too. For neither while I was preaching, nor after I had done, did any one offer the leaſt Rudeneſs whatſoever. And we rode as quietly out of the Town, as we could have done out of *London* or *Briſtol*.

HENCE we went on to *Borſlam*, near *Newcaſtle-under-Line*, a ſcattered Town on the Top of a Hill, inhabited almoſt intirely by Potters, a Multitude of whom aſſembled at five in the Evening. Deep Attention ſat on every Face, though as yet accompanied with deep Ignorance. But if the Heart be toward God, he will, in due Time, inlighten the Underſtanding.

Sunday,

Sunday, 9. I preached at Eight to near double the Number, though ſcarce Half as many as came at Five in the Evening. Some of theſe ſeemed quite innocent of Thought. Five or ſix were laughing and talking till I had near done: And one of them threw a Clod of Earth, which ſtruck me on the Side of the Head. But it neither diſturbed me, nor the Congregation.

Monday, 10. About Nine I preached at *Biddulph*, about eight Miles North of *Borſlam*. The Earneſtneſs of the whole Congregation, well rewarded me for my Labour. Hence we had an extremely pleaſant Walk three or four Miles, to *Congleton*. Here we were accoſted in a very different Manner almoſt as ſoon as we entered the Town, which cauſed ſome of our Brethren to apprehend, we ſhould have rough Treatment before we got out of it. That I left to God. They had procured the Uſe of a Meadow adjoining to the Preaching-houſe, in a Window of which they had fixt a Kind of Scaffold. Moſt of the Congregation were deeply ſerious: So that three or four who took much Pains to diſturb them, intirely loſt their Labour.

About Seven in the Evening I preached at *Stockport*, where more and more hear the Word of God and keep it. In the Morning we took Horſe at Five, but could find none to tell us which was the Road to *Leeds*. So we rode on to *Mottram*. Following the Directions we received there, we rode up a Mountain, and our Path ended. We made toward a large Houſe, and the Gentleman ſent a Servant, who pointed out the Way we were to take. But ſoon after, it divided: And an honeſt Man bidding us keep to the Right, (meaning the Left) we did ſo, 'till we came to the Top of another high Mountain, among ſeveral old Stone-Quarries. Here that Road ended. However we went ſtrait forward, 'till we came to the Brow. With great Difficulty we led our Horſes down, and rode up a Path on the oppoſite Mountain. But at the Top this likewiſe ended. Still we thought it beſt to puſh forward. But my Horſe was quickly embogged. After he had thrown me on one Side, and ſcrambled out himſelf, we endeavoured to

walk down the Mountain: But ſuch a Walk I never had before, for Steepneſs, and Bogs, and large Stones intermixt. That we got to the Bottom without Hurt either to Man or Beaſt, was little leſs than a Miracle. But we were ſtill at a Loſs, 'till we met a ſenſible Man, who directed us to *Saddleworth*. In our Inn here we found One who had frequently heard me preach at *Builth* in *Brecknockſhire*. I fear, to little Purpoſe; for on my ſpeaking a few Words, he ran away in haſte. But the whole Family ſeemed to fear God. So we did not repent of our clambering up and down the Mountains.

At Six we reached *Leeds*, ſufficiently tired. But I forgot it as ſoon as I began to preach: And the Spirit of the Congregation comforted us over all our Labour.

Wedneſday, 12. Having deſired that as many as could of the neighbouring Towns, who believed they were ſaved from Sin, would meet me, I ſpent the greateſt Part of this Day, in examining them one by one. The Teſtimony of ſome I could not receive: But concerning the far greateſt Part, it is plain (unleſs they could be ſuppoſed to tell wilful and deliberate Lies) 1. That they *feel* no inward Sin, and to the beſt of their Knowledge, *commit* no outward Sin: 2. That they *ſee* and *love* God every Moment, and *pray*, *rejoice*, *give Thanks evermore*. 3. That they have conſtantly as clear a *Witneſs* from God of Sanctification as they have of Juſtification. Now in this I do rejoice and will rejoice, call it what you pleaſe. And I would to God Thouſands had experienced thus much: Let them afterward experience as much more as God pleaſes.

Thurſday, 13. We rode over the Mountains thro' furious Wind and Rain, which was ready to overthrow both Man and Beaſt. However in the Afternoon we came well to *Mancheſter*. On *Friday* the 14th being the National Faſt-Day, we had Service at Five, at Seven, and at Five in the Evening. But I did not obſerve here any Thing, of that Solemnity with which

which the Public Faſts are obſerved in *London*. I was much out of order on *Saturday*, and not well on *Sunday*. However having appointed to preach in *Stockport* at Noon, I determined, not to break my Word. As it rained, our Friends provided a Poſt-Chaiſe. When we were gone half a Mile, one of the Horſes began to kick and rear, and would go no further. So we got out and walked on. But another Driver brought the Chaiſe after, and carried me to *Stockport*. A large Congregation was waiting, and received the Word with all Readineſs of Mind. For ſome Years the Seed ſeemed to be here ſown in vain: But at length it yields a good Increaſe.

On the following Days I preached in ſeveral neighbouring Towns, and on *Wedneſday* Evening at *Liverpool*. *Thurſday*, 20. I had a good deal of Converſation with Mr. *N——n*. His Caſe is very peculiar. Our Church requires, that Clergymen ſhould be Men of Learning, and to this End, have an Univerſity-Education. But how many have an Univerſity-Education, and yet no Learning at all? Yet theſe Men are ordained! Meantime one of eminent Learning, as well as unblameable Behaviour, cannot be ordained, "becauſe he was not at the Univerſity!" What a mere Farce is this? Who would believe, that any Chriſtian Biſhop would ſtoop to ſo poor an Evaſion?

Monday, 24. About Noon I preached at *Warrington*. Many of *the Beaſts of the People* were preſent. But the Bridle from above was in their Teeth, ſo that they made not the leaſt Diſturbance. At Seven in the Evening I preached at *Cheſter*; but I was ſcarce able to open my Eyes. They were much inflamed before I ſet out: And the Inflamation was much increaſed, by riding forty Miles, with a ſtrong and cold Wind exactly in my Face. But in the Evening I applied the Eye-water made with *Lapis Calaminaris*, which removed the Diſorder before Morning.

Tueſday, 25. I rode to *Mould* in *Flintſhire*. The Wind was often ready to bear away both Man and

Horſe. But the earneſt ſerious Congregation, rewarded us for our Trouble. *Wedneſday*, 26. About Nine I preached at *Little Lee*, a Mile or two from *Northwich*. Many of the Congregation ſcarce ever heard a *Methodiſt* before. But I truſt they did not hear in vain.

Thurſday, 27. I rode to *Liverpool*, in order to embark for *Dublin*. We were deſired to be on Board by Nine on *Saturday* Morning. But the Wind falling and a Fog coming on, we gained a little more Time. So we had one more ſolemn Opportunity in the Evening. *Sunday*, 30. The Fog was gone and the Wind fair. We took Ship about Nine, and got under Sail at Noon, having only Eight Cabin Paſſengers, ſeven of whom were our own Company. So we prayed and ſung, and converſed at our own Diſcretion. But a poor Woman whom we permitted to come into the Cabin, gave us ſome Uneaſineſs. She had been tapped for the Dropſy in the Infirmary, but two Days before. When I ſpoke to her concerning her Soul, ſhe gave but little Anſwer, appearing to be ſerious and willing to hear, but totally uninſtructed. She would eat nothing, but willingly accepted a Diſh or two of Tea, and two or three Glaſſes of Wine. The next Morning ſhe was extremely reſtleſs, continually moving from Place to Place, 'till the Captain put a Bed for her in the Forecaſtle, on which ſhe lay down about Eight o'Clock. A little after ſhe grew light-headed and began ſhrieking dreadfully. This ſhe continued to do, 'till about Noon, and then died. At Night, the Captain and all the Sailors being preſent, we committed her Body to the Deep. On *Tueſday* Noon *April* 1. we landed ſafe at *Dublin*.

I NEVER ſaw more numerous or more ſerious Congregations in *Ireland*, than we had all this Week. On Eaſter-day, *April* 6 I introduced our *Engliſh* Cuſtom, beginning the Service at Four in the Morning. *Monday*, 7. I began ſpeaking ſeverally to the Members of the Society, and was well-pleaſed to find ſo great a Number of them much alive to GOD. One Conſequence

quence of this is, that the Society is larger than it has been for ſeveral Years. And no wonder: For where the real Power of God is, it naturally ſpreads wider and wider.

Thurſday, 10. I was ſitting with a Friend, when poor Mr. *Cook* came in. His Eyes, his Look, his Hair ſtanding

"Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine,"

his tattered Gown, his whole Perſon, as well as his Speech immediately bewrayed him. But he is quite an Original, and has ſo much Vivacity, with touches of ſtrong Senſe, that I do not wonder the Gentlemen of the College, as he told me, have given him an Apartment there. What a noble Fabric lies here in Ruins! What Pity, that when he firſt found himſelf a Sinner, he had not one to ſpeak to, that underſtood his Caſe, and could teach him the only Method of Cure!

Sunday, 13. At Three in the Afternoon, I preached in the Barrack-Square, another kind of Place than *Ormondtown Green*. (So the Word ought to be written.) No Mob muſt ſhew their Heads here; for the Soldiers would give them no Quarter. *Tueſday*, 15. I preached there again. But on *Thurſday*, it being a rainy Day, an Offer was made me of the Riding-houſe, a very large commodious Building, deſigned by Lord *Cheſterfield* for a Church, but never uſed as ſuch till now. A Troop of Soldiers was exerciſing there when I came. But this was clear Gains. For the Officers forbad any of them to go away, before the Sermon was ended.

Friday, 18. I went with Miſs *F*—— to ſee the French Priſoners, ſent from *Carrickfergus*. They were ſurprized at hearing as good *French* ſpoke in *Dublin*, as they could have heard in *Paris*: And ſtill more at being exhorted to Heart-Religion, to the *Faith that worketh by Love*.

Sunday, 20. I appointed thoſe of the Society, who deſired to renew their Covenant with God, which I had ſeveral Times before explained, to meet me in the

Evening. And I believe of the five Hundred and twelve Members, hardly Twelve were wanting.

Monday, 21. In riding to *Rosmead*, I read Sir *John Davies'* *Historical Relations* concerning *Ireland*. None who reads these can wonder, that, fruitful as it is, it was always so thinly inhabited. For he makes it plain, 1. That *Murder* was never *Capital* among the Native *Irish*. The Murderer only paid a small Fine, to the Chief of his Sept. 2. When the *English* settled here, still the *Irish* had no Benefit of the *English* Laws. They could not so much as sue an *Englishman*. So the *English*, beat, plundered, yea, murdered them at Pleasure. Hence, 3. arose continual Wars between them, for three Hundred and fifty Years together. And hereby both the *English* and *Irish* Natives, were kept few, as well as poor. 4. When they were multiplied during a Peace of forty Years, from 1600 to 1641, the General Massacre, with the ensuing War, again thinned their Numbers: Not so few as a Million of Men, Women and Children, being destroyed in four Years Time. 5. Great Numbers have ever since, Year by Year, left the Land merely for want of Employment. 6. The Gentry are continually driving away Hundreds, yea Thousands of them that remain, by throwing such Quantities of arable Land into Pasture, which leaves them neither Business, nor Food. This it is that now dispeoples many Parts of *Ireland*, of *Connaught* in particular, which it is supposed has scarce half the Inhabitants at this Day, which it had Fourscore Years ago.

Wednesday, 23. I rode to *Newry*, and preached at Seven in the Evening to a numerous Congregation. *Sunday*, 27. We had a useful Sermon at Church. But they told me, few attended the Prayers in the Afternoon. However I resolved to set them the Example: And the Church was as full as in the Forenoon. Of what Importance is every Step *we* take! Seeing so many are ready to follow us!

Monday, 28. I rode to *Rathfriland*, seven *Irish* Miles from *Newry*, a small Town built on the Top of a Mountain, surrounded first by a deep Valley, and at a small

ſmall Diſtance by higher Mountains. The Preſbyterian Miniſter had wrote to the Popiſh Prieſt, " To keep his People from hearing." But they would not be kept. Proteſtants and Papiſts flocked together to the Meadow where I preached, and ſat on the Graſs, ſtill as Night, while I exhorted them, to *Repent and believe the Gospel.* The ſame Attention appeared in the whole Congregation at *Terryhugan* in the Evening: Where I ſpent a comfortable Night in *the Prophet's Chamber*, nine Foot long, ſeven broad and ſix high. The Cieling, Floor and Walls were all of the ſame Marble, vulgarly called Clay.

Thurſday, May 1. I rode to *Moyra.* Soon after Twelve, ſtanding on a Tomb-Stone, near the Church, I called a conſiderable Number of People, to *know GOD, and JESUS CHRIST whom he hath ſent.* We were juſt oppoſite to the Earl of *Moyra's* Houſe, the beſt finiſhed of any I have ſeen in *Ireland.* It ſtands on a Hill with a large Avenue in Front, bounded by the Church on the oppoſite Hill. The other three Sides are covered by Orchards, Gardens and Woods, in which are Walks of various kinds.

General *Flaubert*, who commanded the French Troops at *Carrickfergus*, was juſt gone from Lord *Moyra's.* Major *Brajelon* was now there, a Man of a fine Perſon and extremely graceful Behaviour. Both theſe affirmed, That the *French* were all picked Men, out of the King's Guards. That their Commiſſion was, to Land either at *Londonderry* or *Carrickfergus*, while Monſieur *Conflans* landed in the South: And if they did not do this within three Months, to return directly to *France.*

Friday, 2. In the Evening, and Morning and Evening on *Saturday* I preached at *Liſburn.* The People here (as Mr. *Boſton* ſaid) are " all Ear:" But who can find a Way to their Heart?

Sunday, 4. After preaching to a large Congregation at Seven, I haſtened to *Cumber*, in order to be at Church in Time. As ſoon as Service was ended, I began, and Four in Five of the People behaved well. About Six in the Evening I preached at *Newtown*: where there is

usually

usually the largest Congregation in *Ulster*. But what avails *the hearing Ear*, without the *understanding Heart ?*

Monday, 5. After preaching in the Market-Place at *Belfast*, to a People who *care for none of these Things*, we rode on, with a furious East-Wind right in our Face to *Carrickfergus*, where I willingly accepted of an Invitation from a Merchant in the Town, Mr. *Cobham*, to lodge at his House: The rather, when I understood, that Mr. *Cavenac*, the *French* Lieutenant-General was still there. I now received a very particular Account of what had been lately transacted here. Mrs. *Cobham* said, "My Daughter came running in and said, "Mamma, there are three *India*-Men come into the Bay, and I suppose my Brothers are come in them, (who had been in the *East-Indies* for some Time.) An Hour after she came in again, and cried, "O Mamma, they say they are *French*-Men. And they are landing and their Guns glitter in the Sun." Mr. *Cavenac* informed me, That Mr. *Thurot* had received a Thousand Men out of the King's-Guards, with Orders to Land in the North of *Ireland*, at the same Time that Monsieur *Conflans* landed in the South. That a Storm drove him up to *Bergen* in *Norway*, from whence he could not get out, 'till his Ships were much damaged, and his Provisions consumed; nor could he there procure a Supply at any Price: That another Storm drove him to 66 Degrees North Latitude; from whence he did not get back to *Carrick Bay*, 'till all on Board were almost famished, having only an Ounce of Bread per Man daily: That they then landed merely to procure Provisions." I asked, "Is it true, that you had a Design to burn the Town?" He cried out, "JESU, MARIA! We never had such a Thought! To burn, to destroy, cannot enter into the Heart or Head of a Good Man."

AFTER they had landed (Mrs. *Cobham* and others informed me) they divided into two Bodies. One of these marched up to the East-Gate, the other to the North. Twelve Soldiers and a Corporal were there on the Wall, who fired upon them when they came near. Immediately General *Flaubert* fell, having his Leg broke

broke by a Muſket-Ball. The next in command, a young Marquis, then led them on. When the *Engliſh* had fired four Rounds, having no more Ammunition they retired, and the *French* entered the Town, and at the Market-Place met thoſe who had come in at the Eaſt-Gate. When they had joined, they marched up to the Caſtle, (tho' the *Engliſh* there, who were an Hundred and Sixty-two in Number, kept a conſtant Fire.) the Gate of which was not barred, ſo that the Marquis thruſt it open and went in. Juſt then he was ſhot dead. Mr. *Cavenac* immediately took his Place, and drew up his Men again. The *Engliſh* then deſired a Parley, and articled to furniſh them with Proviſions in ſix Hours. But they could not perform it, there being little in the Town. On this Mr. *Cavenac* ſent for Mr. *Cobham*, and deſired him to go up to *Belfaſt* and procure them, leaving his Wife with the General, as an Hoſtage for his Return But the poor *Frenchmen* could not ſtay for this. They began preſently to ſerve themſelves with Meat and Drink: Having been in ſuch Want, that they were glad to eat raw Oats to ſuſtain Nature. They accordingly took all the Food they could find, with ſome Linen and Wearing Apparel. But they neither hurt nor affronted Man, Woman or Child, nor did any Miſchief for Miſchief's Sake: Tho' they were ſufficiently provoked; for many of the Inhabitants affronted them without Fear or Wit, curſed them to their Face, and even took up Pokers or other Things to ſtrike them.

While Mrs. *Cobham* was with the General, a little plain dreſſed Man came in, to whom they all ſhewed a particular Reſpect. It ſtruck into her Mind, Is not this Mr. *Thurot?* which was ſoon confirmed. She ſaid to him, "Sir, you ſeem much fatigued. Will you ſtep to my Houſe and refreſh yourſelf?" He readily accepted the Offer. She prepared a little Veal, of which he ate moderately, and drank three Glaſſes of ſmall, warm Punch: After which he told her, "I have not taken any Food before, nor ſlept for Eight and Forty Hours." She aſked, "Sir, will you pleaſe to take a little Reſt now?" Obſerving he ſtarted, ſhe added, "I will anſwer,

Life

Life for Life, that none ſhall hurt you under my Roof." He ſaid, " Madam, I believe you: I accept the Offer." He deſired two of his Men might lie on the Floor by the Bed-ſide, ſlept about ſix Hours, and then returning her many Thanks, went aboard his Ship.

Five Days he was kept in the Bay by contrary Winds. When he ſailed, he took the Mayor of *Carrick* and another Gentleman, as Hoſtages for the Delivery of the *French* Priſoners. The next Morning as he was walking the Deck, he frequently ſtarted, without any viſible Cauſe, ſtept ſhort, and ſaid, " I ſhall die to Day." A while after, he ſaid to one of the *Engliſh*, " Sir, I ſee three Ships. Pray take my Glaſs, and tell me freely, what you Think they are?" He looked ſome Time and ſaid, " I think they are *Engliſh*, and I gueſs they are about forty Gun Ships." He called his Officers and ſaid, " Our Ships are too foul to fight at a Diſtance: We muſt board them." Accordingly when they came up, after a ſhort Fire, he ran up cloſe to Captain *Elliot*, and Captain *Scordeck* with his Four and Twenty Huſſars, immediately leapt on Board. Almoſt inſtantly, Nine of them lay dead; on which he was ſo enraged, that he ruſhed forward with his Sabre among the *Engliſh*, who ſeized his Arms and carried him away. Meantime, his Men that were left, retired into their own Ship. *Thurot* ſeeing this, cried out, " Why ſhould we throw away the Lives of the poor Men?" And ordered to ſtrike the Colours. A Man going up to do this, was ſhot dead; as was likewiſe a Second. And before a Third could do it, Mr *Thurot* himſelf was ſhot thro' the Heart. So fell a brave Man: Giving yet another Proof, That *there is no Counſel or Strength againſt the LORD.*

F I N I S.